

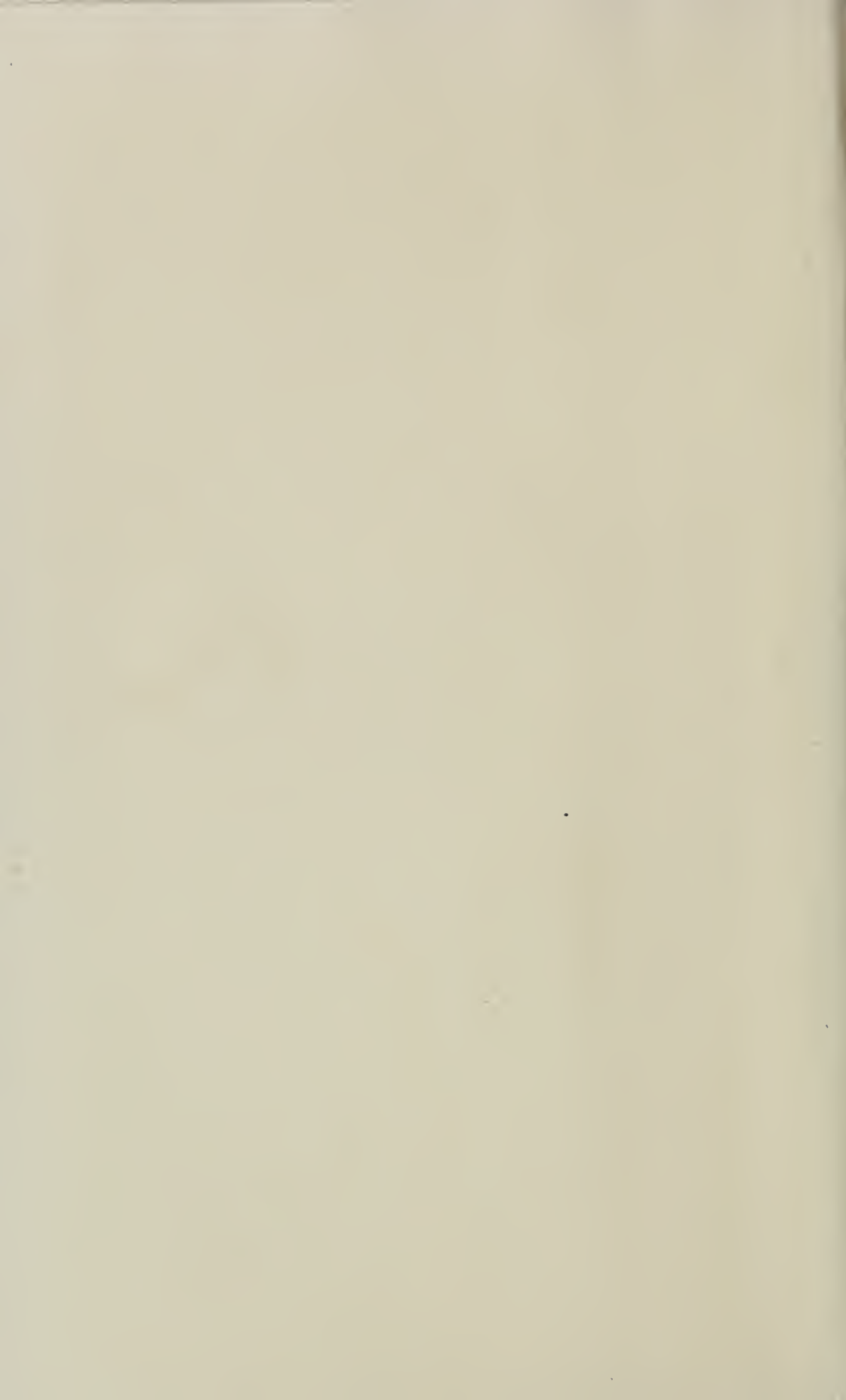




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BEETHOVEN.

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THE LIFE OF BEETHOVEN

BY
ANTON SCHINDLER

EDITED BY
IGNAZ MOSCHELES

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS TO FRIENDS,
THE LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS
OF BEETHOVEN

BY
DR. HEINRICH DÖRING

AND
A LIST OF BEETHOVEN'S WORKS



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THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH on appearing for the first time as the editor of a literary publication, my feelings may be somewhat like those of a child putting on a new dress, yet I feel the responsibility of my position far more than its novelty; for the subject of my first essay is one not to be approached by me, at least, without seriousness and reverence. That the amount, however, of this editorial responsibility may be thought neither greater nor less than it really is, I must beg leave to state my precise share in this publication, and to advert to the qualifications with which I have entered on my task.

In acceding to Mr. Colburn's request, that I would add to the English translation of Schindler's "Biography of Beethoven," which he was about to publish, such explanatory notes, characteristics, and letters as might tend more fully to illustrate and complete the whole, I had to subscribe to one clause in the agreement between Mr. Schindler and the publisher, namely, that the work should be given as he wrote it, without omission or alteration. The Notes bearing my signature, then, are all that belong to me in this volume. The Supplement is, however, of my collection, and will be found to consist of the following documents:—

Letters from Beethoven to Kapell-meister Hoffmeister and C. F. Peters, music publishers, relative to the sale of some of his compositions.

Letter on the first appearance of Beethoven's "Fidelio."

Beethoven's Letters to Madame Bettine Von Arnim.

Letter of Madame Bettine Von Arnim to Göthe.

A Day with Beethoven.

Beethoven's Letters to Mademoiselle Von Breuning, Wegeler and Ries.

Beethoven's Correspondence with Messrs. Neate and Ries.

Account of a Concert given by Beethoven at the Kaerthnerthor Theatre, Vienna.

Characteristics of Beethoven from Wegeler and Ries's "Notizen."

Additional Characteristics, Traits, and Anecdotes of Beethoven Beethoven's Last Moments.

Funeral Honors to Beethoven, and

Miserere. Amplius, Libera, for four voices, with an Organ accompaniment, performed at the funeral.

Concert in aid of Beethoven's Monument, at Drury Lane Theatre, July 19, 1837.

Sale of Beethoven's MSS. and Musical Library.

So far the task of explanation is easy; but I am now entering upon more delicate ground,—my own qualifications for the editorship. If, in stating these, I appear to be somewhat prolix, I hope that a little indulgence may be conceded to me from my desire to show that my impressions of reverence for Beethoven's genius are not things of yesterday; but that I began early to follow him in his glorious creations, and to study his personal, as well as his artistical character, with an enthusiasm which years and experience have done nothing to diminish. To satisfy the craving which I felt, when a boy nine or ten years old, at Prague, for the best musical productions of the time, I subscribed to a library which afforded me the compositions of Dussek, Steibelt, Woelffl, Kozeluch, and Eberl,—works of no insurmountable difficulty to me; though, indeed, so far from mastering them, I only ran through them, without particular attention to finish, enjoying in each its peculiar style. I had been placed under the guidance and tuition of Dionysius Weber, the founder and present director of the Prague Musical Conservatory; and he, fearing that, in my eagerness to read new music, I might injure the systematic development of my piano-forte playing, prohibited the library; and, in a plan for my musical education which he laid before my parents, made it an express condition, that, for three years, I should study no other authors but Mozart, Clementi, and S. Bach. I must confess, however, that, in spite of such prohibitions, I visited the library, gaining access to it through my pocket-money. It was

about this time that I learnt from some school-fellows that a young composer had appeared at Vienna, who wrote the oddest stuff possible, — such as no one could either play or understand; crazy-music, in opposition to all rule; and that this composer's name was *Beethoven*. On repairing to the library to satisfy my curiosity as to this so-called eccentric genius, I found there Beethoven's "Sonate Pathétique." This was in the year 1804. My pocket-money would not suffice for the purchase of it, so I secretly copied it. The novelty of its style was so attractive to me, and I became so enthusiastic in my admiration of it, that I forgot myself so far as to mention my new acquisition to my master, who reminded me of his injunction, and warned me not to play or study any eccentric productions until I had based my style upon more solid models. Without, however, minding his injunctions, I seized upon the piano-forte works of Beethoven as they successively appeared, and in them found a solace and a delight such as no other composer afforded me.

In the year 1809, my studies with my master, Weber, closed; and, being then also fatherless, I chose Vienna for my residence to work out my future musical career. Above all, I longed to see and become acquainted with *that man* who had exercised so powerful an influence over my whole being; whom, though I scarcely understood, I blindly worshipped. I learnt that Beethoven was most difficult of access, and would admit no pupil but Ries; and, for a long time, my anxiety to see him remained ungratified. In the year 1810, however, the longed-for opportunity presented itself. I happened to be one morning in the music-shop of Domenico Artaria, who had just been publishing some of my early attempts at composition, when a man entered with short and hasty steps, and, gliding through the circle of ladies and professors assembled on business or talking over musical matters, without looking up, as though he wished to pass unnoticed, made his way direct for Artaria's private office at the bottom of the shop. Presently Artaria called me in, and said, "*This is Beethoven!*" and, to the composer, "This is the youth of whom I have just been speaking to you." Beethoven gave me a friendly nod, and

said he had just heard a favorable account of me. To some modest and humble expressions which I stammered forth he made no reply, and seemed to wish to break off the conversation. I stole away with a greater longing for that which I had sought than I had felt before this meeting, thinking to myself, "Am I, then, indeed such a nobody that he could not put one musical question to me?—nor express one wish to know who had been my master, or whether I had any acquaintance with his works?" My only satisfactory mode of explaining the matter, and comforting myself for this omission, was in Beethoven's tendency to deafness; for I had seen Artaria speaking close to his ear.

But I made up my mind, that, the more I was excluded from the private intercourse which I so earnestly coveted, the closer I would follow Beethoven in all the productions of his mind. I never missed the Schuppanzigh Quartettes, at which he was often present, or the delightful concerts at the Augarten, where he conducted his own symphonies. I also heard him play several times, which, however, he did but rarely, either in public or private. The productions which made the most lasting impression upon me, were his "Fantasia" with orchestral accompaniments and chorus, and his "Concerto in C minor." I also used to meet him at the houses of MM. Zmeskall and Zizius, two of his friends, through whose musical meetings Beethoven's works first made their way to public attention: but, in place of better acquaintance with the great man, I had mostly to content myself on his part with a distant salute.

It was in the year 1814, when Artaria undertook to publish a piano-forte arrangement of Beethoven's "Fidelio," that he asked the composer whether I might be permitted to make it. Beethoven assented, upon condition that he should see my arrangement of each of the pieces, before it was given into the engraver's hands. Nothing could be more welcome to me; since I looked upon this as the long-wished-for opportunity to approach nearer to the great man, and to profit by his remarks and corrections. During my frequent visits, the number of which I tried to multiply by all possible excuses, he treated me with the kindest

indulgence. Although his increasing deafness was a considerable hinderance to our conversation, yet he gave me many instructive hints, and even played to me such parts as he wished to have arranged in a particular manner for the piano-forte. I thought it, however, my duty not to put his kindness to the test by robbing him of his valuable time by any subsequent visits; but I often saw him at Maelzel's, where he used to discuss the different plans and models of a metronome which the latter was going to manufacture, and to talk over the "Battle of Vittoria," which he wrote at Maelzel's suggestion. Although I knew Mr. Schindler, and was aware that he was much with Beethoven at that time, I did not avail myself of my acquaintance with him for the purpose of intruding myself upon the composer. I mention these circumstances to show how very difficult of access this extraordinary man was, and how he avoided all musical discussion; for even with his only pupil, Ries, it was very seldom that he would enter into any explanations. In my later intercourse with him, he gave me but laconic answers on questions of art; and, on the character of his own works, made only such condensed remarks as required all my imagination and fancy to develop what he meant to convey. The impatience naturally accompanying his infirmity of deafness, no doubt greatly increased his constitutional reserve in the latter part of life.

On subsequent visits to Vienna, after I had established myself in London, in the year 1821, Beethoven received me with increased cordiality; and that he counted on me as a friend I think is proved, by his intrusting me, during his last illness, with an important mission to the Philharmonic Society of London, of which mention is made in the following pages.

My feelings with respect to Beethoven's music have undergone no variation, save to become warmer. In the first half-score of years of my acquaintance with his works, he was repulsive to me as well as attractive. In each of them, while I felt my mind fascinated by the prominent idea, and my enthusiasm kindled by the flashes of his genius, his unlooked-for episodes, shrill dissonances, and bold modulations, gave me an unpleasant sensation. But how

soon did I become reconciled to them! All that had appeared hard, I soon found indispensable. The gnome-like pleasantries, which at first appeared too distorted, — the stormy masses of sound, which I found too chaotic, — I have, in after-times, learned to love. But, while retracing my early critical exceptions, I must still maintain as my creed, that eccentricities like those of Beethoven are reconcilable with *his* works alone, and are dangerous models to other composers, many of whom have been wrecked in their attempts at imitation. Whether the musical world can ever recognize the most modern examples of effort to outdo Beethoven in boldness and originality of conception, I leave to future generations to decide.

But all that I have ever felt or thought of Beethoven, his elevation above all his contemporaries, and his importance to art, are so beautifully expressed by the celebrated critic, H. G. Nägeli, that I shall not forbear to avail myself of a passage in one of his lectures;* although the fear of being charged with vanity, from its containing a compliment to myself, might have deterred me from so doing. It may be necessary to premise, that the critic considers J. S. Bach as the fountain-head of instrumental music, and ascribes its further and gradual development to C. P. E. Bach, J. Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Cramer, Pleyel, until the art attained its climax under Beethoven at the beginning of the present century. "Beethoven (says Nägeli) appeared a hero in the art; and where shall the historian find words to depict the regeneration he produced, when the poet himself must here feel at a loss? Music had received two-fold injury in its purity of style, — I mean instrumental music, unaided by the charms of vocalization, as it had existed at the point to which it had been elevated by the Bachs. Mozart's "Cantabile," as contrasted with the strict school, and Pleyel's divertimento style, had diluted and debased it; and to Beethoven, the hero, do we owe its regeneration now and forever. Instinctively original, keenly searching for novelty, resolutely opposing antiquated forms, and freely exploring

* Delivered in the year 1824, in Carlsruhe, Darmstadt, Frankfort, Mayence, Stuttgart, and Tübingen: they appeared in print in 1826.

the new world which he had created, not only for himself, but for all his brethren in the art, he may be said to have set to all a task, the solution of which is a constant regeneration of design and idea; thus giving full scope to the emanations of the mind. Beethoven's music wears an ever-varying aspect, bright in all its changes; yet could its language not at once become familiar to those who had lulled their higher powers to rest with the hum of divertimentos and fantasias, whilst on all sides the worshippers of the *cantilena* were heard to exclaim, 'And is such originality beautiful? and should there not be beauty to render originality palatable?'—little thinking that Beethoven's weapons were of a higher order, and that he conquered, not by winning over his hearers to the soft cantilena alone, but by speaking in sounds unearthly, thrilling, penetrating, filling the soul, and carrying along—not individuals, but cities, even the whole of Europe. As to the art of piano-forte playing, that, too, gained a new aspect under him: running passages were set aside; the toccata style took unexpected forms in his hands. He introduced combinations of distant intervals, original in their very aspect, and heightened by peculiarities of rhythm and staccatos, absorbing in their sparkling brilliancy the cantabile, to which they formed a glaring contrast. Unlike Steibelt, Dussek, and some of their contemporaries, in their endeavors to *draw* out the tone (*filer le son*), Beethoven would *throw* it out in detached notes, thus producing the effect of a fountain gushing forth, and darting its spray on all sides, well contrasting with the melodious episodes which he still preserved. But a genius like his soon found the limits of piano-forte music too narrow a sphere to move in; and he produced, in turn, works for stringed instruments, and for a whole band. Nevertheless, he never *would* dive into the mysteries of the science of counterpoint: had he done so, he would have trodden the path of a J. S. Bach; and his imaginative vein, as well as his creative genius, might have been checked. Let us then bow to him, as the inventor, *par excellence*, of our era. The contemporaries who vied with him at the beginning of the new century were, Eberl, Haak, Hummel, Liste, Stadler, Tomaschek, Weyse,

and Wölfl; but he towered above them all, and did not cease to pour out endless stores of invention and originality, exciting in later years a new body of aspirants to enter the lists of inventive composition, — and with success. We name Feska, Hummel, Onslow, Reicha, Ries, the two Rombergs, Spohr, C. M. v. Weber; and of a yet later date, Kuhlau, Tomaschek, and Worzischek: these have been joined in the last few years by Carl Czerny and Moscheles. Thus do we live in an era fertile in genius, fertile in productions, — an era regenerated by the master-spirit, — Beethoven!

But I will detain the reader no longer. If, in my preface, I have appeared to him tedious, I would beg him to remember the words of Pliny the younger, “I have not time to write a short letter, therefore I send you a long one.”

I. MOSCHELES

8, CHESTER PLACE, Regent's Park, January, 1841.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
PREFACE BY MOSCHELES	ii
INTRODUCTION BY SCHINDLER	1

FIRST PERIOD.

[FROM HIS BIRTH TO THE YEAR 1800.]

Beethoven's Parentage.—Contradiction of a Report on that subject.—His Musical Education.—Tale of a Spider.—Appointed Organist to the Chapel of the Elector of Cologne.—Patronized by Count Von Waldstein.—Clever Trick played by him.—His first Musical Productions.—Haydn.—Sterkel.—Beethoven's Aversion to give Lessons.—Youthful Friendships.—He is sent to Vienna to Improve himself under Haydn.—Acquaintances made by him there.—Dr. van Swieten.—Prince and Princess Lichnowsky.—Envy excited by his Success.—His Indifference to Calumny, and to the Accidents of Birth or Wealth.—M. Schenk, the Corrector of his Compositions.—His Early Attachments.—His Compositions during this Period.—Prices paid for them.—The Rasumowsky Quartette.—Professional Tour.—State of Musical Science at Vienna .

SECOND PERIOD.

[FROM 1800 TO OCTOBER, 1813.]

General View of the Second Period of Beethoven's Life.—Composition of his "Christ on the Mount of Olives" and "Fidelio."—His Brothers, Carl and Johann: their Mischievous Influence.—His Severe Illness.—Remarkable Will addressed to them.—His "Sinfonia Eroica," in Honor of Napoleon.—Count Moritz von Lichnowsky.—Opera of "Fidelio."—Beethoven's Neglect of Vocal Performers.—Their Intrigues and Cabals.—His Passion for Julia.—Letters to her.—Disappointed Love.—Countess Marie Erdödy.—Beethoven as Director of the Orchestra.—Animadversions on Statements of Ferdinand Ries.—Beethoven forms a Friendship with Count Franz von Brunswick and Baron Gleichenstein.—Prices paid for his Compositions during the Second Period.—Misconduct of his Brothers.—Defence of his Character against the Charge of Cowardice.—Annuity settled upon him, to keep him in Austria.—His Dislike of, and Reconciliation with, Hummel.—Foreign Visitors.—Bettina Brentano.—Göthe.—Beethoven's Frequent Change of Residence.—His Domestic Circumstances .

THIRD PERIOD.

[FROM NOVEMBER, 1813, TILL HIS DEATH, IN 1827.]

PART I.

Causes of Beethoven's Preceding Troubles.—Performance of his "Battle of Vittoria," for the Benefit of Disabled Soldiers.—Dishonest Conduct of M. Maelzel: its Effect on Beethoven.—Commencement of the Author's Acquaintance with him.—Attention paid to Beethoven by the Allied

Sovereigns at Vienna. — Pitiful Conduct of Carl M. von Weber — Scotch Songs set to Music by Beethoven. — Death of his Elder Brother. — He undertakes the Guardianship of his Son, whom he adopts. — Diminution of his Annuity by the Failure of Prince Lobkowitz. — He commences Housekeeping. — Law-suit with his Brother's Widow. — Society for the Performance of Beethoven's Chamber Music, directed by Carl Czerny. — Further Diminution of his Pension. — His Pupil, the Archduke Rudolph, nominated Archbishop of Olmütz. — Beethoven commences a Grand Mass for his Installation. — Household Troubles. — Waltzes and Bagatelles. — Straited Finances. — Ignoble Application of Musical MS. — Performance of "The Ruins of Athens." — The "Land-owner" and the "Brain-owner." — Subscription of Sovereigns to Beethoven's New Mass. — His Letter to Cherubini 57

THIRD PERIOD.

PART II.

Vindication of the Court of Austria from the Charge of neglecting Beethoven. — His Political Principles thoroughly Republican. — Solicited by his Friends to compose a Mass for the Emperor. — The Undertaking deferred by Frequent Indisposition, and other Causes. — His Quarrel with a Publisher at Vienna. — Annoyed by Pecuniary Troubles and Frequent Indisposition. — Leaves Pleasant Quarters on Account of the Extreme Politeness of his Landlord. — Writes the Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli. — Undertakes to conduct his Opera of "Fidelio." — Mortification arising from his Deafness. — Submits impatiently to Medical Treatment. — Made an Honorary Member of Several Societies. — The Year 1823 thronged with Incidents in Beethoven's Life. — Wretched Lodgings procured by his Brother Johann. — Undertakes to write a New Opera, but is deterred by the Prospect of coming in Contact with German Singers. — Begins to compose his Ninth Symphony, and completes it in 1824. — Letter from the Archduke Rudolph. 84

THIRD PERIOD.

PART III.

Oratorio Contemplated by Beethoven. — The German and Italian Opera at Vienna. — Memorial addressed to Beethoven. — Results of his Concert at the Hof-Theatre. — Mademoiselles Sontag and Ungher. — Beethoven's Distrustful Disposition. — Invited to Visit England. — Proposition from the Philharmonic Society. — His Arrangements with a Russian Prince. — His Residence near Schönbrunn. — His Illness. — He disposes of some of his Works. — His Adopted Nephew. — Extracts from Beethoven's Letters to him. — Beethoven's Physicians. — His Sufferings. — He writes to Mr. Moscheles. — Generosity of the Philharmonic Society. — Beethoven's Property. — His Death. — Preparations for the Funeral. — Conformation of his Skull 99

MUSICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Intended Edition of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonatas. — Causes for his relinquishing the Design. — Project of an Edition of his Complete Works. — Visionary Hopes excited by it. — Metamorphosis of Beethoven's Instrumental Music. — Importance of a Right Conception of the *Tempo*. — Metronomic Signs. — Injury done to Beethoven's Music by Metronomising. — Exemplified in the Moonlight Sonata. — Metronomic Directions Condemned. — Performance of Beethoven's Works in Paris. — Hints furnished by Beethoven relative to the Composition of his Sonatas, and the Proper Style of their Performance. — His own Style of Playing. — Effects intended to be given by him to his Symphonies. — Neglect of his Works. 139

★ CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS AND PECULIARITIES OF BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven's Religious Principles. — His Dislike of giving Lessons. — His Frankness, and, at the same time, Dexterity in evading Questions. — Vindication of him from the Charge of Discourtesy to Brother Artists. — Proofs that, though a Rigid, he was a Just Critic. — Kind Encouragement afforded by him to Professional Merit. — His Modest Appreciation of Himself. — His Extempore Playing. — His Every-day Occupations. — Propensity for Dabbling in Water. — Pensions. — Certificates. — Beethoven erroneously Compared with Jean Paul Richter. — Mortifying Trick played by him at the Instigation of a Friend. — Motive of a Movement in one of his Quartettes. — His Peculiar Habits in Eating and Drinking. — Extent of his Knowledges of Language. — Comments on Statements of M. von Seyfried relative to Beethoven's Domestic Habits. — Spurious MSS. attributed to him. — His Person. — Portraits of him	174
---	-----

SUPPLEMENT.

Letters from Beethoven to Kapell-meister Hofmeister and C. F. Peters, Music Publishers, relative to the Sale of some of his Compositions	191
Letter on the First Appearance of Beethoven's "Fidelio"	202
Beethoven's Letters to Madame Bettine von Arnim	203
Letter of Madame Bettine von Arnim to Göthe	208
A Visit to Beethoven	216
Beethoven's Letters to Mlle. von Breuning, Wegeler, and Ries	218
Beethoven's Correspondence with Messrs. Neate and Ries	231
Account of a Concert given by Beethoven at the Kaerthnerthor Theatre, Vienna	255
Characteristics of Beethoven from Wegeler and Ries's "Notizen"	259
Additional Characteristics, Traits, and Anecdotes of Beethoven	271
Beethoven's Last Moments	275
Funeral Honors to Beethoven	280
Miserere, Amplius, Libera, for four Voices, with an Organ Accompaniment	286
Concert in aid of Beethoven's Monument at Drury-Lane Theatre, July 19, 1837	314
Sale of Beethoven's MSS. and Musical Library	317

DÖHRING'S LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN . 321

SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGED INDEX OF BEETHOVEN'S WORKS 385

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Beethoven	FRONTISPIECE.
Fac-simile of Beethoven's Handwriting.	
First Sketches of the Vocal Subjects of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.	

INTRODUCTION.

DURING the painful illness of full four months, which terminated in the death of Ludwig van Beethoven, he was one day conversing with Hofrath von Breuning and myself on the subject of Plutarch's Lives. Breuning took advantage of the long-wished-for opportunity to ask Beethoven, apparently without any particular object, which of his contemporaries he should prefer for his biographer. Without the least hesitation, he replied, "Rochlitz, if he should survive me." He went on to say, that it might be anticipated with certainty, that, after his decease, many officious pens would hasten to amuse the world with stories and anecdotes concerning him, utterly destitute of truth; for such is the usual lot of those who have had any influence upon their times. It was, therefore, his sincere wish, that whatever might hereafter be said concerning him "should be in every respect strictly consonant with truth, no matter how hard it might bear upon this or the other person, or even upon himself."

This sentiment of Beethoven's, uttered at a moment when his dissolution appeared to us to be near at hand, — though his physicians still held out to him some hopes of recovery, while at the same time they felt thoroughly convinced of its impossibility, — this sentiment was too important for us to neglect following it up. In so doing, however, we were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution; as, indeed, we were in every thing which, in his state of severe suffering, had any reference, however remote, to death: for his imagination, more excited than when in health, ranged through the universe, formed projects of tours, of prodigious compositions, and other enterprises. In short, he had no idea that death was so near, neither would he take any warning of its approach. In fact, all his desire was to live; for he still intended to do much that none but himself, perhaps, was capable of accomplishing.

Prudence, therefore, enjoined us to refrain from touching upon that point which he himself avoided, and to watch for a suitable

opportunity when we should find him again disposed to speak further upon it. This opportunity occurred but too soon, as his end was evidently approaching. Sensible of the rapid decline of his physical powers, he now himself declared that all hope of his recovery was vain, and began to look death in the face with stoic fortitude.

Plutarch and other favorite Greek authors lay around him; and thus one day, — it might be the seventh or eighth before his decease, — he made some observations on Lucius Brutus, whose character he highly admired. This was a signal to Breuning and myself to resume the conversation which we had dropped with respect to his biographer, and to direct it according to our wishes. Resigned already to his fate, Beethoven read with great attention a paper on this subject, drawn up by his older friend Breuning; and then very calmly said, "There lies such a paper, there such another: take them, and make the best use you can of them; but let the truth be strictly adhered to in every point. For this I hold both of you responsible; and write on the subject to Rochlitz." Our object was now accomplished; for he gave us himself the necessary explanations respecting the papers. This memorable scene by the sick-bed of our beloved friend terminated in his desiring me to take charge of all the letters that were there, and Breuning of all his other papers, among which was the first version of the opera of "Fidelio," in score, — an injunction with which we punctually complied.

After Beethoven's death, we resolved jointly to communicate to M. Rochlitz the wish of our deceased friend, when M. von Breuning was taken ill, and, in two months, followed him to the grave. This totally unexpected event placed me in a particularly unpleasant situation with regard to the joint duty undertaken for Beethoven. M. von Breuning's widow soon afterwards gave up to me the papers committed to the care of her deceased husband; and I was now obliged to apply singly on the subject to M. Rochlitz. This I did by a letter, dated the 12th of September, 1827. On the 18th of the same month, I received the following answer:—

"I have long been aware how much there was great and noble in the character of our respected Beethoven, notwithstanding the eccentricity and roughness of his manner; and though, during my visit to Vienna, in 1822, I conversed with him only a few times with frankness and confidence, this was owing solely to the complaint with which he was afflicted, and which was so great an obstacle to any intercourse with him. This, together with the cheerful acknowledgment of his extraordinary genius and professional merit, caused me to follow, to the best of my ability, the course of his mind and of his whole inward life, in so far as it is exhibited in his works, from his youth to his death. And as I

availed myself also of every opportunity to gain, from time to time, authentic particulars concerning his outward life, I deemed myself, at his death, not wholly incompetent to be his biographer. I resolved, therefore, to undertake the office for Beethoven, in the same manner that I had done for Karl Maria von Weber, by making their lives principal articles in the third volume of my work, 'Für Freunde der Tonkunst' ('For Friends of Music'). To this is now added a further inducement in your proposal to supply me with materials, and the wish of Beethoven himself, conveyed to me through you. From all this put together, you may judge whether I feel disposed to comply with the wish expressed by you, as well as by several other friends of Beethoven's: so much the more mortifying is it then to me that it is not in my power to do so. A life devoted, in early years, to close and almost unremitting application has, of late, been severely revenging itself upon me. . . . Hence I am at length compelled to submit to an almost total change of my former pursuits; and the most important part of this change is, that I sit and write much less than formerly; and, that I may not be again forced or enticed to break this rule, I decline undertaking any work of consequence: and thus I am obliged to renounce the fulfilment of your wish as well as my own. . . . I cannot tell you how it grieves me to give this answer; but we must all bow to necessity. Accept my thanks for your confidence."

Notwithstanding this positive refusal, I ventured to repeat my request to M. Rochlitz, at the same time offering to assist him in the task; as, in addition to the materials destined for his use, I was in possession of many important facts, collected during an intercourse of many years with Beethoven, with which no other person was or could be acquainted, because they had arisen from my own connection with the great man.

I was favored as early as the 3d of October with the answer of M. Rochlitz, from which I shall only make the following extract:—

"I thank you, in the first place, for the copy you have sent me of Beethoven's will.* I cannot tell you how much I was delighted with the cordial, child-like goodness of heart which it so unequivocally displays, or how deeply I have been affected by the painful sufferings of his excellent soul. Most assuredly this document will produce the same effect on all who shall peruse it, the absolutely bad alone excepted: indeed, I know not any thing more favorable or more convincing that could be said of the deceased, in speaking of him, not as an artist, but as a man. I cannot undertake to comply with your wish, as expressed in a new form;

* It was that of 1802.

and it is of no use to either of us, if I add I am sorry for it."

Upon these refusals of M. Rochlitz, adhering to the resolution that I had previously formed, — in case that writer should decline the commission, not to resign the papers in my hands to any other person, — I took no further steps, and made up my mind to wait for suitable time and circumstances.

If we are to have a complete biography of Beethoven, — of the man who must be classed among the greatest that ages have produced, — we want no flights of poetry and imagination on the subject of his works or the analysis of them, such as have already appeared by thousands, and will continue to appear, — some good, some bad, according to the respective qualifications and powers of the authors, each of whom considered the genius of the great composer as his own rainbow, and consequently each in a different manner; but the main point is to show under what circumstances, and in what position, Beethoven produced his splendid and imperishable creations: consequently, to furnish facts, the greatest part of which one must have collected on the spot, and, moreover, have witnessed by the side of this extraordinary man, in order to be able to form a just estimate of their greater or less influence on his whole existence. In this position, affording a guarantee for truth and authenticity, there stands, as regards Beethoven, not one of his surviving friends excepting myself; neither is there any besides myself, who, at the time of the most important occurrences of his life, was constantly about his person, and assisting him in his occupations. This being the case, the most important part of the biography must necessarily have been furnished by me, whoever might ultimately have been its author.

I had a particular motive for not hurrying the publication of this work, namely, by withholding my friend's papers for a longer period, to soften the severe but just censure passed on many living persons who had previously sinned against the great master, and to spare them as much as possible, in order, in some degree, to mitigate Beethoven's express injunction, "to tell the rigid truth about every thing." I say, *to spare as much as possible*; for the twelve years that have flown over Beethoven's grave have not undone the manifold wrongs, the bitter sorrows, and the deep injuries, which he had to endure when living, and which brought his life and labors to a premature termination.

The notion which I had conceived twelve years ago, of the requisites necessary for a biography of Beethoven, at length became a settled conviction of my mind, amidst the various opinions concerning him, confusedly flung together by his numberless admirers. I was satisfied that it was the only correct view. On the other hand, in the possession of such copious materials (of only a

small portion of which, however, I have availed myself), urged, moreover, by his admirers in nearly every country in Europe not any longer to postpone the publication of this biography, I was induced to venture, with my own humble, unaided abilities, on the important enterprise. Without, therefore, stopping to examine all that has been said concerning Beethoven, and to correct inaccuracies which would in the end have proved to be labor in vain, I adhere, on this point, to my preconceived notions, and shall endeavor to lay before the public in this work a series of unembellished facts, as the case requires, which shall enable the admirers of the illustrious deceased to comprehend and appreciate this lofty model of greatness of soul and of creative genius in all its truth and reality. In the execution of this design, I follow a division not arising out of the history of the development of his genius, but purely from the various phases of his life, such as Beethoven himself would have adopted: that is to say, I divide his life and works into three periods; the first extending from his birth to the year 1800, the second from 1800 to October, 1813, and the third from the last-mentioned date to his death, in 1827.* It shall accordingly be facts that I shall chiefly endeavor to record, as nearly as possible in chronological order, and with the closest adherence to truth; and, among the statements advanced by others, it is only such as bear materially upon his character, or his way of thinking and acting, that I shall either rectify, or, if need be, contradict.

As the third period will claim the largest portion of this work, it obliges me, in order not to be too voluminous, to treat more briefly of the first two periods; and this I can do without detriment to the important subject, since Dr. Wegeler and M. Ferdinand Ries, in their biographical sketches of Beethoven, published two years ago, have given so many characteristic traits of him. Wegeler, the respected friend of Beethoven from his youthful days, there records all that is requisite to be told concerning his birth and abode in Bonn: so that I think it quite sufficient to confine myself in places to communications made by him to me so far back as 1828, with reference to that period, because the thread of the narrative requires it; and that gentleman may infer, from the reasons already assigned, why I could not earlier comply with his repeated solicitations to accelerate the publication of this work. Unpleasant as was the notice, dated the 28th of October, 1834, which he gave me, that, on account of my long-protracted delay, he was determined to put his sketches to press, still I was obliged

* It must be obvious, that, in this division, I do not mean to assert that Beethoven's mental development admits of the like limitation, or is tacitly comprehended under it. To pretend to fix precise limits to that would be a bold attempt, inasmuch as his works were not published in the order in which they were composed. I shall recur to this subject in treating of the first period.

to let him act as he pleased. His sketches of the first years of Beethoven's life may be referred to as an authentic source; for the greater part of the particulars which they contain I have heard from the lips of the master himself.

As to the publication of Ferdinand Ries, I am sorry to be obliged to declare that Ries has in this performance said too much. Less would have been much more to the purpose. He seems almost to justify the remark of a friend and admirer of Beethoven's, who, soon after the appearance of that pamphlet, wrote to me as follows: "From the tone assumed by Ries, one would imagine that Beethoven had lived exclusively for him; and, in writing those sketches and anecdotes, he seems to have kept his eye much more upon his own dear self than upon his friend and master."

Had Ries not recommended his performance in an unqualified manner, as an authentic source for a complete biography of Beethoven (which he does in his preface), and thus set himself up for an authority to be relied on by the future biographer of Beethoven, as well as by the public in general (though he had had no personal intercourse with him for full thirty-two years), I should not have made a single remark on him or his work, attaching no more importance to the latter than belongs to anecdotes in general: for aphorisms, notices, and anecdotes constitute no logical, connected whole; consequently they establish no opinion, though they assist to form one. The remarks, then, which, in my position, I think it my duty to make on the publication of Ries, in so far as it pretends to delineate the character of Beethoven, I submit, on my part, with all respect for the deceased, who was too early taken from us; for I, too, regarded him as my valued friend. He meant not designedly to tarnish the memory of one of the noblest characters; but yet he has done so. The motive of this *mal-à-propos* may possibly have originated as follows:—

At the time when Ries was a pupil of Beethoven's, he was quite as young as his judgment: he was, therefore, incapable of grasping, of comprehending, consequently also of judging, the immense sphere, which, even at that time, was beginning to open upon the genius and upon the whole existence of his instructor. Hence it was only superficial matters, words dropped in vexation or in playfulness, — in short, anecdotes, sometimes of greater, sometimes of less consequence, — which struck him, and impressed themselves on his memory, but which could by no means justify him in representing Beethoven's character as being so rude as he does in pages 81,* 83, 84, and 92 of his sketches, to say nothing of other

* At page 81 of his biographical particulars, Ries, in his account of the meeting of Beethoven and Steibelt, at the house of Count Fries, where Steibelt performed a "studied fantasia brillante on a theme from a trio of Beethoven's," tells us, "This gave great offence to the admirers of Beethoven, as well as to

passages. If the statements made there only by Ries are absolutely true, what a rude character was Beethoven! How repulsive and inaccessible to juvenile talent!

In my conversations with Ries concerning Beethoven, at Frankfurt, in the year 1833, I perceived all this but too plainly, and took the opportunity to set him right on many points. His memory had only retained a correct impression of the boisterous, heaven-assaulting giant, the recesses of whose mind the scholar, who had scarcely arrived at adolescence, was as yet incapable of exploring. He saw only the shell before him; but he had not discovered the right way to get at the inestimable kernel. Ten years later, and the man would probably have found it out. His short stay at Vienna in 1809, during the French occupation, was any thing but calculated to furnish a better and more suitable basis for his opinions concerning Beethoven, or even to erase from his mind many an erroneous impression which it had received. With such indistinct notions, Ries parted from his preceptor at a time when, a mere student of the art, he could scarcely go alone, as indeed it was but natural to expect at the age of scarcely twenty years. Certain it is, that the Beethoven of 1805, when Ries left Vienna, was totally different from him of 1825; and I could sincerely wish that Ries, whose abilities I respect, had once more seen Beethoven, deeply bowed down by the severe vicissitudes which he had undergone, like a burnt-out volcano, which is only at times in commotion; that he could have heard him, and learned from his own lips what was the most particular desire of our mutual friend.

that composer himself. He was next called to the piano to extemporize: he went in his usual, I might say, rude way, to the instrument, as though half pushed towards it." But, hold!—who could help being revolted also on reading this instance of Beethoven's rudeness from the pen of his pupil and friend, and reasoning thus:—

Rudeness is the highest degree of ill-breeding. If he, from his thirtieth to his thirty-fifth year "usually behaved rudely" even in the higher circles, as we are told in the anecdote related by Ries, page 92, he was, and must have been, rude all his life, even though he had intercourse with an archduke of Austria. At that period of life Beethoven had arrived when Ries was in Vienna. What, then, could be alleged in excuse of Beethoven, if Ries were right? But how many of those friends and admirers of the illustrious deceased, who knew him longer, and had opportunities of forming a more correct opinion of him than Ries, will solemnly protest against such a charge. Is it fair to publish to the world a momentary fit of ill-humor in any man, be he who he may, that it may serve as an authentic source for estimating his character? and especially in a man who belongs to remote posterity, who deserves to be recommended in so many respects to younger artists as a model worthy of imitation? Or, let me ask, is it right to drag before the tribunal of the public what has been said and done in unguarded moments among friends and acquaintance? That maxim is in general entirely false which says, that "about great men any thing and every thing may be told: it can do them no harm." Without taking into account that this maxim is in itself very relative, the character of every man, without any reference to his mental qualities, is the point, which, in a portraiture of him, should be treated with most tenderness, at the same time without derogating in the slightest degree from the truth.

To conclude, I entreat all the friends and admirers of Beethoven to accept the assurance, that, in my account of my instructor and friend, my pen shall be guided by nothing but pure love for him, and pure and unfeigned love for truth. Too deeply penetrated with the high importance of the subject to be treated of, I shall adhere steadfastly to the determination to exert my best ability, and to keep aloof from prejudice of every kind.

Thus, then, I submit this work to the public, hoping that it may not merely furnish a biography of the great composer, but also a contribution to the history of his art. Conscious that I have spared no pains to fulfil this two-fold object, I trust that it will be acknowledged that I have written in the feeling of justice and of truth, notwithstanding the many rugged and dangerous rocks which I have had to encounter in the undertaking.

A. SCHINDLER

LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

FIRST PERIOD.

FROM HIS BIRTH TO THE YEAR 1800.

Beethoven's Parentage. — Contradiction of a Report on that Subject. — **His Musical Education.** — Tale of a Spider. — Appointed Organist to the Chapel of the Elector of Cologne. — Patronized by Count von Waldstein. — Clever Trick played by him. — His first Musical Productions. — Haydn. — Sterkel. — Beethoven's Aversion to give Lessons. — Youthful Friendships. — He is sent to Vienna to improve himself under Haydn. — Acquaintances made by him there. — Dr. Van Swieten. — Prince and Princess Liehnowsky. — Envy excited by his Success. — His Indifference to Calumny, and to the Accidents of Birth or Wealth. — M. Schenk, the Corrector of his Compositions. — His Early Attachments. — His Compositions during this Period. — Prices paid for them. — The Rasumowsky Quartette. — Professional Tour. — State of Musical Science at Vienna.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was born on the 17th of December, 1770, at Bonn. His father, Johann van Beethoven, was tenor singer in the electoral chapel, and died in 1792. His mother, Maria Magdalena, whose maiden name was Keverich, was a native of Coblentz: she died in 1787. His grandfather, Ludwig van Beethoven, who is conjectured on very good grounds to have been a native of Maestricht, was music-director and bass-singer, and performed operas of his own composition, at Bonn, in the time of the Elector Clemens August, whose fondness for magnificence is well known. Of this grandfather, who died in 1773, Beethoven retained a lively recollection even in his later years; and he frequently spoke with filial affection and fervent gratitude of his mother, "who had so much patience with his obstinacy."

9

The report that Beethoven was a natural son of Frederick William II., King of Prussia, first broached by Fayolle and Choron, which was reported in seven editions of the "Conversations-Lexicon," published by Brockhaus, and caused great vexation to Beethoven, was conclusively confuted by Dr. Wegeler, after Beethoven had requested him, in a letter written by me from his dictation, and dated the 7th of October, 1826,* "to make known to the world the unblemished character of his parents, and especially of his mother."†

Beethoven's education was neither particularly neglected nor particularly good. He received elementary instruction, and learned something of Latin, at a public school: music he learnt at home, and was closely kept to it by his father, whose way of life, however, was not the most regular. The lively and often stubborn boy had a great dislike to sitting still, so that it was continually necessary to drive him in good earnest to the piano-forte. He had still less inclination for learning the violin; and on this point I cannot help advertising to a tale, so ingeniously invented and so frequently repeated, relative to a spider, which, "whenever little Ludwig was playing in his closet on the violin, would let itself down from the ceiling and alight upon the instrument, and which his mother, on discovering her son's companion, one day destroyed; whereupon little Ludwig dashed his violin to shatters." This is nothing more than a tale. *Great* Ludwig, highly as this fiction amused him, never would admit that he had the least recollection of such a circumstance. On the contrary, he declared that it was much more likely that every thing, even to the very flies and

* Dr. Wegeler published in consequence a copy of Beethoven's baptismal register, which is as follows:—

"Extract, Church Register, St. Remigii, at Bonn:—

"Anno millesimo septingentesimo septuagesimo, die decima septima Decembris, baptizatus est *Ludovicus*, Domini Johannis van Beethoven et Helenæ Keverichs, conjugum, filius legitimus: Patrini: Dominus Ludovicus van Beethoven, et Gertrudis Müllers, dicta Baums.

"Witness to the truth of the above extract,
(Signed)

"THE BURGOMASTER.
"WINDECK.

'BONN, 28TH JUNE, 1827."

† When M. Brockhaus announced the eighth edition of the "Conversations-Lexicon," I wrote to him, on the 17th of February, 1833, calling his attention to that fable, and requesting him to omit the passage relative to Beethoven's parentage in the new edition, which he complied with.

spiders, should have fled out of the hearing of his horrid scraping.

He made his first acquaintance with German literature, and especially the poets, in the house of M. von Breuning, in Bonn, whose family contributed greatly, in every respect, to the cultivation of his mind, and to whom Beethoven, till the last moment of his life, acknowledged his obligations with the warmest gratitude.

Beethoven received his first lessons from his father; but he had afterwards a far better instructor in a M. Pfeiffer, a man of talent, well known as music-director and oboist. Beethoven owed more to this composer than to any other: and he was grateful for his services; for he remitted money from Vienna to him, when in need of assistance, through M. Simrock of Bonn. That Van der Eder, organist to the court, really taught our Beethoven the management of the organ, as Dr. Wegeler merely conjectured, is a fact, as Beethoven himself related with many concomitant anecdotes. By the instructions of Neefe, the court-organist, Beethoven declared that he had profited little or nothing.

In the year 1785, Beethoven was appointed, by the Elector Max Franz, brother of the Emperor Joseph II., organist to the electoral chapel, a post obtained for him by Count von Waldstein, a patron of the arts, not only a connoisseur in music, but himself a practical musician, a knight of the Teutonic order, and favorite of the elector.* To this nobleman, Beethoven was indebted for the first appreciation of his talents, and his subsequent mission to Vienna. A circumstance which affords evidence of his extraordinary talent may be introduced here, since at a later period it appeared to Beethoven himself to be worth recording, and he often mentioned it with pleasure as a clever juvenile trick.

On the last three days of the Passion week, the Lamentations of the prophet Jeremiah were always chanted: these consisted of passages of from four to six lines, and they were sung in no particular time. In the middle of each sentence, agreeably to the choral style peculiar to the old church-music in general, a rest was made upon one note, which

* The same Count von Waldstein to whom Beethoven dedicated his grand sonata, Op. 53.

rest the player on the piano — for the organ was not used on those three days — had to fill up with a voluntary flourish, as is likewise usual in the accompaniment of other choral performances.

Beethoven told Heller, a singer at the chapel, who was boasting of his professional cleverness, that he would engage that very day to put him out at such a place, without his being aware of it, yet so effectually that he should not be able to proceed. Heller, who considered this as an absolute impossibility, laid a wager accordingly with Beethoven. The latter, when he came to a passage that suited his purpose, led the singer, by an adroit modulation, out of the prevailing mode into one having no affinity to it, still, however, adhering to the tonic of the former key; so that the singer, unable to find his way in this strange region, was brought to a dead stand. Exasperated by the laughter of those around him, Heller complained of Beethoven to the elector, who, to use Beethoven's expression, "gave him a most gracious reprimand, and bade him not play any more such clever tricks."

When Haydn first returned from England, the electoral band gave him a breakfast at Godesberg, near Bonn. On this occasion, Beethoven laid before him a cantata, which gained him the commendation of the celebrated master, who exhorted the youthful composer to persevere in his professional studies. On account of several difficult passages for the wind instruments, which the performers declared themselves unable to play, this cantata was laid aside, and not published. Such is the statement of Dr. Wegeler. Though I have not the least doubt of Dr. Wegeler's accuracy, I never heard Beethoven himself say a word concerning any such first production; but well I recollect having been told by him that his best essay at composition at that period was a trio for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. This trio was not published until after his death, about ten or eleven years ago, by Dunst of Frankfort: its second movement, the scherzo, may be regarded as the embryo of all Beethoven's scherzos. The third movement of that trio belongs in idea and form to Mozart, — a proof how early Beethoven began to make him his idol. He seemed, in fact, to have totally forgotten the cantata in question.

Beethoven's first compositions were the sonatas copied into "The Blumenlese" of Speyer; in the next place, the song, "Wenn Jemand eine Reise thut" ("When a man on travel goes"), and, further, the music to a ballet performed during the carnival by the high nobility, the piano-forte part of which is said to be in the possession of M. Dunst of Frankfort. This music, which was reputed to be the work of Count von Waldstein, was not at first published. Then came the Variations on "Vieni amore," theme by Righini, which afforded the youthful author occasion to display his extraordinary talent. This was at his interview at Aschaffenburg with Sterkel, a celebrated performer of that day, and indeed the most accomplished piano-forte player whom Beethoven had ever yet heard. The doubt expressed by this highly-finished and elegant performer, whether the composer of these Variations could play them fluently himself, spurred on Beethoven not only to play by heart such as were printed, but to follow them up with a number of others extemporized on the spot; and, at the same time, he imitated the light and pleasing touch of Sterkel, whom he had never heard till then; whereas his own usual way of playing the piano was hard and heavy, owing, as Beethoven declared, not to his want of feeling, but to his practising a great deal upon the organ, of which instrument he was very fond.

Beethoven had, from his youth, as Dr. Wegeler relates, — and as he himself often showed by the fact, — a decided aversion to give lessons; and in his later years, as well as formerly at Bonn, he always went to this occupation "like an ill-tempered donkey." * We shall see in the third period of his biography how he conducted himself when giving instruction to his most illustrious pupil, the Archduke Rudolph, † who entertained the deepest respect for his master, and with whom Beethoven had no need to lay himself under more restraint than if he had been in the house of a friend. ‡

* Or, as Wegeler gives it, like the "*iniquæ mentis asellus*" of Horace. — ED.

† See my note, p. 228. — ED.

‡ M. Ries was treated in the same manner, as he told me, while under Beethoven's tuition. "I played," said Ries to me, "while Beethoven composed or did something else; and it was very rarely that he seated himself by me and remained for half an hour." Ries tells a different story in his publication

With this brief account, the period which Beethoven passed in his birthplace, Bonn, might aptly close. He himself considered that time as the happiest portion of his life, though it was frequently embittered by disagreeable circumstances, originating chiefly in his father's irregular course of life. The members of the Breuning family were his guardian angels; for the numerous friendships which his superior talents gained him began already to be detrimental to his higher cultivation. This is too often the case with youthful genius, which disdains moderate praise, and accepts flattery as a tribute justly due to it; and of course such a person seeks in preference the society of those from whom he hopes to obtain that gratification.

Under such circumstances, most fortunate was it for Beethoven that he received permission from the Elector Max Franz, to reside for a few years at Vienna, for the purpose of improving himself under the tuition of Haydn. In the year 1792, Beethoven went to Vienna, the central point of every thing great and sublime that music had till then achieved on the soil of Germany. Mozart, the source of all light in the region of harmony, whose personal acquaintance Beethoven had made on his first visit to Vienna, in the winter of 1786-7, who, when he heard Beethoven extemporize upon a theme that was given him, exclaimed to those present, "This youth will some day make a noise in the world," — Mozart, though he had been a year in his grave, yet lived freshly in the memory of all who had a heart susceptible of his divine revelations, as well as in Beethoven's; Gluck's spirit still hovered around the inhabitants of old Vindobona; Father Haydn, and many other distinguished men in every art, and in every branch of human knowledge, yet lived and worked together harmoniously: in short, no sooner had Beethoven, then but twenty-two, looked around him in this favored abode of the Muses, and made a few acquaintances, than he said to himself, "Here will I stay, and not return to Bonn, even though the elector should cut off my pension."

One of his first, and, for a long time, most influential acquaintances, was the celebrated Van Swieten, formerly physician in ordinary to the Empress Maria Theresa, a man

who could appreciate art and artists according to their real worth. Van Swieten was, as it were, the cicerone of the new-comer, and attached young Beethoven to his person and to his house, where, indeed, the latter soon found himself at home. The musical treats in Van Swieten's house consisted chiefly of compositions by Handel, Sebastian Bach, and the greatest masters of Italy, up to Palestrina, performed with a full band; and they were so truly exquisite as to be long remembered by all who had been so fortunate as to partake of them. For Beethoven those meetings had this peculiar interest, that he not only gained an intimate acquaintance with those classics, but also that he was obliged to stay longest, because the old gentleman had an insatiable appetite for music, so that the night was often pretty far advanced before he would suffer him to depart; nay, frequently he would not suffer him to go at all; for, to all that he had heard before, Beethoven was obliged to add half a dozen fugues by Bach, "by way of a blessing." Among the notes addressed by that eminent physician to Beethoven, and carefully preserved by the latter, one runs thus: "If you are not prevented next Wednesday, I should be glad to see you here at half-past eight in the evening, with your night-cap in your pocket."

Nearly at the same time with Van Swieten, our Beethoven made the acquaintance of the princely family of Lichnowsky; and this point in his life is of such importance, and led to such manifold consequences, that it behooves me to dwell upon it at some length.

The members of this remarkable family belonged altogether to those rarer natures which are susceptible to every thing that is great and sublime, and therefore patronized and honored art and science, as well as all that is chivalrous, to which the greater part of the nobility devote their exclusive attention. Prince Karl von Lichnowsky, Mozart's pupil, was a genuine nobleman, and, what is still more, a Mécenas in the strictest sense of the term; and at that time, when the Austrian nobility were universally noble-minded, there could have been found few to match him in that extensive empire. Of like disposition was his consort, the Princess Christiane, by birth Countess of Thun. In

this resort of accomplished minds and polished manners, Beethoven found an asylum in which he continued for several years. Prince Lichnowsky became a paternal friend, the princess a second mother, to the young musician. The prince assigned to him a yearly allowance of six hundred florins, which he was to receive till he should obtain some permanent appointment; and at that time this was no insignificant sum. The kindness of both these princely personages pursued him, as it were, and did not abate even when the adopted son, who was frequently obstinate, would have certainly lost that of any other patrons, and when he had deserved the severest reprehension. It was the princess, in particular, who found all that the often ill-tempered and sullen young man chose to do or to let alone, right, clever, original, amiable; and who, accordingly, contrived to make excuses for all his peccadilloes to the more rigid prince. At a later period, Beethoven, in describing this mode of treatment, employed the following characteristic expression: "They would have brought me up there," said he, "with grandmotherly fondness, which was carried to such a length that very often the princess was on the point of having a glass shade made to put over me, so that no unworthy person might touch or breathe upon me."*

Such extreme indulgence could not fail to produce its effects upon a temperament like Beethoven's; and it could not but operate detrimentally to the steady and undisturbed cultivation of his talent, which excited the attention and admiration of thousands. Whence was the necessary firmness to come in the conflicts with external life? Of course, then, the impetuous son of the Muse was every moment running his head against the wall, and was doomed to feel, as he would not hear. Van Swieten's counsels and admonitions, too, were frequently disregarded; and old "Papa" was content if the intractable Beethoven would but come to his evening parties.

If we find, in consequence, that Beethoven's manners were sometimes deficient in polish, the reason lies, in the

* How happens it that Beethoven, sensible of the impropriety of this system of education, should not have avoided it in bringing up his nephew? We shall have occasion to recur to this subject in the proper place.

first place, in his energetic nature, which broke through all barriers, and, spurning the etiquette of high life, would not submit to any shackles. Another not less powerful cause is to be sought in the indulgence, and even in the admiration, which his eccentricities met with from high and low, for there was a time when the name "Beethoven" had become a general pass-word to which every thing gave way.

That, in opposition to his admirers, there should be some, who, eclipsed by the extraordinary success of the youthful master, felt themselves thrust into the background and mortified, was no more than might have been expected. Envy and jealousy brandished their weapons against the unaffected young artist pushing on in his career, whose internal as well as external originality afforded more than one assailable point. It was more especially the external, of such a nature as had never been observed in any artist, that envy and jealousy would not by any means acknowledge to be the natural consequence of his internal organization. In direct opposition to every exaggerated formality, and avoiding the broad, beaten track of mediocrity and every-day talent, while pursuing his own course, Beethoven could not but be misconceived by many whose view was not capable of embracing his horizon. He was also misjudged, as so many a true master-mind has been in its intercourse with the various classes, because its peculiar notions of things, originating in the nature of art, never tally with those of the multitude, which cannot assimilate with those of the artist. This peculiar mode of viewing things shows itself, sometimes more, at other times less, in every one of his works.

At this early period, a trait of character that distinguished him throughout his whole life manifested itself in young Beethoven. It was this, that he never defended himself against criticisms or attacks so long as they were not directed against his honor, but against his professional abilities; and never suffered them to have more than a superficial effect upon him. Not indifferent to the opinions of the good, he took no notice of the attacks of the malicious, and allowed them to go on unchecked, even when they proceeded so far as to assign him a place, sometimes

in one mad-house, sometimes in another. "If it amuses people to say or to write such stuff concerning me, let them continue so to do as long as they please:" this was his maxim, to which he adhered through all the vicissitudes of his professional life.

With this trait of character was associated already in early youth another, not less important for his professional career than the former, namely, that rank and wealth were to him matters of absolute indifference, — accidents for which he had no particular respect: hence, in a man he would recognize and honor nothing but the man. To bow to Mammon and its possessors was nothing less, in his opinion, than downright blasphemy, — the deepest degradation of the man endowed with genius; and, before he could pay the wealthy the ordinary respect, it was requisite that they should at least be known to him as humane and benevolent. On this point more particularly Beethoven was orthodox; and no temptation whatever could have produced a change of sentiment on that head any more than in his political creed. It was, therefore, perfectly natural that the prince should occupy no higher place in his estimation than the private citizen; and he held that mind alone, that divine emanation in man, rises, according to its powers, above all that is material and accidental: that it is an immediate gift of the Creator, destined to serve as a light to others. Hence it follows that Beethoven recognized the position allotted to him from above, and its importance in the universe, and that, too, in all humility, as may be clearly seen in the letters addressed to a lady of whom he was passionately enamored, which will be given hereafter.

In the first number of the Leipzig "*Musikalische Zeitung*" of 1835, I took occasion, from an expression attributed to Beethoven in a Vienna journal* respecting the age at which a person ought to learn the theory of harmony and

* "In order to become a good composer, a person should have studied the theory of harmony and the art of counterpoint from the age of seven to eleven, that when the imagination and feeling awake, he may have accustomed himself to invent according to rule." How absurd and untrue this assertion is, in every respect, I there showed in the proper place; and, likewise, that Beethoven thought precisely the reverse, especially on instruction in counterpoint, and that he expressed himself clearly and explicitly on that subject.

counterpoint, to say, that Beethoven, on his arrival at Vienna, knew nothing of counterpoint, and very little of the theory of harmony. His imagination warm and active, his ear sensitive, and Pegasus ever ready, he composed away, without concerning himself about the indispensable scholastic rules. Such was the state of things, when he began to receive instructions from Haydn; and Haydn is said to have been always satisfied with his new scholar, because he permitted him to do as he liked: till the tables were turned, and the scholar became dissatisfied with the master, owing to the following circumstance:—

Among the professional men whom Beethoven knew and respected, was M. Schenk, composer of the music to the "Dorfbarbier," a man of mild, amiable disposition, and profoundly versed in musical science. M. Schenk one day met Beethoven, when he was coming with his roll of music under his arm from Haydn. Schenk threw his eye over it, and perceived here and there various inaccuracies. He pointed them out to Beethoven, who assured him that Haydn had just corrected that piece. Schenk turned over the leaves, and found the grossest blunders left untouched in the preceding pieces. Beethoven now conceived a suspicion of Haydn, and would have given up taking instructions from him, but was dissuaded from that resolution, till Haydn's second visit to England afforded a fitting occasion for carrying it into effect. From this moment a coolness took place between Haydn and Beethoven. Ries heard Beethoven say that he had indeed taken lessons of Haydn, but never learned any thing of him. (See his "Notizen," p. 86.)* The conduct of Haydn in this case was variously construed, as he was known to be in other respects a conscientious man; but no certain motive can be alleged for it. M. Schenk continued to be from that time the confidential corrector of Beethoven's compositions, even after Allbrechtsberger had undertaken to give him instructions in counterpoint. Here I must record a remarkable fact which serves to characterize both these old friends.

Owing to Beethoven's unsettled life, it was too frequently

* See Supplement, No. X.

the case, that for years he knew nothing about intimate friends and acquaintance, though they, like himself, resided within the walls of the great capital; and, if they did not occasionally give him a call, to him they were as good as dead. Thus it happened, that one day—it was in the beginning of the spring of 1824—I was walking with him over the Graben, when we met M. Schenk, then far advanced between sixty and seventy. Beethoven, transported with joy to see his old friend still among the living, seized his hand, hastened with him into a neighboring tavern, called the Bugle Horn, and conducted us into a back room, where, as in a catacomb, it was necessary to burn a light even at noonday. There we shut ourselves in, and Beethoven began to open all the recesses of his heart to his respected corrector. More talkative than he often was, a multitude of stories and anecdotes of long by-gone times presented themselves to his recollection, and among the rest the affair with Haydn; and Beethoven, who had now raised himself to the sovereignty in the realm of music, loaded the modest composer of the “Dorfbarbier,” who was living in narrow circumstances, with professions of his warmest thanks for the kindness which he had formerly shown him. Their parting, after that memorable hour, as if for life, was deeply affecting; and, in fact, from that day, they never beheld one another again.

As, in that classic period of musical activity, Beethoven was the sun which all strove to approach, and rejoiced if they could but catch a glance of his brilliant eye, it was natural that he should converse much with ladies, several of whom were always contending for his affections at once, as it is well known; and he more than once found himself, like Hercules, in a dilemma. Dr. Wegeler says in his publication (page 42), that “Beethoven was never without an attachment, and that mostly he was very deeply smitten.” This is quite true. How could any rational person, who is acquainted with Beethoven solely from his works, maintain the contrary? * Whoever is capable of feeling how power-

* And yet M. Ignatz von Seyfried, in the biographical particulars of Beethoven appended to the work published by him and M. Haslinger, with the title of “Beethoven Studien,” does maintain the contrary, which Dr. Wegeler has shown to be wholly unfounded.

fully the pure flame of love operates upon the imagination, more especially of the sensitive and highly-endowed artist, and how in all his productions it goes before him like a light sent down from heaven to guide him, will take it for granted, without any evidence, that Beethoven was susceptible of the purest love, and that he was conducted by it. What genius could have composed the *Fantasia* in C* without such a passion! † And here be it observed, merely by the way, it was love for the *Giulietta* to whom that imaginative composition is dedicated, which inspired him while engaged upon it. Beethoven seems to have retained his affection for that lady as long as he lived. Of this I think I can produce striking evidence, but it belongs to the second period.

Wegeler's remark (p. 44) is perfectly true, that the objects of Beethoven's attachment were always of the higher rank. No prejudice on the part of Beethoven had any thing to do with this, which arose solely from the circumstance of his having at that time most intercourse with persons in high life, — an intercourse promoted, moreover, by his connection with the princely house of Lichnowsky. Beethoven frequently declared that at this time he was best appreciated, and best comprehended as an artist, by noble and other high personages. High, however, as the converse with such personages was calculated to raise him intellectually, still, in regard to love, and a permanent happiness arising out of it, that circumstance was not advantageous to him. I shall take occasion to treat, by and by, more explicitly of this interesting topic, and shall merely observe here, that, though exposed to such manifold seductions, Beethoven had, like the demi-god of old, the firmness to preserve his virtue unscathed; that his refined sense of right and wrong could not endure any thing impure, and in a moral respect equivocal, about it; and that, considered on this score, he passed through life, conscious of no fault, with truly virgin modesty and unblemished character. The

* Op. 27, No. 2.

† This Sonata, quasi *Fantasia*, Op. 27, is known in Austria by the inappropriate appellation of "Moonshine Sonata," which is meant to designate nothing more than that enthusiastic period of Beethoven's passion.

higher Muse, who had selected him for such important service, gave his views an upward direction, and preserved him, even in professional matters, from the slightest collision with the vulgar, which, in life as in art, was his abomination. Would that she had done as much for him in regard to the civil relations of life, as they are called, to which every inhabitant of earth is subject! How infinitely higher would Beethoven's genius have soared; if, in the ordinary intercourse of life, he had not been brought into conflict with so many base and contemptible minds!

Among the compositions of such various kinds that belong to this period, were, besides the three Sonatas dedicated to Haydn, the first three Trios, several Quartettes for stringed instruments, two Concertos for the piano-forte, the Septette, the First and Second Symphony, more than twenty Sonatas, and the music to Vigano's balle "Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus" ("The Creations of Prometheus"), which was performed in 1799, at the Imperial Opera House; but the most important of these were not printed till a later period. It may not be amiss here to remark, that the numbers affixed to Beethoven's works do not indicate the order in which they were composed by the master, but that in which they were published. Many works he kept back, frequently for several years, for the purpose of severe correction, while later compositions were sent into the world without delay.* This mode of proceeding, it is true, produced a confusion in the continuous numbering of his works, which he himself knew not how to remedy. At first, he purposed to number the works in the order in which they were composed, though some that were earlier written might not be published till after later ones were already printed. From the chasms which it was on this account found necessary to leave open, arose disorder; and hence we meet with many a number twice, and even thrice, over in the catalogues, and others not at all. Thus, for example, in the catalogue annexed to the "Beethoven Studien," Op. 29 is

* For the correction of each of his larger works, Beethoven took, upon an average, one-third of the time that had been occupied in its composition. This observation I had occasion to make from many of his works. His corrected scores show how he proceeded in general in the labor of revising and improving.

prefixed first to three Sonatas, then to the Preludes, and once more to the Quintette in C. In M. Artaria's catalogue, No. 29 is even attached to four, No. 3 to six, and No. 75 to three works. The latter catalogue specifies in the whole one hundred and fifty-two different works of Beethoven's, with numbers and opus-figures, while catalogues containing merely opus-numbers exhibit only one hundred and thirty-eight.

That Beethoven had already at this time many more commissions for works than he could execute, we learn from his letter of the 29th of June, 1800, to Dr. Wegeler,* where he likewise mentions that he is paid what he charges for them; and it is interesting to remark how small are the sums then paid for the copyright of his works by publishers in comparison with those which he received twenty years later, as we shall see in the third period. In his letter of the 15th of January, 1801, to the music publisher, Hofmeister, in Leipzig,† there is a statement of the prices charged for some works, which may serve as a kind of standard for others. He asks, for instance, for the Septette twenty ducats (ten louis-d'ors), for the First Symphony twenty ducats, for the First Concerto ten ducats, and for the grand B major Sonata (Op. 22) twenty ducats.

During a period of at least ten or twelve years, it was at Prince Lichnowsky's musical parties that almost all Beethoven's works were first tried; and the refined taste of the prince, as well as his solid musical acquirements, commanded such respect from Beethoven, that he readily followed his advice in regard to the alteration or improvement of this or that in his composition, a point on which he was extremely self-willed. Thus, too, at a later period, he would rather hear censures than praise from those to whom he gave credit for comprehending him; and but very few performers could boast of being so fortunate as to be allowed to teach him the peculiarities and the treatment of their respective instruments. M. Kraft, the elder, and subsequently M. Linke, taught him the mechanism of the violon-

* See Supplement, No. I.

† Printed in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, No. 19, of the year 1837. For the series of Beethoven's letters to the music-publishers of Leipzig, see Supplement, No. I.

cello, M. Punto that of the horn, and M. Friedlowsky, the elder, that of the clarinet; and it was these artists whom Beethoven chiefly consulted respecting his compositions, and to whose arguments he listened, even when it went ever so much against the grain to alter this or that passage.*

The quartette which so early as that time had attained high distinction, — consisting of Schuppanzigh, first violin, Sina, second violin, Weiss, Bratsche (viola) Kraft the elder, alternating with Linke, violoncello; which at a later period acquired universal and well-deserved celebrity by the appellation of “The Rasumowsky Quartette,” — this quartette enraptured the musical circle of Prince Lichnowsky; and into the souls of these four superior artists did Beethoven in time breathe his own sublime spirit. Him only who can boast of such good fortune I call the scholar, the disciple, of a great master, who can and must further diffuse his precepts in all their purity. How to place the fingers on the instrument, how to perform difficult passages upon it, can be taught by thousands, without possessing a single spark of genius. Not the skilful management of technicalities, — the spirit alone is the truth of every art. And this spirit, which in Beethoven himself attained its full vigor only with the lapse of time, gradually grew up in this association composing that quartette, till it arrived at its full development; and thus it continued till Beethoven’s death, though Messrs. Sina and Weiss had left Vienna, and their places had been supplied by two worthy successors, Messrs. Holz and Kaufmann.† The reunion of these four artists, over the musical purity of whose manners Beethoven never ceased to watch with anxiety, was justly regarded as the only genuine school for acquiring a knowledge of Beethoven’s quartette-music, that new world full of sublime conceptions and revelations. A letter addressed by the great master to this quartette, when, in 1825, one of his

* Beethoven was not accustomed to ask singers if they could execute what he had written. The consequence was, that these made arbitrary alterations without consulting him.

† Of the first members of that quartette, which belongs to the history of the art, M. Sina is the only one now living, and in Paris. M. Franz Weiss died shortly before Beethoven, M. Schuppanzigh soon after him, and M. Linke a few years since.

last difficult quartettes was to be performed for the first time before a select audience, I must not here omit, on account of its humorous tenor, particularly as it proves at the same time Beethoven's anxiety in their behalf, which has been alluded to above. It is verbatim as follows:—

"My dear Friends,—Herewith each of you will receive what belongs to him, and is hereby engaged, upon condition that each binds himself upon his honor to do his best to distinguish himself, and to surpass the rest.

"This paper must be signed by each of those who have to co-operate in the affair in question. **BEETHOVEN.**"

(Here follow the four signatures.)

If I further mention, that, towards the end of this first period of his life, Beethoven made a professional tour, of but short duration, it is true, to Leipzig and Berlin; that he excited a great sensation in both these cities; and that his merits were duly appreciated,—I think I may fairly conclude the first part of the life of that gigantic genius, who had thus far already marked out for himself the course which he meant to pursue, and from which he was not to be diverted, even by the storms that soon afterwards burst over the musical world. I shall therefore pause only to cast a rapid glance at the state of the art, and at the prevailing taste of that period.

In all Germany, and particularly in Vienna, music was much cultivated, and that chiefly good music (because then there was not so much bad produced as succeeding years have brought forth); for the lower classes, among whom there had previously been many attentive auditors, began to pay more and more attention to the divine art, but at the same time rarely possessed high mental cultivation, or had a just conception of the nature of music and its sublimest object, and upon the whole was still full of prejudices against every art; when the number of composers was not yet swollen to legion, and was confined to those who were really qualified by Nature, though not always endowed with the lofty powers of genius. But all these persons meant honestly by art, which, now-a-days, is too rarely the case.

and, to mean honestly by a matter to which one dedicates one's abilities, tends greatly to promote its success. The magicians of those days, Herder, Wieland, Lessing, Göthe, and many more; together with Gluck, Sebastian Bach and his sons, Mozart, Haydn, Salieri, and the aspiring Beethoven, had exercised such a beneficial influence on the nobler, the intellectual cultivation, especially of the superior classes, that art and science were reckoned by very many among the highest, the chief requisites of intellectual existence. In the German opera, which, through Gluck and Mozart, had attained its acme, and arrived at the same degree of perfection and estimation as the Italian, truth of expression, dignity, and sublimity in every point, were far more highly prized than the mere fluency of throat, hollow pathos, and excitements of sense, studied in that of the present day. These two institutions operated powerfully on all who were susceptible of what is truly beautiful and noble. Haydn's "Creation," and Handel's oratorios, attracted unprecedented auditories, and afforded the highest gratification, with bands of one hundred and fifty, or at most two hundred performers; whereas, in our over-refined times from six to eight hundred, nay, even upwards of a thousand, are required by people in order to enjoy the din which this legion produces, while little or no attention is paid to the main point.* In short, at that time people thankfully accepted great things offered with small means, sought mind and soul in music as the highest gratification, and had no conception of that materialism which now-a-days presides over musical matters, any more than they had of the tendency of the gradual improvements in the mechanism of musical instruments and their abuse to lower taste. The dilettantism of that period remained modestly in its place, and did not offer itself for hire, as at the present day, in every province and in every country; paid sincere respect to art and artists, and arrogated to itself no position which the accomplished professional man alone should have occu-

* The consequences of this excess must inevitably follow, and the gigantic enterprises of this kind that are so frequently seen and heard of, resting on insecure foundations, will, by degrees, fall of themselves, after doing much more injury than benefit to the art.

ped — a mal-practice now so common in many places. In a word, people really loved music without ostentation : they allowed it to operate upon them with its magic charms, no matter whether it was executed by four performers or by four hundred, and employed it in general as the surest medium for improving heart and mind, and thus giving a noble direction to the feelings. The German nation could still derive the inspiration of simple greatness, genuine sensibility, and humane feelings, from its music ; it still thoroughly understood the art of drawing down from the magic sphere of harmony the inexpressible and the spiritually sublime, and securing them for itself.

In and with those times, and among their noblest and best, lived Beethoven, in cheerful Vienna, where his genius found thousand-fold encouragement to exert its power, free and unfettered, and exposed to no other misrepresentations and enmity than those of envy alone.

This was a splendid era of art, such an era as may perhaps never recur ; and, with special reference to Beethoven, the golden age. Under such circumstances, surrounded and beloved by persons of such delicate sentiments, he ought to have been completely happy ; and he certainly would have been so but for a hardness of hearing, which even then — that is to say, in the latter years of this first period of his life — began to afflict him, and was sometimes of long continuance. This complaint, which affected his temper, was subsequently aggravated into a dreadful disease, which rendered him inexpressibly miserable.

SECOND PERIOD.

FROM 1800 TO OCTOBER, 1813.

General View of the Second Period of Beethoven's Life. — Composition of his "Christ on the Mount of Olives," and "Fidelio." — His Brothers, Carl and Johann: their Mischievous Influence. — His Severe Illness. — Remarkable Will addressed to them. — His "Sinfonia Eroica," in Honor of Napoleon. — Count Moritz von Lichnowsky. — Opera of "Fidelio." — Beethoven's Neglect of Vocal Performers. — Their Intrigues and Cabals. — His Passion for Julia. — Letters to her. — Disappointed Love. — Countess Marie Erdödy. — Beethoven as Director of the Orchestra. — Animadversions on Statements of Ferdinand Ries. — Beethoven forms a Friendship with Count Franz von Brunswick and Baron Gleichenstein. — Prices paid for his Compositions during the Second Period. — Misconduct of his Brothers. — Defence of his Character against the Charge of Cowardice. — Annuity settled upon him, to keep him in Austria. — His Dislike of, and Reconciliation with, Hummel. — Foreign Visitors. — Bettina Brentano. — Göthe. — Beethoven's Frequent Change of Residence. — His Domestic Circumstances.

THIS second period is, from beginning to end, a complete labyrinth; in which the great composer was lost, and where the biographer, too, might lose his way along with him, if he were not to hold all the threads of this drama firmly and tightly in his hands, and if he were not intimately acquainted with the characters of all the actors in it. The "evil principle," in the shape of his two brothers, Carl and Johann, incessantly besets him, and pursues him wherever he goes. Fate deprives him of hearing, and thus bars the access to word or tone. A host of friends and admirers of all classes throng around him for the purpose of delivering him from both these evils: they pour their counsels into the ear of poor Beethoven, who listens only to those of the last friend, which, however, the "evil principle" is always at hand to counteract. The entanglements multiply: envy,

intrigue, and all sorts of passions, strive to perform their parts to the best of their power, and close every avenue and outlet. With regret, the biographer is obliged here to inform the reader beforehand, that this drama unfortunately is not concluded in this second period: at the same time, he admits with pleasure, that, in the thousand conflicts and collisions, the sacred Muse conducted her high-priest with protecting hand, since she caused him to meet with several excellent friends, who found means to secure his confidence for a length of time, and assisted to bring him as unharmed as could be expected out of this labyrinth of human frailties and passions to the third period of his life.*

The scene before us shows but too plainly how difficult a task is here imposed upon the biographer, to unravel this tangled web, and, with its threads, to continue to weave the history with a due regard to truth and justice. He shall therefore be obliged to treat very summarily of the greater part of those unhappy circumstances, together with their causes; and to throw them overboard, wherever it can be done, as superfluous ballast, entreating the reader to have recourse to his own imagination for filling up the details of many a scene.

In the year 1800, we find Beethoven engaged in the composition of his "Christ on the Mount of Olives," the first performance of which took place on the 5th of April, 1803. He wrote this work during his summer residence at Hetzendorf, a pleasant village, closely contiguous to the gardens of the imperial palace of Schönbrunn, where he passed several summers of his life in profound seclusion. There he again resided in 1805, and wrote his "Fidelio." A circumstance connected with both these great works, and of which Beethoven many years afterwards still retained a lively recollection, was, that he composed them in the thickest part of the wood in the park of Schönbrunn, seated between the two stems of an oak, which shot out from the main trunk at the height of about two feet from the ground. This remarkable tree, in that part of the park to the left

* Count Franz of Brunswick, Baron J. Gleichenstein, Baron Pasqualati, M and Madame Streicher, and Moritz Count von Lichnowsky.

of the *Gloriett*, I found with Beethoven in 1823, and the sight of it called forth interesting reminiscences of the former period. With respect to the above-mentioned oratorio, I ought not to omit mentioning the circumstance, that Beethoven, in the last year of his life, found fault with himself for having treated the part of Christ too dramatically, and would have given a great deal to be able to correct that "fault." Towards the end of the autumn of 1800, his *Second Symphony*, and the *Concerto in C minor*, were performed for the first time.

It was during this period that his brother Carl (his real name was Caspar), who had some years previously followed him to Vienna, began to govern him, and to make Beethoven suspicious of his sincerest friends and adherents, from wrong notions, or, perhaps, even from jealousy. It was only the still undiminished authority of Prince Lichnowsky over Beethoven and his true interests, that intimidated the latter, and somewhat checked the perversity of his brother Carl, and thereby peace was still for a short time insured to our Beethoven and those around him. At any rate, here already commences the history of Beethoven's sufferings, which terminated only with his death, and which originated not only in the conduct of his brother, but also in his own gradually increasing deafness, and the distrust which it engendered. This first brother was joined in time by a second, Johann, whose sentiments soon became identified with those of Carl; so that the mass of the counterpoise to the scale containing what was truly necessary and salutary for Beethoven became too compact, and defied all who were acquainted with his noble disposition and his aspiring genius, and who had striven to elevate the latter by means of the former. And how did Beethoven behave amidst the innumerable contradictions and contrasts that already everywhere pursued him? Like a boy, who, having dropped from an ideal world upon the earth, utterly destitute of experience, is tossed like a ball from hand to hand, consequently is entirely under the influence of others; and such was Beethoven's case throughout his whole life.

Let this serve the reader for a key to many an enigma that will hereafter present itself to him in regard to Beet-

hoven's conduct. We perceive from this explanation how complicated those circumstances are already becoming which must necessarily operate upon his mental and intellectual exertions, and ultimately on his whole physical existence. But, at the same time, we see how much depends on those about such a man, who continues in a sort of childhood, but whose mind attains a greatness that cannot harmonize with any thing about him; whose will in every thing becomes absolute law, even for the purpose of trying and condemning himself. Such was Beethoven throughout his whole life. Hence his never-ceasing opposition to every existing political institution: for, in his ideal world, every thing was different, every thing better; and whoever coincided in these notions, to him he attached himself, and frequently with the warmest affection. Such impressions, however, were but transient, owing, in many cases, to a too ready accordance with his notions, when this appeared to be the result not of conviction, but of personal respect for himself. This he termed *flattery*, and to him it was at all times particularly offensive.

In the first months of 1802, Beethoven was attacked by a severe illness, in which he was attended by Dr. Schmidt, the celebrated physician, whom he numbered among his esteemed friends, and to whom, in token of gratitude, he dedicated the Septette arranged by himself as a Trio. On his recovery, he removed to Heiligenstadt, a village about seven miles distant from Vienna, where he passed the whole of the summer. There he wrote that remarkable will, which I sent after his death to the editor of "The Wiener Theater Zeitung," and to M. Rochlitz, at Leipzig, for the "Musikalische Zeitung" of that city. That document, which must not be omitted here, is to this effect: * —

"For my Brothers, Carl and Beethoven.

"O ye who consider or declare me to be hostile, obstinate, or misanthropic, what injustice ye do me! — ye know not the secret causes of that which to you wears such an appearance. My heart

* This document, in Beethoven's own handwriting, has lately been left in charge of Messrs. Cramer and Co., to be disposed of for the benefit of a female relative of Beethoven's, who hopes to derive some advantage from its sale. —
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and my mind were from childhood prone to the tender feelings of affection. Nay, I was always disposed even to perform great actions. But only consider, that, for the last six years, I have been attacked by an incurable complaint, aggravated by the unskilful treatment of medical men, disappointed from year to year in the hope of relief, and at last obliged to submit to the endurance of an evil, the cure of which may last perhaps for years, if it is practicable at all. Born with a lively, ardent disposition, susceptible to the diversions of society, I was forced at an early age to renounce them, and to pass my life in seclusion. If I strove at any time to set myself above all this, oh how cruelly was I driven back by the doubly painful experience of my defective hearing! and yet it was not possible for me to say to people, 'Speak louder — bawl — for I am deaf!' Ah! how could I proclaim the defect of a sense that I once possessed in the highest perfection, — in a perfection in which few of my colleagues possess or ever did possess it? Indeed, I cannot! Forgive me, then, if ye see me draw back when I would gladly mingle among you. Doubly mortifying is my misfortune to me, as it must tend to cause me to be misconceived. From recreation in the society of my fellow-creatures, from the pleasures of conversation, from the effusions of friendship, I am cut off. Almost alone in the world, I dare not venture into society more than absolute necessity requires. I am obliged to live as in exile. If I go into company, a painful anxiety comes over me, since I am apprehensive of being exposed to the danger of betraying my situation. Such has been my state, too, during this half year that I have spent in the country. Enjoined by my intelligent physician to spare my hearing as much as possible, I have been almost encouraged by him in my present natural disposition; though, hurried away by my fondness for society, I sometimes suffered myself to be enticed into it. But what a humiliation, when any one standing beside me could hear at a distance a flute that I could not hear, or any one heard the shepherd singing, and I could not distinguish a sound! Such circumstances brought me to the brink of despair, and had well nigh made me put an end to my life: nothing but my art held my hand. Ah! it seemed to me impossible to quit the world before I had produced all that I felt myself called to accomplish. And so I endured this wretched life, — so truly wretched, that a somewhat speedy change is capable of transporting me from the best into the worst condition. Patience — so I am told — I must choose for my guide. I have done so. Steadfast, I hope, will be my resolution to persevere, till it shall please the inexorable Fates to cut the thread. Perhaps there may be amendment; perhaps not. I am prepared for the worst, — I, who so early as my twenty-

eighth year was forced to become a philosopher. It is not easy — for the artist, more difficult than for any other. O God! thou lookest down upon my misery; thou knowest that it is accompanied with love of my fellow-creatures and a disposition to do good! O men! when ye shall read this, think that ye have wronged me: and let the child of affliction take comfort on finding one like himself, who, in spite of all the impediments of nature, yet did all that lay in his power to obtain admittance into the rank of worthy artists and men. You, my brothers, Carl and, as soon as I am dead, if Prof. Schmidt be yet living, request him, in my name, to write a description of my disease, and to that description annex this paper, that after my death the world may at least be as much as possible reconciled with me. At the same time, I declare both of you the heirs of the little property (if it can be so called) belonging to me. Divide it fairly; agree together, and help one another. What you have done to grieve me, that, you know, has long been forgiven. Thee, brother Carl, I thank in particular, for the affection thou hast shown me of late. My wish is that you may live more happily, more exempt from care, than I have done. Recommend virtue to your children; that alone — not wealth — can give happiness. I speak from experience. It was this that upheld me even in affliction; it is owing to this and my art that I did not terminate my life by suicide. Farewell, and love one another. I thank all friends, especially Prince Lichnowsky and Prof. Schmidt. I wish that Prince L.'s instruments may remain in the possession of one of you; but let no quarrel arise between you on account of them. In case, however, they can be more serviceable to you in another way, dispose of them. How glad I am to think that I may be of use to you even in my grave! So let it be done! I go to meet death with joy. If he comes before I have had occasion to develop all my professional abilities, he will come too soon for me, in spite of my hard fate, and I should wish that he had delayed his arrival. But even then I am content, for he will release me from a state of endless suffering. Come when thou wilt, I shall meet thee with firmness. Farewell, and do not quite forget me after I am dead. I have deserved that you should think of me, for in my lifetime have often thought of you to make you happy. May you ever be so!

"LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN,
 m. p. (L.S.)

"HEILIGENSTADT, Oct. 6, 1802."

On the outside was the following: —

"For my brothers, Carl and, to read and to execute after my demise.

"HEILIGENSTADT, Oct. 10, 1802.

"Thus, then, I take my leave of thee, and that with sorrow. Yes, the fond hope that I brought hither with me of cure, at least to a certain point, will now entirely forsake me. As the leaves of autumn fall withered to the ground, so is that hope become withered for me. Nearly as I came hither do I go away; even that lofty courage, which frequently animated me in the fine days of summer, has abandoned me. O Providence! grant that a day of pure joy may once break for me! How long have I been a stranger to the delightful sound of real joy! When, O God! when can I again feel it in the temple of Nature and of men? — never? Nay, that would be too hard!" *

It was not till the autumn of 1802 that his state of mind had so far improved as to permit him to resume a plan which he had formed of doing homage to Napoleon, the hero of the day, in a grand instrumental work, and to set about its execution. But it was not till the following year that he applied himself in good earnest to that gigantic composition, known by the title of "*Sinfonia Eroica*," which, however, in consequence of various interruptions, was not finished till 1804. In the mean time, Beethoven wrote several sonatas and quartettes, which were bespoken by various noble personages and publishers. The original idea of that symphony is said to have been suggested by Gen. Bernadotte, who was then French ambassador at Vienna, and had a high esteem for our Beethoven. So I was informed by several of his friends. Count Moritz Lichnowsky (brother of Prince Lichnowsky), who was frequently with Beethoven in Bernadotte's company, and who is my authority for many circumstances belonging to this second period, gave me the same account. He was always about Beethoven, and was not less attached to him than his brother.† The particulars

* The whole tenor of this will, or rather memorandum addressed to his brothers, attests the state of deep melancholy into which Beethoven had fallen on account of his deafness, — a state, which, owing to the same cause, was of frequent recurrence. That throughout this paper Beethoven should not have mentioned the name of his second brother, Johann, and only marked it with dots, is singularly striking; since this brother, as we have just seen, had recently come to Vienna, and had scarcely begun to take any part in the occupations and other concerns of the great composer.

† The noble-minded Count Moritz Lichnowsky, whose devotedness to the interests of Beethoven the latter acknowledged by the dedication of two works, — the Variations, Op. 35, and the Sonata, Op. 90 (*E minor*), — died in December, 1838, in Vienna. He was the last of that set so remarkable in the history of the art, which used to assemble at the house of his brother, the prince

relative to this subject, communicated to me by Beethoven himself, I shall reserve for the third period, where I shall have occasion to make mention of a letter addressed, in 1823, to the King of Sweden, formerly Gen. Bernadotte.

In his political sentiments, Beethoven was a republican: the spirit of independence natural to a genuine artist gave him a decided bias that way. Plato's "Republic" was transfused into his flesh and blood, and upon the principles of that philosopher he reviewed all the constitutions in the world. He wished all institutions to be modelled upon the plan prescribed by Plato. He lived in the firm belief that Napoleon entertained no other design than to republicanize France upon similar principles; and thus, as he conceived, a beginning would be made for the general happiness of the world. Hence his respect and enthusiasm for Napoleon.

A fair copy of the musical work for the first consul of the French republic, the conqueror of Marengo, with the dedication to him, was on the point of being despatched through the French embassy to Paris, when news arrived in Vienna that Napoleon Bonaparte had caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of the French. The first thing Beethoven did on receiving this intelligence was to tear off the title-leaf of this symphony, and to fling the work itself, with a torrent of execrations against the new French emperor, against the "new tyrant," upon the floor, from which he would not allow it to be lifted.* It was a long time before Beethoven recovered from the shock, and permitted this work to be given to the world with the title of "Sinfonia Eroica," and underneath it this motto: "Per festeggiare il sovvenire d'un gran uomo."† I shall only add, that it was not till the tragic end of the great emperor at St. Helena, that Beethoven was reconciled with him, and sarcastically remarked, that, seventeen years before, he had composed appropriate music to this catastrophe, in which it was exactly predicted, musically, but unwittingly, — alluding to the Dead March in that symphony.

* Such is the account given by Count Moritz Lichnowsky, who, with Ferdinand Ries, witnessed the circumstance.

† Is not this meant to be, "Per festeggiare la memoria d'un grand' uomo" — Ed.

In the years 1804 and 1805, Beethoven was almost exclusively engaged in the composition of his opera "Fidelio," in three acts, which was performed, for the first time, by the title of "Leonore," at the Theatre an der Wein, in the autumn of 1805.* The fortunes which befel this extraordinary work and its author, till it was rounded into the form in which we now enjoy it, were more singular than perhaps any production of this kind before or since ever experienced; and I fear that I shall be too prolix, even if I relate only the more important circumstances, and their consequences to the author.

It was the overture, in the first place, that put our master in a painful situation. It was finished; but the composer himself was not thoroughly satisfied with it, and therefore agreed that it should be first tried by a small orchestra, at Prince Lichnowsky's. There it was unanimously pronounced, by a knot of connoisseurs, to be too light, and not sufficiently expressive of the nature of the work: consequently it was laid aside, and never made its appearance again in Beethoven's lifetime.† M. Tob. Haslinger of Vienna, to whom this overture was transferred, among other things, by his predecessor, published it a few years since, numbered Op. 138.

The second overture (in C major, like the first), with which the opera was first performed upon the stage, is indisputably the cleverest of the four overtures that Beethoven wrote to "Fidelio," and the one which best characterizes the subject. But it was too difficult in the part of the wind-instruments, which always executed their task to the great vexation of the composer. It was therefore obliged to give way to a third (that published by Breitkopf and Härtel), which has the same motivo in the introduction as also in the allegro movement, with small variations; but upon the whole is totally different from the second, which has not yet been published.

In the third overture, which was substituted for the two former, too hard a task was imposed upon the stringed in-

* The originally French libretto was translated into German by Joseph Sonnleithner.

† In the third period, I shall have something more to say about it in the proper place.

struments, so that these also were found deficient in the requisite precision.

The fourth and last overture (in E major), Beethoven wrote because the third was moreover deemed too long, and he would not agree to curtail it. It was not published till 1815, with the opera, after the latter had been for many years replaced on the list of acting pieces; and this time, with partial alterations of the libretto, by Friedrich Treitschke.*

In my account of the first period, where I had occasion to mention Beethoven's anxiety for the improvement of the Schuppanzigh Quartette, I remarked that he never asked the singers if they could sing what he wrote, or if it would be necessary for him to make alterations here and there, to render their parts easier of execution. Thus, too, in composing, he gave full scope to his genius, and paid too little attention to the precepts given him many years before by Salieri relative to the treatment of the vocal parts. Hence, at rehearsals, he came into unpleasant collisions with the singers; and it is well known that the kapell-meister, Ignatz von Seyfried, who then had an engagement at the Theatre an der Wien, was frequently obliged to act the part of mediator between Beethoven and the vocal performers, and that he gave him on this subject many a useful piece of advice, founded upon long experience.† If Beethoven had thus far encountered abundance of vexations, the measure

* Refer to Breuning's letter to Dr. and Mad. Wegeler. Supplement, No. II.

The circumstance which occurred at the house of Prince Lichnowsky, on occasion of the alteration made in this opera, in 1807, which M. Röckel,* then engaged as tenor singer at the Theatre an der Wien (with whom I am myself well acquainted), afterwards related to M. Ries in London, and which the latter communicates in his *Notizen über Beethoven* (p. 105), is interesting and authentic. Not less worthy of notice is Breuning's letter of the 20th of June, 1806, to Dr. Wegeler (p. 62), on the fortunes of the opera of *Fidelio*, at its first representation. Count Moritz Lichnowsky was one of the company, in which Beethoven opposed, with might and main, the omission of a single bar, and gave all present a great deal of trouble.

† It is said, that, in the rehearsals of his *Christ on the Mount of Olives*, quarrels took place from similar causes between Beethoven and the singers.

* The following note from Wegeler's *Notizen* is, I think, not misplaced here:—

"Dear Röckel,—Try and do your best with *Milder* (Madame Milder, for whom the part of *Fidelio* was written.—Ed.), "and pray tell her you ask her to-day in my name, that this early invitation may prevent her singing *anywhere else*. To-morrow I mean to come myself. "to kiss the hem of her garment." Do not forget *Marconi*" [a celebrated contra-alto of the time,—Ed.], "and, above all, do not be angry with me for thus overburthening you.

Ever yours,

"BEETHOVEN

of them was filled by the coldness with which the opera was received at its first representation. The cause of this indifference was not the immoderate length and breadth of the whole upon so slender a pedestal as the meagre libretto was; but it was as much owing to the unlucky circumstance, that the audience consisted chiefly of French military, who had entered Vienna a few days before, and were more familiar with the thunder of cannon than with sublime musical conceptions, especially when they could not understand any thing of their nature and subject. This may serve in part to account for its slender success. But is not some blame to be attributed to Beethoven himself? He would not listen to advice from any quarter, and he had therefore to take a lesson from experience. But was all the experience in the world of any benefit to him? Alas, no!—as we shall see on a decisive occasion, which occurred in 1824, at the rehearsals of his second Mass, and the ninth Symphony.

At that time, the friend of his juvenile years, Stephen von Breuning, was particularly serviceable to him. He spared neither advice nor active exertions in his behalf, and helped the inexperienced Beethoven through all the “intrigues and cabals” which he had to encounter on the part of the managers of the theatre and the vocal performers.* But still too young, and of a disposition as inflammable as Beethoven himself, he was unable to avert any mortifications from the head of his friend, and only drew them down upon his own in an equal degree, and thus doubled his burden, which the interference of the “evil principle” rendered still more oppressive. Others, who

* Mozart experienced similar, nay, still more painful mortifications, calumnies, and even depreciation of his abilities, on account of his Opera *Die Entführung au dem Serail*, from the singers and other envious creatures at the head of whom was his professional colleague, M. Salieri. We learn from the biography of that unrivalled composer, published by M. von Nissen and Mozart's widow, that those cabals and persecutions were carried much further on occasion of his succeeding opera, *Figaro's Hochzeit*; so that, on the conclusion of the second act, Mozart, filled with indignation, went to the Emperor Joseph, in his box, and complained of the singers, who were brought back to their duty by a severe reprimand from the monarch. Such baseness and such malice, which incessantly persecuted the immortal Mozart, even after his death, and which found means to deprive his family, left in necessitous circumstances, of the promised support of the Emperor Leopold, are, and will perhaps forever remain unparalleled.

wished as well to Beethoven in this affair as Breuning, were not sparing of their advice; and thus the unfortunate composer was involved in a maze of counsels and opinions, as he frequently was in the course of his life, from which nothing but his good genius and love ultimately extricated him. At that time, he should have had at his elbow a friend like Wegeler, who, according to Beethoven's account, possessed the talent of giving a comic turn to every thing that was likely to produce discord and strife between friends, thus putting them all in good humor with one another again. All the intrigues and cabals to which Beethoven was exposed on occasion of his first opera might perhaps not have left behind that disagreeable impression which made him shrink from the mere idea of writing a second. It may be asked, where was then his powerful patron and friend, Prince Lichnowsky, who would probably have cut the knot? Shortly before the entrance of the French troops, he quitted Vienna, with many thousand others, and did not return till the autumn of the following year.

After these fatal storms were over, and Beethoven's mind had somewhat recovered its composure, he wrote the fourth Symphony in B major, in point of form, indisputably the most finished of all; and thus storm and tempest were suddenly succeeded by the brightest sunshine. Rapid as such transitions are in nature, so rapid was the change in his tone of mind; and hence ensued not a few contrasts. A musical idea, for instance, which engrossed his imagination, could suddenly chase all clouds from his brow, and make him forget every thing around him, excepting that central point in which all his feelings converged. This was the passion for his Julia, which had then attained its greatest intensity, and seemed to occupy all his thoughts. In the summer of 1806, he took a journey to an Hungarian bathing-place, on account of his gradually increasing deafness. There he addressed to the object of his affection the following three interesting letters, which I possess in his own handwriting:—

I.

"JULY 6TH, 1806, *Morning.*

"My angel, my all, my other self! — Only a few words to-day and in pencil (written with yours). My future abode will certainly not be fixed till to-morrow. What a frivolous waste of time, &c. — Why this profound sorrow, when necessity commands? Can our love subsist otherwise than by sacrifices, by not wishing for every thing? Canst thou help it that thou art not wholly mine, that I am not wholly thine? Cast thine eyes on beautiful nature, and let not thy mind be ruffled by that which must be. Love requires every thing, and very justly: so it is I with thee, thou with me; only thou forgettest so easily that I must live for myself and for thee. If we were completely united, thou wouldst not feel this sorrow any more than I. My journey was terrible. I did not arrive here till four o'clock yesterday morning, for want of horses. At the last stage, I was warned not to travel at night, and told to beware of a certain wood; but this only spurred me on, and I was wrong; owing to the execrable roads, — a bottomless by-road, — the carriage broke down. Prince Esterhazy, who travelled hither by the other road, had the same accident with eight horses that I had with four. Nevertheless, I feel some pleasure again, as I always do when I have conquered some difficulty. But now let us pass rapidly from externals to internals. We shall soon meet again. I cannot communicate to thee to-day the observations which I have been making for some days past on my life. If our hearts were close to one another, I should certainly not make any such. I have much to say to thee. Ah! there are moments when I find that language is nothing. Cheer up! — continue to be my true, my only love, my all, as I to thee: as for the rest — we must leave it to the gods to dispose for us as they please.

"Thy faithful

"LUDWIG."

II.

"MONDAY EVENING, July 6, 1806.

"Thou grievest, my dearest! — I have just learned that letters must be put into the post very early. Thou grievest! Ah! where I am, there art thou with me; with me and thee, I will find means to live with thee. What a life!!!! So!!! — Without thee, persecuted by the kindness of people here and yonder, which, methinks, I no more wish to deserve than I really do deserve it — humility of man towards men — it pains me — and when I con

consider myself in connection with the universe, what am I, and what is he who is called the greatest? And yet again herein lies the divine in man! . . . Love me as thou wilt, my love for thee is more ardent — but never disguise thyself from me. Good-night! As an invalid who has come for the benefit of the baths, I must go to rest. Ah, God! So near! So distant! Is not our love a truly heavenly structure, but firm as the vault of heaven?"

III.

"GOOD-MORNING, on the 7th of July, 1806.

"Before I was up, my thoughts rushed to thee, my immortal beloved; at times cheerful, then again sorrowful, waiting to see if fate will listen to us. I cannot live unless entirely with thee, or not at all; nay, I have resolved to wander about at a distance, till I can fly into thine arms, call myself quite at home with thee, and send my soul wrapped up in thee into the realm of spirits. Yes, alas! it must be so! Thou must cheer up, more especially as thou knowest my love to thee. Never can another possess my heart — never! — never! — O God! why must one flee from what one so fondly loves! And the life that I am leading at present is a miserable life. Thy love makes me the happiest, and at the same time the unhappiest, of men. At my years, I need some uniformity, some equality, in my way of life; can this be in our mutual situation? Be easy! it is only by tranquil contemplation of our existence that we can accomplish our object of living together. What longing with tears after thee, my life, my all! Farewell. Oh! continue to love me, and never misdoubt the most faithful heart of thy

"Beloved LUDWIG."

With such a heart as Beethoven's, is that to be believed which M. Ries says of him in his "Notizen," p. 117, "He (namely, Beethoven) 'was very often in love, but these attachments were mostly of very brief duration. One day, when I was rallying him on the conquest of a fair lady, he confessed to me that this one had inthrallled him longer and more powerfully than any, that is to say, full seven months.'"

But, with Beethoven's extraordinary susceptibility on the point of love, may he not actually have fared the same as others? How many phenomena pass before the eyes of a man, and leave behind an impression upon him only for

moments or for days; till at length there comes one which instantly strikes deep into his heart, and incessantly goes before him, as his pole-star in all he does! This seemed, indeed, to be really the case with Beethoven. That he never forgot the lady in question, is evident from his having frequently caused inquiries concerning her to be made by myself and others, and from the lively interest that he always took in every thing relating to her. Circumstances forbid me to say more on this subject at present.

Another paper, likewise in his own handwriting, of a rather later period, attesting his ardent longing for domestic happiness, runs literally thus: "Love, and love alone, is capable of giving thee a happier life. O God! let me at length find her, — her who may strengthen me in virtue, — who may *lawfully* be mine!"

It cannot admit of a doubt, that if Beethoven had had the good fortune to meet with a female of like condition with himself, whom he could have called his own, who had thoroughly known and loved him, this, with his eminent qualities for domestic life, would have proved the foundation of his happiness; and that, under these circumstances, the world would have many more productions of his genius to boast of than it now possesses. Beethoven needed such a Constanze as Mozart once called his (as artists and literary men in particular ought to have), who could, in like manner, have ventured to say to him, in a tone of kindness, "Stay at home, Ludwig, and work: such and such a one is waiting for what you promised," as Wolfgang's wife is reported to have frequently said to him. Such a woman would have deserved a monument, which he himself had no need of. To say that his deafness caused things to turn out otherwise, and that it was almost the only reason that Beethoven never enjoyed true happiness, is lamentable, but, alas! too true. It is remarkable, that, notwithstanding the great confidence which he placed in me on the subject of his attachments, I never heard any thing drop from him but names which seemed to point that way; and it would not have become my youth to have questioned him concerning them. Thus even of the Giulietta to whom I have adverted above, I have heard only casual mention by him:

self; and to this tender topic he would not suffer even his oldest friends to make allusion. What I have stated respecting her is, nevertheless, derived from the most authentic sources. The letters which I have inserted offer, moreover, incontestable evidence of the truth of what I have mentioned.

It is further said, that Beethoven cherished a tender attachment to a Countess Marie Erdödy, to whom he dedicated the two splendid Trios, Op. 70. But to me it appears to have been no more than a friendly intimacy between the two.* On this subject I know nothing particular, excepting that this lady, who was fond of the arts, erected in honor of her instructor and friend, in the park of one of her seats in Hungary, a handsome temple, the entrance to which is decorated with a characteristic inscription, pertinently expressing her homage to the great composer.

As Beethoven once observed of himself, that he was composing several things at the same time, so this continued to be his practice. Thus, in the years 1806, 1807, and 1808, in which the fourth, fifth, and sixth Symphonies — those giants of musical poesy — sprang from his brain, he wrote many other works, as the catalogue attests. His “C minor Symphony,” † and the “Pastorale,” were not brought out at the same time, as M. Ries states (p. 83), but at different, distant intervals, as they were composed. It may be rationally assumed, *à priori*, that to bring out for the first time, and close on the heels of each other, three works of such extent, — M. Ries even adds to them the “Fantasia for the Piano-forte,” with orchestra and vocal music, — at a period when the orchestra had not attained that degree of perfection which it has in our days, borders on the impossible.

In this, as in the former period, Beethoven conducted

* It were sincerely to be wished, that, in future editions of Beethoven's works, the dedications should never be omitted, as is so frequently the case. It was in some instances affection, in others gratitude, which gave our artist occasion to name those who were loved and esteemed by him; and with many of these dedications not unimportant circumstances are associated. Beethoven meant thereby to pay a real tribute of honor and respect to his friends and patrons, without harboring the slightest expectation of being presented with rings, shirt-pins, gold snuff-boxes, and watches, for his public testimonies of esteem.

† No. 5.

almost all his greater works himself on their first performance. As director of the orchestra, he was neither good nor bad. His impetuosity did not permit him to arrive at the tranquillity and self-command requisite. Feeling himself what each individual instrument had to do, he strove to make each of the performers equally sensible of 'it, and lost himself in gesticulations, which caused a wavering in the orchestra. His hardness of hearing, whence his listening for the prescribed falling-in of particular instruments, moreover occasioned frequent delays in passages where the director ought to have urged the whole onward. At the time when his hearing was yet perfect, he had not often occasion to come in contact with the orchestra, and especially to acquire practice in the conducting department at the theatre, which is the best school for that purpose. In the concert-room, the talent most fitted for this difficult function is never fully developed, and remains one-sided and awkward. Thus we see composers of eminence incapable of conducting the orchestra in the performance of their own works, if they have not previously acquired the necessary routine, in listening to, and in superintending, numerous bands. If, therefore, Beethoven was frequently involved in unpleasant altercations with his orchestra, this was no more than might have been expected; but never did he descend to coarseness and abuse: still less does a creature in Vienna know any thing about such occurrences with the orchestra as are related by his friend and pupil, M. Ries (pp. 83 and 84),—occurrences which "are said" to have happened in Vienna long after M. Ries had gone to Petersburg. And what conductor is there but sometimes gets into unpleasant squabbles with his orchestra, without any one ever attaching importance to them, or employing them as sources for a characteristic account of the man? *

* At p. 83, M. Ries speaks of the performance of the Fantasia for the Piano-forte, Op. 80, in which the clarinet-player, by overlooking a repetition, occasioned an interruption. M. Ries proceeds thus with his narrative: "Beethoven started up furiously, turned himself round, and abused the members of the orchestra in the grossest terms, and in so loud a tone as to be heard by the whole audience. At length, he cried 'Begin again!' The theme was recommenced; each performer fell in at the proper place, and the result was splendid. But when the concert was over, the performers, remembering too well the honorable epithet which Beethoven had publicly applied to them, fell into the most

This seems to be the proper place for mentioning that it was in this period that the friendships formed by Beethoven were increased by two, which had in general great influence over him, in the persons of Count Franz von Brunswick and Baron J. von Gleichenstein. Though not constantly resident in Vienna, they were frequently there; and Beethoven had opportunities of consulting them on matters of importance. Both possessing superior abilities and rare equanimity, and having penetrated deeply into his whole nature and his works, acquired such a control over Beethoven, without any assumption on their part, as enabled them to accomplish much that the officiousness of other friends could never have brought about. The former, in particular, possessed a profound comprehension of Beethoven's genius which I have never met with in so high a degree in any other of his admirers. Beethoven seems to have even then perceived this mental preponderance of that friend over others, when he dedicated to him the gigantic "Sonata,

vehement rage, as though the affront had only just then been offered; and vowed never to play again if Beethoven was in the orchestra."

The assertion that Beethoven loudly desired that *Fantasia* to be repeated, on account of the blunder of the first clarinet, is true enough; but, as for any abuse of the members of the orchestra, who were not in fault, and that, too, "in the grossest terms," M. Fr. Clement, the able orchestra-director, with whom Beethoven brought out his *Fidelio*, the fourth, fifth, and sixth Symphonies, and that *Fantasia*, who still occupies his post at the Theatre an der Wien, knows nothing about it.* Other members of the orchestra at that time, who are still living, know just as little of the matter, and protest against the statements of M. Ries. The latter was not present when *Fidelio* was brought out, for he was then on his way to Russia; and those Symphonies mentioned by him (p. 83), were not composed by Beethoven till several years afterwards, any more than the *Fantasia* in question.

At p. 84, M. Ries thus continues: "A similar scene is said to have once occurred; but the orchestra resolved not to put up with the affront, and peremptorily insisted that he should not conduct. Accordingly, during the rehearsal, Beethoven was obliged to stay in an adjoining room; and it was a long time before this quarrel was made up."

Not a creature in Vienna has any recollection of such a scene; and, during my residence of twenty-three years in that city, I never heard a syllable on that subject.

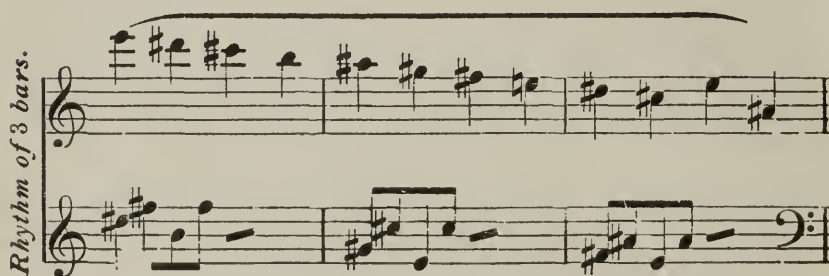
* I remember having myself been present at the performance in question, seated in a corner of the gallery in the Theatre an der Wien: during the last movement of the *Fantasia*, I perceived, that, like a carriage run away with down-hill, an overturn was inevitable. Almost immediately after, it was, that I saw Beethoven give the signal for stopping. His voice was not heard: but he had probably given directions where to begin again; and, after a half a moment's respectful silence on the part of the audience, the orchestra re-commenced, and the performance proceeded without further mistake or stoppage.

To those who are acquainted with the work, it may be interesting to know the precise point at which the mistake occurred. It was in the passage where, for several pages, every three bars make up a triple rhythm, as shown on the following page. This peculiarly-constructed rhythm has, until the present time, like most of Beethoven's characteristics, remained his undisputed property. — ED.

Rhythm of 4 bars.



Rhythm of 3 bars.

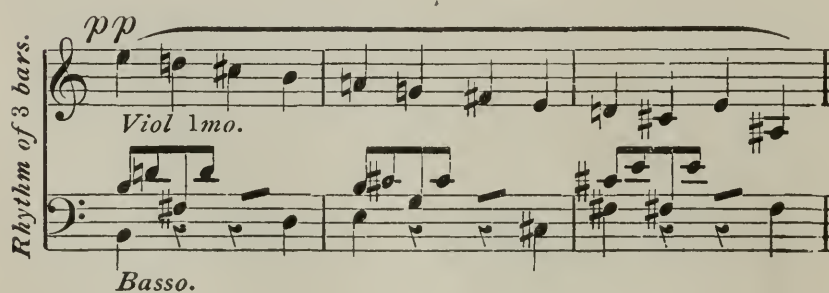


Rhythm of 3 bars.

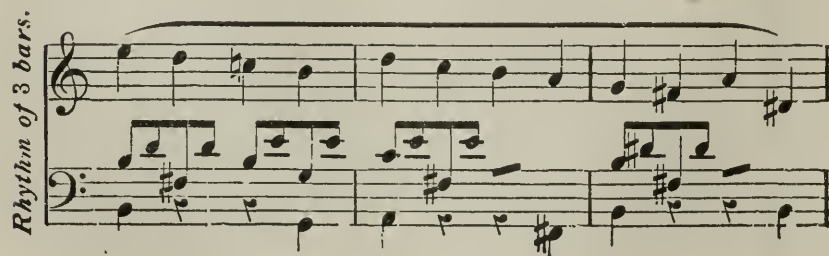
pp

Viol 1mo.

Basso.



Rhythm of 3 bars.



Op. 57," and the "Fantasia, Op. 77." "It must be of no ordinary quality," he probably thought, "if I am to honor a worthy friend according to his deserts."* To his friend, Baron von Gleichenstein, Beethoven dedicated the grand "Sonata with Violoncello, Op. 69." Here I must further mention the Imperial Secretary, M. von Zmeskall, who was one of Beethoven's warmest friends at that time, and who, like the two just mentioned, exercised considerable influence over him. To all these three excellent men, the great master continued to be attached and grateful as long as he lived.

It was not the admiration of his genius, but a decided comprehension and appreciation of it, that attached Beethoven to a friend. For idolatrous admirers, his heart was but a broad thoroughfare, along which thousands could go in and out without jostling against one another. And this is a sure sign of the truly superior genius, whose chief desire it is to be understood, and completely understood. Astonishment and admiration will then follow in due time and measure.

It will now be interesting to observe how much Beethoven's works had risen in value since the conclusion of the first and beginning of the second period. Among his papers, there is an agreement between him and Muzio Clementi, dated Vienna, the 20th of April, 1807, signed by both, and witnessed by Baron Gleichenstein. According to this agreement, Beethoven received from M. Clementi for dupli-

* The house of Count Franz von Brunswick at Pesth had been for many years a seminary of the true and pure professional faith, without prepossession in favor of any classic. None of the seductive false doctrines of the present day could gain admittance there. To describe the part taken in these pursuits by the countess, who is his pupil, and the most exquisite player on the piano-forte that I ever heard, would require a separate essay, in order to do justice to her performances, and to their effects upon her auditors. Let us hope that these abilities may be hereditary in that remarkable family.

A family akin for talents and abilities to that of Brunswick, and whose pursuits have taken the same direction, is still to be found at Geilenkirchen, in the province of Rhenish Prussia. The house of M. Max. Flemming, merchant, of Geilenkirchen, near Aix-la-Chapelle, exactly resembles in this point that of the Hungarian magnate. An intimate acquaintance with, and profound comprehension of, the musical classics were transmitted by the parents to the children, in a degree that is rarely witnessed in our times, when domestic music in particular has universally assumed an ephemeral character, and aims only at tickling the senses. Thus, in that house, too, a temple has been erected to Beethoven's Muse; and its service heightens the happiness of the interesting inmates in a manner that must inspire the intelligent observer with the warmest interest for persons holding forth so rare an example.

cates of the following works: 1st, Three Quartettes; 2d, The Fourth Symphony; 3d, The Overture to Coriolanus; 4th, The Fourth Concerto for the Piano-forte; 5th, The Violin Concerto,—for sale in England, the sum of two hundred pounds sterling. (All these works had already been disposed of to German publishers.) Clementi further engaged by this agreement to pay Beethoven the sum of sixty pounds sterling for three sonatas that were not yet composed.

The valuable presents that Beethoven received about this time were numerous, but all of them vanished without leaving any traces behind; and I have heard friends of his assert that the “evil principle” strove to keep not only kindly-disposed persons, but valuables of every sort, away from him. It is said, that when he was asked, “What is become of such a ring, or such a watch?” he would always reply, after some consideration, “I do not know.” At the same time, he well knew how it had been purloined from him; but he never would accuse his brothers of such dishonesty: on the contrary, he defended them in all their proceedings; and in their bickerings with others, even with his most tried friends, he generally admitted, if not loudly, yet tacitly, that his brothers were in the right, and thus confirmed them in their practices against his personal interests. In particular, all that his elder brother Carl did he most obstinately defended, as he was extremely fond of him, and placed great reliance on his abilities.*

At the time of the second French invasion, in 1809, Beethoven did not quit Vienna any more than he had done during the first. Had he on this occasion been concerned for his personal safety, and capable of such cowardice as M. Ries leaves the reader to suppose that he betrayed,† he could have taken a thousand opportunities to quit the capital before its occupation; and if, during its bombardment, he retreated to the cellar, he did no more than was done, at

* Among other scenes between Beethoven, his brothers, and friends, M. Ries describes with graphic minuteness one which is particularly to the point (p. 88). — See Supplement. No. X.

† “During the short bombardment of Vienna by the French, in 1809, Beethoven was excessively alarmed: he passed most of the time in a cellar at his brother Caspar’s, where, besides he covered his head with pillows that he might not hear the cannon.” Such are the words of M. Ries, p. 121 of his *Notizen*.

that critical moment, by the whole population: and Dr. Wegeler conjectures that he may have been moreover induced to take this precaution by the painful effect of the thunder of the cannon upon his ailing ear. No person that had any opportunity to observe Beethoven closely ever saw him timorous or cowardly. He was precisely the reverse, and knew neither fear nor apprehension: and this was quite in accordance with his natural character. Or is it to be presumed that he was timid and alarmed in the year 1809 alone? Did he not stay in Vienna, and bring out his "Fidelio" during the first occupation of the French, in 1805, though it was just as likely to have been preceded by a bombardment of the city?

In 1809, Beethoven was offered the appointment of *kapellmeister* to the King of Westphalia, with a salary of six hundred ducats. This offer of a secure provision was the first and the last he ever received in his life, — the last, because his defective hearing incapacitated him for the functions of a director of music. But as it was considered discreditable for Austria to suffer the great composer, whom with pride she called her own, to be transferred to another country, an offer was made to him on the part of the Archduke Rudolph, Prince Kinsky, and Prince Lobkowitz, to settle upon him an annuity of four thousand florins in paper-money, so long as he should not have any permanent employment in the country, on this single condition, that he was not to leave Austria.* To this condition Beethoven acceded, and remained. But, so soon as the year 1811, the Austrian finance-patent reduced these four thousand florins to one-fifth; nevertheless Beethoven could not prevail upon his illustrious patrons to make any modification in the stipulations of 1809. How he fared in the sequel in regard to this fifth of his pension, how materially it was further diminished, we shall see at the proper place in the third period.

In the year 1810, Beethoven brought out his first Mass (Op. 86) at Eisenstadt, the summer residence of Prince

* To this sum the Archduke Rudolph contributed fifteen hundred florins, Prince Lobkowitz seven hundred, and Prince Ferdinand Kinsky eighteen hundred.

Esterhazy. M. Hummel was then kapell-meister to the prince. After the service, Prince Paul Esterhazy, who, it is well known, had a particular predilection for Haydn's church music, received our Beethoven and other eminent persons in his mansion. When the composer entered, the prince said to him, in an indifferent tone, "But, my dear Beethoven, what have you been about here again?" in allusion to the work which had just been performed. Disconcerted by this expression of the prince's, Beethoven was still more so when he saw Hummel stand laughing by the side of the prince. Fancying that he was laughing at him, and moreover that he could perceive a malicious sneer in his professional colleague, he could stay no longer in a place where his production was so ill appreciated. He left the prince's residence the same day, without ascertaining whether that obnoxious laugh had applied to him, or whether it might not more probably have been occasioned by the way and manner in which the prince expressed himself. His hatred to Hummel on this account struck such deep root, that I am not acquainted with any second instance of the kind in the course of his life. Fourteen years afterwards, he related this circumstance to me with as much asperity as though it had happened only the preceding day. But this dark cloud was dispelled by the energy of his mind; and this would have been the case much sooner had Hummel made friendly advances, and not kept continually aloof, which he did, owing to the fact that both had once been in love with the same lady; that Hummel was, and continued to be, the favored suitor, because he had an appointment, and had not the misfortune to be hard of hearing.

When Beethoven heard, in the last days of his life, that Hummel was expected at Vienna, he was overjoyed, and said, "Oh! if he would but call to see me!" Hummel did call, the very day after his arrival, in company with M. And. Streicher; and the meeting of the old friends, after they had not seen each other for so many years, was extremely affecting. Hummel, struck by Beethoven's suffering looks, wept bitterly. Beethoven strove to appease him, by holding out to him a drawing of the house at Rohrau in which Haydn was born, sent to him that morning by Dia-

belli, with the words, "Look, my dear Hummel: here is Haydn's birthplace; it is a present that I received this morning, and it gives me very great pleasure. So great a man born in so mean a cottage!" Hummel afterwards paid him several visits, and every unpleasant circumstance that had occurred between them was totally forgotten at the first interview. They agreed to meet again the following summer at Carlsbad; but ten or twelve days afterwards Beethoven expired, and Hummel attended him to the grave.

As it is my intention, as well as my principle, to follow merely the more important incidents in Beethoven's life that stand in direct relation to his individuality, I shall record but one more fact which occurred in the year 1810, and which in its results was important to Beethoven.

That Beethoven was beset by visitors from the most distant countries, and but too often annoyed by them, must appear extremely natural, considering his position with regard to his contemporaries. If space permitted, I could relate interesting particulars of Germans, Russians, Swedes, Poles, Danes, French, and especially of English, who approached Beethoven with all the deference they would pay to a sovereign, and who, when they were in his presence and saw his unhappy situation, of which they could not before form any conception, were most of them overwhelmed with melancholy. With tears did many a lady of rank inscribe the assurance of her profound respect in his conversation-book, since he could no longer hear her voice; and with tears in their eyes, too, did most of them take leave of him.* Many such scenes did I witness while I was about him. Is the reader curious to learn how Beethoven behaved towards such visitors? Always with more than usual kindness, — talkative, cordial, witty, — never as a prince in his realm, and never did he allow his visitors to perceive how deeply galling was his misfortune.

Among his female visitors, in 1810, was Bettina Brentano (von Arnim), of Frankfort-on-the-Main, who, in her letters to Göthe, has described what passed, and whose reports of her interviews with Beethoven in Göthe's "*Briefwechsel*"

* See Supplement. No. VI

mit einem Kinde" (Göthe's "Correspondence with a Child"), must be well known to many of the admirers of the great master. It is the latter circumstance, that, for the reason assigned in the introduction, induces me to make a brief remark on Bettina's statements.

Whoever reads, in the work just mentioned (Göthe's "Briefwechsel," Band ii. 190), what the evidently somewhat overstrained Bettina, in her letter of the 28th of May, 1810, puts into the mouth of Beethoven, cannot fail to set him down for a *bel esprit* and a most verbose talker, but very erroneously. Beethoven's mode of expressing and explaining himself, on all and every occasion, was, throughout his whole life, the simplest, shortest, and most concise, both in speaking and writing, as is everywhere proved by the latter. To listen to highly-polished and flowery phrases, or to read any thing written in that style, was disagreeable to him, being contrary to his nature; still less was he himself an adept in it: in all respects simple, plain, without a trace of pompousness, — such was Beethoven likewise in conversation. That he thought of his art in the way that Bettina describes; that he recognized in it a higher revelation, and placed it above all wisdom and all philosophy, — this was a theme on which he did, indeed, often speak, but always very briefly. With what respect he regarded, at the same time, other arts and sciences, all of which he held to be closely connected with his own art, is peculiarly worthy of remark.

How would Beethoven have been astonished at all the fine speeches which the sprightly Bettina puts into his mouth, — which would be well enough in a poetical work on the master, — but, given as a matter of fact, are indeed contrary to his whole nature! He would undoubtedly say, "My dear Bettina, you, who have such a flow of words and ideas, must certainly have had a *raptus* when you wrote in that manner to Göthe." * Beethoven's letters to Bettina also attest the simplicity and unaffectedness of his way of ex-

* Bettina relates in her letter of the 28th of May, to Göthe, that she committed to writing Beethoven's remarks on art, &c., which he made the day before in a walk with her, and that she gave him them to read; upon which he asked her, in astonishment, "And did I indeed say all this? Then I must certainly have had a *raptus*!"

pressing himself.* A single example will suffice to show this : Beethoven writes in 1812 from Töplitz, in Bohemia, to her among others, "Kings and princes can, to be sure, make professors, privy councillors, &c., and confer titles and orders; but they cannot make great men, — minds which rise above the common herd; † these they must not pretend to make, and therefore must these be held in honor. When two men such as Göthe and I come together, even the high and mighty perceive what is to be considered as great in men like us. Yesterday, on our way home, we met the whole imperial family. We saw them coming from a distance, and Göthe separated from me to stand aside : say what I would, I could not make him advance another step. I pressed my hat down upon my head, buttoned up my great coat, and walked with folded arms through the thickest of the throng. Princes and pages formed a line, the archduke Rudolph took off his hat, and the empress made the first salutation. Those gentry know me. I saw, to my real amusement, the procession file past Göthe. He stood aside, with his hat off, and bending lowly. I rallied him smartly for it; I gave him no quarter; flung in his face all his sins, and most of all, that against you, dearest Bettina : we had been just talking about you. Good God ! if it had been my lot to pass such a time with you as he did, depend upon it, I should have produced many, many more great works. A composer is a poet too : he, too, can feel himself suddenly transported by a couple of eyes into a fairer world, where greater geniuses make game of him, and set him excessively hard tasks."

The results of the acquaintance with that interesting woman were, however, so important for Beethoven, that they might well excuse a whole volume of such inspired

* The correspondence which passed between the composer and Madame Bettina von Arnim may be thought hardly to bear out M. Schindler's opinion of Beethoven's style of expression. The reader, however, will be enabled to judge for himself, as he will find in the Supplement, No. III., a series of letters from one of which the passage here cited by the biographer is extracted. — ED.

† There is a remarkable coincidence, not only of sentiment but of expression between the above passage and one of the noblest songs of Burns, particularly the lines —

"A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might —." — ED.

effusions of his and concerning him. Through her Beethoven became acquainted with the house of Brenanto in Frankfort, in which he found a friend indeed. The following lines, addressed by Beethoven to me, in February, 1823, show in the clearest manner what the Brenanto family was to him: "Try to find out some humane creature, who will lend me money upon a bank-share, that, in the first place, I may not encroach too much on the liberality of my friend Brentano, and that by the delay of this money,* I may not get myself into distress, thanks to the notable measures and arrangements of my dearly beloved brother."

It was Bettina, who, in like manner, paved the way to the personal acquaintance with Göthe, which actually took place in the summer of 1812, at Töplitz, as we have seen from Beethoven's letter quoted above: but, though Beethoven has praised Göthe's patience with him (on account of his deafness), still it is a fact, that the great poet and minister too soon forgot the great composer; and when, in 1823, he had it in his power to render him an essential service, with little trouble to himself, he did not even deign to reply to a very humble epistle from our master. That letter was forwarded to him at Weimar, through the grand-ducal chargé-d'affaires, and must, of course, have reached his hands.

In the years 1811 and 1812, nothing occurred of particular moment for the biographer of Beethoven. He lived in his usual way, in winter in the city, and in summer in the country, and adhered to his old custom of changing his place of abode as often in the twelvemonth as others do inns and places of diversion. Hence it was no uncommon thing for him to have three or four lodgings to pay for at once. The motives for these frequent changes were in general trivial. In one lodging, for instance, he had less sun than he wished; and, if his landlord could not make that luminary shine longer into his apartment, Beethoven removed from it. In another, he disliked the water, which was a prime necessary for him; and, if nothing could be done to please him on this point, Beethoven was off again:

* Beethoven here alludes to a small sum which he had to expect from abroad

to say nothing of other insignificant causes, such as I shall have to illustrate by two comic anecdotes when I come to the years 1823 and 1824. In regard to his summer abodes, he was particularly whimsical. It was a usual thing with him to remove in May to some place or other on the north side of the city; in July or August, to pack up all of a sudden, and go to the south side. It is easy to conceive how much unnecessary expense this mode of proceeding must have entailed. In his last years, Beethoven was so well known throughout the whole great city as a restless lodger, that it was difficult to find a suitable place of abode for him. At an earlier period, it was his friend Baron Pasqualati who kept apartments in constant readiness for the fickle Beethoven: if he could not find any that he liked better, he returned, with bag and baggage, to the third or fourth floor at Pasqualati's, where, however, not a ray of sunshine was ever to be seen, because the house has a northern aspect. Beethoven, nevertheless, frequently resided there for a considerable time.

In these three years of the second period, he labored assiduously, and we see already one hundred of his works in the catalogue. The price of them increased from year to year, and in the like proportion increased Beethoven's necessities, whims, and eccentricities, or whatever you choose to call them. Large as were the sums that he earned, he had not laid by any thing; nor did his brother Carl, who at that time had the entire management of all his affairs, strive to prevail upon him to do so. The first impulse to secure by economy a competence for the future was given by an excellent woman, whose name must not be omitted here: it was Madame Nanette Streicher (her maiden name was Stein), whose persuasions were beneficial to Beethoven in another point besides that just mentioned, inasmuch as they induced him again to mingle in society, though indeed but for a short time, after he had almost entirely withdrawn himself from it. Madame Streicher found Beethoven in the summer of 1813, in the most deplorable condition with reference to his personal and domestic comforts. He had neither a decent coat nor a whole shirt, and I must forbear to describe his condition such as it really was. Madame

Streicher put his wardrobe and his domestic matters to rights, assisted by M. Andreas Streicher (a friend of Schiller's from his youth); and Beethoven complied with all her suggestions. He again took lodgings for the ensuing winter at Pasqualati's; hired a man-servant, who was a tailor and had a wife, but she did not live in the house with him. This couple paid the greatest attention to Beethoven, who now found himself quite comfortable, and for the first time began to accustom himself to a regular way of life, — that is to say, in so far as it was possible for him. While his attendant followed his business undisturbed in the ante-room, Beethoven produced, in the adjoining apartment, many of his immortal works; for instance, the Symphony in A major,* the Battle-Symphony, the Cantata "Der glorreiche Augenblick" (the Glorious Moment), and several others. In this situation I will now leave him, and close the second period of his life, from the motley events of which the reader may, of himself, draw this conclusion, that, if the first period of Beethoven's life may be justly called his golden age, that which immediately followed it was not a silver age, but an age of brass.

THIRD PERIOD.

FROM NOVEMBER, 1813, TILL HIS DEATH IN 1827.

P A R T I.

Causes of Beethoven's Preceding Troubles.—Performance of his "**Battle of Vittoria**," for the Benefit of Disabled Soldiers.—Dishonest Conduct of **M. Maelzel**; its Effect on Beethoven.—Commencement of the Author's Acquaintance with him.—Attention paid to Beethoven by the Allied Sovereigns at Vienna.—Pitiful Conduct of **Carl M. von Weber**.—Scotch Songs set to Music by Beethoven.—Death of his Elder Brother.—He undertakes the Guardianship of his Son, whom he adopts.—Diminution of his Annuity by the Failure of **Prince Lobkowitz**.—He commences Housekeeping.—Law-suit with his Brother's Widow.—Society for the Performance of Beethoven's Chamber Music, directed by **Carl Czerny**.—Further Diminution of his Pension.—His Pupil, the Archduke **Rudolph**, nominated Archbishop of **Olmütz**.—Beethoven commences a grand Mass for his Installation.—Household Troubles.—Waltzes and Bagatelles.—Straitened Finances.—Ignoble Application of Musical MS.—Performance of "**The Ruins of Athens**."—The "**Land-owner**" and the "**Brain-owner**."—Subscription of Sovereigns to Beethoven's new Mass.—His Letter to **Cherubini**.

THE various troubles which Beethoven had to encounter in the second period of his life, of which we have just been treating, originated, firstly, in disappointed love; secondly, in his increasing deafness, for his right ear totally refused to perform its functions; and, thirdly, in his inexperience in matters of business, for the just comprehension of which Nature had not endowed him with the requisite faculties. All the unpleasant things which had hitherto befallen him, to which belong the various collisions with his friends, were mere private matters, capable, indeed, of deeply affecting such a mind, but not of checking creative genius in its flights. Thus far he was a stranger to suits and courts of law, attempts upon the productions of his mind, and public

quarrels with utterly unprincipled men. All these, and many other trials, awaited him in the period at which we have now arrived. They were not all of them provoked by him, but partly brought upon him by the pressure of circumstances, partly by intriguing persons, who strove on every occasion to turn his inexperience to their own private advantage. From these contests sprang circumstances deplorable for Beethoven, which had a most pernicious influence on his creative genius, as well as upon his temper, as we shall have occasion to observe in the course of this third period of his life.

The moment at which I have to resume the thread of his history, and to connect it with the preceding period, is that when Beethoven, in the autumn of 1813, was preparing for the performance of his "Battle of Vittoria," and his A major Symphony, both which works he had just completed. The performance of these, with some other pieces of his composition, took place on the 8th, and again on the 12th of December, in the same year, in the hall of the University, for the benefit of the Austrian and Bavarian soldiers disabled in the battle of Hanau. A letter of thanks to all the co-operators in those two concerts, written by Beethoven's own hand, and destined for insertion in "*The Wiener Zeitung*," lies before me, and possesses historical interest. Owing to the length of this document, I can only venture here to introduce a few extracts from it. After Beethoven has, at the opening of this address, expressed his thanks for the assistance he has received, he proceeds thus: "It was a rare assemblage of eminent performers, each of whom was inspired solely by the idea of being able to contribute by his talents something towards the benefit of the country; and who, without any order of precedence, co-operated, even in subordinate places, in the execution of the whole. . . . On me devolved the conduct of the whole, because the music was of my composition: had it been by any one else, I should have taken my place at the great drum, just as cheerfully as M. Hummel did; * for we were all actuated

* I must claim for my friend Meyerbeer the place here assigned to Hummel, who had to act in the cannonade; and this I may the more firmly assert, as, the cymbals having been intrusted to me, Meyerbeer and I had to play from one and the same part. — ED.

solely by the pure feeling of patriotism, and willingness to exert our abilities for those who had sacrificed so much for us." Respecting the composition of the orchestra, Beethoven expressly says, "M. Schuppanzigh was at the head of the first violins, M. Spohr and M. Mayseder co-operated in the second and third places; M. Salieri, the chief kapellmeister, beat time to the drums and the cannonades; and Messrs. Siboni and Giuliani were likewise stationed in subordinate places."

No sooner was this patriotic act accomplished than Beethoven returned to his accustomed occupation, not dreaming to what unheard-of results (results specially injurious to him) his latest work, "The Battle of Vittoria," would give occasion, and what treachery, on the part of a man whom he had always considered as his friend, would follow, nay, in a manner, spring out of, that solemn act.

M. Maelzel, the mechanist, inventor of the musical metronome, was one of Beethoven's warmest friends and adherents. In the year 1812, M. Maelzel promised the great composer to make him an apparatus for assisting his hearing. To spur him on to the fulfilment of this promise, Beethoven composed a piece — "Battle-Symphony" (so he calls it himself) — for the panharmonicon, recently invented by Maelzel. The effect of this piece was so unexpected, that Maelzel requested its author to arrange it for the orchestra. Beethoven, who had long entertained the plan of writing a grand battle-symphony, acceded to Maelzel's proposal, and immediately set about completing the work. By degrees, four acoustic machines were produced, but only one of which Beethoven found serviceable, and used for a considerable time, especially in his interviews with the Archduke Rudolph and others, when it would have been too tedious to keep up a conversation in writing.

It was M. Maelzel who undertook the arrangement of the two concerts above mentioned; and, as this was no trifling job, Beethoven relinquished it to him without suspicion, occupied at home meanwhile with his composition. Hence it was, that, in the first public announcement, Maelzel presumed to proclaim this work of Beethoven's his own property, as having been presented to him by the author. This

assertion was flatly contradicted by Beethoven, upon which Maelzel declared that he claimed this work in payment for the machines which he had furnished, and for a considerable sum of money lent. As, however, he adduced no evidence to this point, Beethoven regarded what had taken place as an unbecoming joke of his friend's, and suspected nothing worse, though from that time the behavior of this friend to Beethoven was beneath the dignity of an educated man.

Immediately after the first of those concerts, Beethoven received intimation from several quarters that Maelzel was seeking ways and means to appropriate that new work to himself in an illicit manner, — a thing which the master, however, held to be impossible, for he had never suffered the scores to go out of his possession, and began to keep a watchful eye on the individual parts for the orchestra. But this caution came rather too late; for Maelzel had already found means to come at several of those parts, and to get them arranged in score.

It may be asked what object Maelzel could have to carry his dishonesty to such a length? He had projected a journey to England, and meant to make money there, and likewise on the road thither, with Beethoven's "Battle-Symphony." By way of excusing his conduct at Vienna, he scrupled not to declare loudly that Beethoven owed him four hundred ducats, and that he had been obliged to take that work in payment.

These scandalous proceedings were for a considerable time a subject of general reprobation, and afterwards forgotten. In a few months, however, Maelzel set out for England; and Beethoven presently received intelligence from Munich, that he had had the "Battle-Symphony" performed in that city, but in a mutilated shape, and that he had given out that the work was his property. It was now high time for Beethoven to take legal steps against Maelzel. From the deposition relative to that fact, which he delivered to his advocate, and which I possess in his own handwriting, I shall merely quote the following passage: "We agreed to give this work (the 'Battle-Symphony'), and several others of mine, in a concert for the benefit of the soldiers. While this matter was in progress, I was in-

volved in the greatest embarrassment for want of money. Abandoned by everybody here in Vienna, in expectation of a bill, &c., Maelzel offered to lend me fifty ducats in gold. I took them, and told him that I would return them to him here, or that he should have the work to take with him to London, if I should not accompany him; and that, in this latter case, I would give him an order upon it to an English publisher, who should pay him those fifty ducats." I must further mention a declaration made in this matter by Baron Pasqualati, and Dr. von Adlersburg, advocate to the court, and an address of Beethoven's to the performers of London. From that declaration, dated Oct. 20, 1814, it appears that Beethoven had in no wise relinquished to Maelzel the copyright of that work; and in the address to the performers of London, of the 25th of July, 1814, Beethoven adverts to the circumstance at Munich, and expressly says, "The performance of these works (the 'Battle-Symphony' and Wellington's 'Battle of Vittoria') by M. Maelzel is an imposition upon the public, and a wrong done to me, inasmuch as he has obtained possession of them in a surreptitious manner." He further warns them against that "mutilated" work; for it was ascertained that Maelzel had not been able to get at all the orchestral parts, and had therefore employed some one to compose what was deficient.*

This disgraceful proceeding I have deemed it my duty to state here without reserve, as its effect, both on Beethoven's temper, and on his professional activity, was extremely injurious. It served, also, to increase his mistrust of those about him to such a degree, that, for a considerable time, it was impossible to hold intercourse with him. It was, moreover, owing to this cause, that, from this time forward,

* I witnessed the origin and progress of this work, and remember that not only did Maelzel decidedly induce Beethoven to write it, but even laid before him the whole design of it; himself wrote all the drum-marches and the trumpet-flourishes of the French and English armies; gave the composer some hints, how he should herald the English army by the tune of Rule Britannia; how he should introduce Malbrook in a dismal strain; how he should depict the horrors of the battle, and arrange God save the King, with effects representing the hurrahs of a multitude. Even the unhappy idea of converting the melody of God save the King into a subject of a fugue in quick movement emanates from Maelzel. All this I saw in sketches and score, brought by Beethoven to Maelzel's workshop, then the only suitable place of reception he was provided with.--Ed.

Beethoven had most of his compositions copied at home, or, as this was not always practicable, that he was incessantly overlooking his copyists, or setting others to overlook them; for he considered them all as dishonest and open to bribery, of which, indeed, he had sufficient proofs. By that circumstance, of course, his suspicion on this point was kept continually awake; and, after such an encroachment upon his property, who would imagine that Beethoven could ever allow this pseudo-friend to hold intercourse with him, though indeed only by letter? This, nevertheless, was the case. When M. Maelzel was striving to bring his metronome into vogue, he applied, in preference, to Beethoven, at the same time intimating that he had then in hand an acoustic machine, by means of which the composer would be enabled to conduct his orchestra. Maelzel's letter on this subject, dated Paris, April 19, 1818, lies before me, and communicates this intelligence. Nay, he even proposes in it that Beethoven should accompany him in a journey to England. Beethoven expressed his approbation of the metronome, in a letter to Maelzel; but of the promised machine he never heard another syllable.

I shall here take leave to state that it was in the year 1814 that I first made Beethoven's personal acquaintance, which I had long been particularly desirous to do.* He was the man whom I worshipped like an idol, the composer all of whose works I heard, and even practised, during my studies at the Gymnasium of Olmütz, and all the public performances of which I now, as a member of the University of Vienna, made a point of attending. It was in the first months of 1814 that I found an opportunity to deliver, instead of another person, to Beethoven, who was then lodging in the house of Baron von Pasqualati, a note to which an immediate answer was required. He wrote an answer, asking, meanwhile, several questions; and short as was this conversation, and though Beethoven took no further notice of the bearer of the note, who had scarcely arrived at manhood, my longing merely to hear the voice

* I am proud to say, that I am four years in advance of my friend Schindler, having made Beethoven's much-desired acquaintance four years sooner, — in 1810. — Ed.

of the man for whom I felt infinitely more esteem than for Kant, and the whole *corpus juris* put together, was gratified, and the acquaintance, subsequently so important and eventful to me, was made. It was, however, not till the beginning of the year 1816, that I met him almost daily at a particular hour at the Flowerpot Tavern, and thus came into closer contact with him. But if I followed him with my veneration before my personal acquaintance with him, after that I was bound to him as though by a spell. Nothing that concerned him now escaped me; and, wherever I merely conjectured him to be, there I insinuated myself, and always accosted him frankly: a hearty shake of the hand invariably told me that I was not troublesome to him. The principal object for meeting at the above-mentioned place, where M. Pinterics, a friend of Beethoven's, a man universally respected, and a captain in the emperor's German Guard, were our never-failing companions, was the reading of the newspapers, a daily necessity to Beethoven. From that place he frequently permitted me to attend him in his walks, a privilege which I accounted one of the greatest felicities of my life, and for which, though overloaded with studies, I always contrived to find plenty of time. To render him service, whenever and wherever he needed it, became from that moment, till his decease, my bounden duty; and any commission that he gave me took precedence of every other engagement.

In the year 1814, Beethoven lost his old patron, Prince Carl von Lichnowsky, who died on the 15th of April.

The remarkable political epoch, when, in the autumn of 1814, the allied sovereigns, and many other distinguished personages from the confederate states of Europe, met in congress at Vienna, was likewise of importance and of pecuniary benefit to Beethoven. He was requested by the magistracy of the city of Vienna to set to music, as a cantata, a poem, by Dr. Weissenbach of Salzburg, the purport of which was to welcome the illustrious visitors on their arrival within the walls of ancient Vindobona. It is the Cantata "Der glorreiche Augenblick" ("The Glorious Moment"), which has but very recently been published, with a different text, by the title of "Preis der Tonkunst"

("Praise of Music"). That this is one of the least meritorious of Beethoven's works, every one must admit: he himself attached no value to it, though it procured him the diploma of citizenship of Vienna. As reasons for the inferiority of this composition may be assigned the very short time allowed him for the work, and the "barbarous text," from which his imagination could not derive a single spark of inspiration.* With respect to the latter, several curious scenes took place with the author, who was so hampered by the composer, that at last he was glad to relinquish the task of polishing to another. This cantata was performed, together with the "Battle of Vittoria," and the "A major Symphony," on the 29th of November, in the presence of the foreign sovereigns, some of whom made handsome presents to the composer.

Those memorable winter months at the end of 1814, and the commencement of 1815, were important to Beethoven in another respect. Numbers of the distinguished foreign visitors thronged to him to pay him their homage; and it was more especially at the parties of the Russian ambassador, Prince Rasumowsky, that the sovereign of the realm of harmony was accustomed to receive this. It is well known that the testimonies of warm esteem paid to Beethoven in the apartments of the Archduke Rudolph, by the highest personages who sought him there, were equally cordial and affecting. An interview of this kind with the Empress of Russia was particularly interesting, and Beethoven could not call it to mind without emotion. He used afterwards to relate, jocosely, how he had suffered the crowned heads to pay court to him, and what an air of importance he had at such times assumed. How differently,

* This work may not, perhaps, rank equally high with some of Beethoven's most sublime productions; yet it speaks *his* language, and has all the charms so peculiar to himself, particularly in the choral parts. It consists of, —

No. 1. Chorus.

2. Recitativo and Chorus.

3. Grand Scena, Soprano, with violin obligato and Chorus.

4. Solo, Soprano and Chorus.

5. Recitativo and Quartette, two Soprani, Tenor and Bass.

6. Chorus and Fugue.

The original score of this work, with copies of both texts, has been intrusted to me by M. Hashnger of Vienna; and I am still in possession of it, in case a suitable opportunity for its performance should present itself. — Ed.

alas! did he fare ten years later. It was a new world, as it were, in which we all lived ten years afterwards in Vienna, where but one name — the name of Rossini — was destined to be thought of any value.

These extraordinary tokens of favor, conferred about that time on our Beethoven, made no change whatever in him: he continued to be just what he was before, — Beethoven. In the spring of 1815, he gave several public performances of his "A major Symphony," which had puzzled certain reviewers abroad as well as at home, to such a degree, that some of them went so far as to declare that "the extravagances of his genius had reached the *ne plus ultra*, and that Beethoven was now quite ripe for the mad-house." Oh, the pitiful creatures! It is much to be regretted that there should have been among them professional men, who sought in every possible way to mortify Beethoven, who themselves would fain have scaled Parnassus by force, and had scarcely ascended a few steps before they were seized with dizziness, and tumbled backward to the bottom. One of these egotists, after a fall of this kind, cringed and bowed down to the very dust before Beethoven, beseeching that he would assist him to rise again; but it was too late.*

* It was M. Carl Maria von Weber, who, after the failure* (see p. 164) of his Opera *Euryanthe* (1823), brought the score of that work, with the most profound humility, to Beethoven, requesting him to make what alterations he

* It is with reluctance that I comment upon the word "failure" applied by M. Schindler to the "*Euryanthe*" of Weber, which was performed in November, 1823. But I was present at the first performance of this Opera, which the composer conducted, and the following pieces were encored: The Overture, — the 1st tenor air sung by Adolar (Hautzinger), the Finale to the 1st act, sung by Euryanthe (Mlle. Sonntag), the principal pieces by Mad. Grünbaum (Eglantine), and Forti (Lysiard). The Huntsmen's, as well as several other choruses, were most enthusiastically received; and the composer was called for at the end of the Opera, with every testimony of approbation. The evening was wound up by a convivial supper, given by a literary and artistical society called the Ludlam's Höhle, at which, together with Weber's pupil, M. Benedict, I had the pleasure of assisting, in conclusion of a triumphant success.

I do not, of course, intend to throw any doubt upon the circumstance here stated, of Weber having shown the score of *Euryanthe* to Beethoven; yet there seems to be some doubt as to Weber not having been on good terms with Beethoven, the more so when Rellstab's accounts are taken into consideration.

I make some extracts from the Memoirs of this much-esteemed writer and critic. He says (March 24, 1825), "My journey to Vienna had been decided upon . . . not, of all the fair promises the Imperial city held out to me, there was none so exciting or so spirit-stirring as the supreme felicity which I felt at the thoughts of becoming acquainted with Beethoven."

Rellstab, on his way to Vienna, calls upon C. M. von Weber at Dresden, and, on asking him for a letter of introduction to Beethoven, receives the following reply: "Beethoven does not like epistolary communication, and thinks it quite as irksome to read as to write letters, but you may bring him all sorts of kind and respectful messages from me verbally; to judge from the kind reception he gave me during my last

From this brief intimation, the reader may infer, that, notwithstanding the gigantic greatness to which Beethoven had then attained, he was pursued by envy and hatred, though he turned out of every one's way, and ceased to hold intercourse with any of his professional brethren. He perceived but too clearly that all these gentry felt humbled and uncomfortable in his presence. Even M. Kanne, with whom he had most associated in early years, and to whose eminent talents he always paid the highest respect, was not oftener than twice or three times a year in his company.

In the summer of 1815, Beethoven occupied himself exclusively with the composition, or instrumentation, of the "Scotch Songs," for Mr. George Thompson of Edinburgh, the collector of national songs, who paid him a considerable sum for the work, as is evident from the correspondence. How many of these Scotch songs Beethoven set to music, it was not possible for me to ascertain; but I believe that not near all of them have been published.

In the autumn of 1815, died his elder brother Carl, who

pleased in it, and promising to submit entirely to his opinion. Beethoven, well knowing what acrimonious reviews of some of his works M. von Weber had sent from Prague to German journals, received him in the most friendly manner; and, after looking over the score, said to him, in my presence, that he ought to have made this application *before* the performance of his Opera, but that now he thought it too late, unless M. von Weber would undertake such a reform with it as he (Beethoven) did with his *Fidelio*.

It is interesting to see, for example, in the first version of the Opera *Fidelio*, how the master has composed several numbers twice and even four times. These casts, always of the same text, frequently differ very essentially from one another. Upon the whole, the first score of *Fidelio*, with the numerous variations, frequent improvements in the rhythm, in the instrumentation, and in the invention of the melody, affords manifest truth of the extreme severity which the great master was accustomed to exercise in the correction of all his works; hence it would form an admirable study for young composers, and would deserve a place in a public library, where it would be accessible to everybody.

day at Vienna, in 1823, I should suppose he would remember me with every feeling of sympathy and attachment." Weber then proceeded to give me an account of his last visit to Beethoven, to which, of course, I listened with the greatest eagerness. "We had been to him several times," said he, "without having once been able to see him; he was out of humor, and shunning all human society, yet we at length succeeded in finding the propitious moment; we were shown in, and beheld him sitting at his writing-table, from which he did not, however, rise at once to give us a friendly welcome. He had known me for several years, so that I could at once enter into conversation with him, but suddenly he started up, stood upright before me, and, putting his two hands on my shoulders, he shook me with a kind of rough cordiality, saying, 'You have always been a fine fellow!' And with this he embraced me in the kindest and most affectionate manner.

"Of all the marks of distinction then shown to me at Vienna, of all the praise and fame I there earned, nothing ever touched my heart as much as this fraternal kiss of Beethoven's."—ED.

held the office of cashier in the national bank of Austria. With the death of this brother commenced a new epoch for our Beethoven, — an epoch of incidents and facts difficult to relate; and could I here lay down my pen, and leave the continuation of my work to another, I should feel myself truly happy. Here begins a most painful situation for the biographer who adopts this motto: "Do justice to the dead, and spare the living; with the former fulfil the desire of the deceased; with the latter, do the duty of the Christian, and leave Him who is above to judge."

To evade this dilemma is utterly impossible: it would be the same thing as to close here at once the biography of Beethoven, which the whole musical world desires to have as complete as possible, and which from this time acquires a higher interest; for not only is Beethoven brought, for the first time, by a conflict of circumstances, into closer contact with civil life, and binds up the rod for scourging his own back, but, through these new conflicts, the moral man Beethoven first gains occasion to show himself in all his energy, and even momentarily to outweigh the creative genius.

The value of that brother Carl, while living, to Beethoven, we have several times had occasion to show. Whether it might not have been desirable for his creative genius, as well as for his peace with the world, that this brother had died many years earlier, I will not pretend to decide, but shall merely assert, that he ought not, on many accounts, to have died before Beethoven, as he left him burdens that could not fail to crush him but too speedily. In his will, dated Nov. 14, 1815, Carl von Beethoven begged his brother Ludwig to take upon himself the guardianship of the son whom he left behind. How our Beethoven fulfilled this request will be shown in the sequel.

In a letter of the 22d of November, 1815,* to M. Ries, Beethoven himself mentions the death of this brother, adding, "and I cannot estimate what I have given him to render his life more comfortable at less than ten thousand florins" (10,000 francs), by which Beethoven cannot possi-

* See Supplement, No. VIII.

bly mean all that he had given to his brother during his whole life, for that he was himself least capable of calculating. In the same letter he says, "He?" (namely, his deceased brother), "had a bad wife;" and if he had added, "both had a son who is now to be my son," he would have comprehended in one sentence the sources of the severest affliction of his future life.

At the death of his father, Beethoven's nephew was about eight years old, — a handsome boy, the quality of whose mind also authorized great hopes. Perceiving this, and considering, on the other hand, what would become of him if he continued with his mother, he resolved to adopt him as his son.* But as the boy's mother protested against this, while Beethoven persevered in his resolution, supporting himself upon the last will of his brother, the matter led to a lawsuit, the proceedings in which were commenced by the widow.

Before I continue the narrative of this unhappy transaction, it is necessary to mention another unpleasant circumstance relating to our master. Precisely at the time when Beethoven's young nephew became the bone of contention between his mother and his uncle, the interests of music in Vienna suffered severely through the failure of Prince Lobkowitz. This nobleman, who had become lessee of the Imperial Court Theatre, — not for the sake of lucre, but out of genuine love to the arts, — carried his zeal for all that is sublime and beautiful too far, and was obliged suddenly to stop. Owing to this circumstance, Beethoven lost the portion contributed by the prince to the pension settled upon him in 1809; and, as for any restitution, that was wholly out the question. Thus we see that the amount of that pension, reduced to one-fifth by the finance-patent in 1811, was now still further diminished.

At the time when the suit in question commenced (1816), Beethoven was engaged in setting up a household establishment of his own, which appeared to him to be indispensably necessary if he meant to keep his nephew, unassailed

* But not "tacitly," as M. von Seyfried asserts at p. 12 of his *Biographica Particulars*. In Austria, there is no such thing as a tacit adoption: every adoption requires a legal confirmation in order to be valid.

by the world, under his own care. Upon this prosaic business, so incongruous with all his habits, he fell to work, as he did upon every thing else, earnestly and zealously. By way of intermezzo, I shall just introduce a little specimen of the manner in which he set about it. He seems to have made his first inquiries of a person conversant with house-keeping: a paper, containing on the left Beethoven's questions, and on the right the answers to them, written in masculine hand, is an interesting document of his spirit of enterprise. He asks, for instance:—

“1. What is a proper allowance for two servants for dinner and supper, both as to quality and quantity?”

On the right-hand side is given the answer, in most minute detail.

“2. How often should one give them meat?—Ought they to have it both at dinner and supper?”

“3. Do the servants take their meals off the victuals cooked for the master, or have they their own separately: that is, have they different victuals from what the master has?”

“4. How many pounds of butchers' meat are allowed for three persons?”

In this way the new housekeeper proceeds, and we discover in it a pleasing proof of his humanity.

The suit between Beethoven and his sister-in-law was carried before the court of nobles, the *Landrecht* of Lower Austria. The complaint was heard, and the proceedings were continued for a considerable time. The notion that the *van* prefixed to Beethoven's name was, like the German *von*, an indication of noble birth, seems to have been current in Austria from ancient times: the court, therefore, required no further evidence on that point. This suit did not hinge upon a point of law, a matter of *meum* and *tuum*; but Beethoven had to prove that his sister-in-law was an immoral woman, and consequently unfit to bring up her son. From the preceding part of this biography, we have learned sufficient of his moral character, and likewise of his temper, to conceive how painful was the task which the necessity of furnishing evidence to this effect imposed on our Beethoven,—upon him to whom any thing doubtful and

equivocal in morals and character was so disgusting in any person that he could not bear to hear that person mentioned, and still less suffer him to come near him; and now, in order to rescue a child from certain perdition, to be compelled to expose in a court of justice the life led by one so nearly related to himself! The agitation in which he was kept for a long time by this circumstance deprived him of all equanimity; and had he not been absolutely forced to work, in order to support himself and his nephew, who had been provisionally given up to him on the part of the court, we should not have seen one great work produced by him during that inauspicious period; for even the Eighth Symphony, which was performed for the first time in 1817, was fortunately conceived and partly composed before the commencement of that lawsuit.

In the course of the legal proceedings, which had already lasted a considerable time, it was intimated to the court that the word *van*, of Dutch origin, does not ennoble the family to whose name it is prefixed, according to the laws of Holland; that in the Province of the Rhine, in which Beethoven was born, it was held to be of no higher value; that, consequently, the halo of nobility ought to be stripped from this *van* in Austria also. Beethoven was accordingly required to produce proofs of his nobility. "My nobility," he exclaimed, with emphasis, "is here and here!" pointing to his breast and his head: but the court refused to allow the validity of the claim, and transferred the acts to the city magistracy of Vienna, as the proper court for commoners, after it had, however, by decision in the first instance, already acknowledged Beethoven's guardianship over his nephew.

This procedure, — the transfer of the acts to the civil tribunal, — though perfectly according to law, drove Beethoven beside himself; for he considered it as the grossest insult that he had ever received, and as an unjustifiable depreciation and humiliation of the artist, — an impression too deep to be ever erased from his mind. But for his advocate,*

* This was Dr. Bach, senior court-advocate and sworn notary, who has for the third time been elected Dean of the Faculty of the Law in the University of Vienna.

who strove, with the affection of a friend, to allay his resentment on account of a resolution in exact accordance with the law, Beethoven would have quitted the country.

Just at the moment when the deeply-mortified master was indulging the hope that this suit, which had already lasted for some years, and occasioned him so much vexation and loss of time (during which time his nephew had been passed from hand to hand, and the system of instruction and education been changed as often as his coat), would soon be definitely terminated, the magistracy of Vienna reversed the decision of the tribunal of the nobles, and appointed Beethoven's sister-in-law guardian of her son. The consequence was, that the suit was commenced afresh; and it was only after repeated unpleasant discussions, and through the indefatigable exertions of his advocate, that it was brought to a close in the year 1820; the Court of Appeal having confirmed the first decision of the *Landrecht* of Lower Austria. From Beethoven's memorial to the Court of Appeal, dated Jan. 7, 1820, which was written by himself, and the original of which lies before me,* I extract the following characteristic passage:—

“My wishes and my efforts have no other aim than that the boy may receive the best possible education, as his capacity authorizes the indulgence of the fairest hopes, and that the expectation which his father built upon my fraternal love may be fulfilled. The shoot is still flexible; but, if more time be wasted, it will grow crooked for want of the training hand of the gardener, and upright bearing, intellect, and character will be lost forever. I know not a more sacred duty than the superintendence of the education and formation of a child. The duty of guardianship can only consist in this, — to appreciate what is good, and to take such measures as are conformable with the object in view; then only has it devoted its zealous attention to the welfare of its ward; but, in obstructing what is good, it has ever neglected its duty.”

* For this interesting document I am indebted to my esteemed friend, Dr Bach. In his letter of the 9th of June, 1839, when he sent it to me, he expresses this wish: “Not a trait of that great soul ought to be lost, because it proves, that, with an inexhaustible genius, a noble spirit may be combined.” He will perceive how strictly and how faithfully I have endeavored in this work to comply with his wishes and the express desire of our mutual friend.

Amidst these troubles, Beethoven needed other supporters besides his friend and legal adviser, Dr. Bach, to cheer him up and to keep him from sinking under them. These tried friends were too much concerned with his professional pursuits, as well as with the transactions of his life, not to be named here. They are M. C. Bernard, the esteemed poet, and editor of the "*Wiener Zeitung*;" M. Peters, counsel to Prince Lobkowitz; and M. Olivia, at present professor of German literature in St. Petersburg. It was the second whom the Court of Appeal appointed co-guardian with Beethoven, at the special desire of the latter, on the ground of his deafness.

As it has been already observed, the boy, the object of this long dispute, had, during the course of it, frequently to change his home, studies, and whole plan of education. Sometimes he was with his uncle, sometimes with his mother, and at others again at some school. But, notwithstanding this incessant change, his progress in music and in the sciences, especially in philology, was fully adequate to his capacity; and thus it seemed as though Beethoven would one day receive well-merited thanks, and that he would have joy, nothing but joy, over his nephew, in return for the inexpressible afflictions and mortifications which he had undergone during this suit of four years' continuance, and for the unexampled affection, care, nay, even sacrifices, with which he prosecuted his education. Whether this prospect was realized, whether his hopes were accomplished, we shall see hereafter.

Before I again take up the thread of events in Beethoven's life, I think this may not be an unfit place for a cursory notice of the proceedings of a small association, composed of professional men and accomplished amateurs, which, though it was not intimately connected with the events of Beethoven's life, and neither had, nor could have, any influence upon them, yet furnishes occasion for showing in what favor and honor Beethoven's compositions, especially the chamber music, that really inexhaustible mine of the profoundest and most expressive musical poetry, was held by the better portion of the Vienna dilettanti and performers. The task undertaken by this modest society was

to execute classic music in the chamber style, and Beethoven's in preference, before a small circle of auditors, capable of relishing its beauties. M. Carl Czerny gave the impulse to this society, so worthy of record in the history of the art, and was upon the whole its guiding principle. The meetings were held at his residence, in the forenoon of every Sunday, and were continued with gradually increasing interest for three successive winters. It was another sort of divine worship, to which every one, without exception and without announcement, had free access. To the peculiar gratification of M. Czerny, Beethoven previously went through several of his greatest works with him, and frequently attended the performance at his side; and his presence had the effect of heightening the interest felt by all the members of the society to the warmest enthusiasm. At the piano-forte, M. Czerny had worthy assistants in the accomplished Baroness Dorothea von Ertmann (to whom Beethoven dedicated his Sonata, Op. 101), and in Messrs. Steiner, Von Felsburg, and Pfaller, in the civil service of the imperial government. The concourse to this musical stoa, where every one might make himself acquainted with all that was most sublime, or at least acquire clearer conceptions of it, was always extraordinary; and kindred spirits there found opportunity for learning to know and to esteem each other. All foreign professional men and connoisseurs, who in their own countries could gain but obscure notions of the spirit of Beethoven's music, here found themselves at the fountain-head of the purest poesy, which never flowed so clear and so brilliant since those memorable parties at Prince Lichnowsky's (of which mention has been made in the First Period), and perhaps never may again in that place where this gigantic genius, so far in advance of his age, lived and wrought. For, indeed, so totally is every thing, both in prose and poetry, changed there since his time, that this master-mind is almost a stranger in his earthly home. The doors of that memorable school, which powerfully elevated the mind and heart of all who frequented it, closed at the end of the third winter course forever, because M. Czerny began thenceforward to devote himself to composition; and, with the

opening of the Italian opera, which speedily followed, an incitement to the cultivation of Beethoven's piano-forte music ceased. Thus it would be very likely that foreigners might now in vain seek an opportunity to hear a sonata of Beethoven's in Vienna; for the banners of the present day are no longer inscribed with his immortal name.

The next event directly affecting Beethoven, before the suit with his sister-in-law was quite over, and requiring to be recorded here, is the death of Prince Kinsky, whose heirs refused to pay the stipulated portion of the pension granted in 1809. The matter was accordingly brought into court; and Beethoven was more fortunate in this instance than he had been with regard to the share of Prince Lobkowitz. He recovered rather more than three hundred florins; so that, with the six hundred contributed by the Archduke Rudolph, he received thenceforward a yearly pension of nine hundred florins (about six hundred rix-dollars), which he enjoyed without further diminution as long as he lived.*

The nomination of his most illustrious pupil, the archduke just mentioned, whom he had raised to a high degree of proficiency, and who was the only one of his scholars that Beethoven had at the same time instructed in the theory of harmony, — the nomination of this accomplished prince to be Archbishop of Olmütz brought back our master to that branch of music which is the most sublime and likewise the most difficult, and for which, together with the symphony, he had the greatest predilection, as he frequently declared. He resolved, namely, to write a grand mass for the installation of the archduke in his archiepiscopal see, which was fixed for the 9th of March, 1820. It was in the winter of 1818-19, that he set about this new work; the first movement of which, however, was of such vast dimensions, that it was impossible to calculate what time it would take to complete the work upon the same scale. It is necessary here to observe that, in those years, Beethoven,

* It was only three years before his death, that Mozart obtained an allowance of eight hundred florins, which was paid out of the privy purse of the Emperor Joseph, whose favorite he, moreover, was. We see how nearly alike were the fortunes of those two great geniuses in this particular.

in spite of the troubles which he had undergone, enjoyed excellent health. At the very commencement of this new labor, he seemed to be quite a different man. The change was more particularly noticed by his earlier friends; and I must confess, that never, before or since that time, have I seen Beethoven in such a state of absolute abstraction from the world as was the case, more especially in the year 1819. Nay, were I not already past the age of forty, and had to judge of that state of mind and soul of my noble friend with the understanding of a youth of twenty, I should have many anecdotes of that remarkable period to relate, as another has done of earlier years, but which, after all, are but anecdotes, and ought no more to have been brought before a public forum than the table-talk of Martin Luther should have been.*

In the year 1819, while engaged in the composition of his second mass, Beethoven was truly the boisterous, heaven-storming giant, and more particularly in the autumn, when he wrote the "Credo," with the exceedingly difficult fugue. He lived at that time at Mödling, in the Hafner House as it is called, where I paid him frequent visits, and witnessed most extraordinary incidents, many of them arising from the mismanagement of his domestic affairs; for he had continued to keep house ever since 1816, though his nephew was at an academy, and he, of course, quite alone. To enable the reader to form a clear conception of his domestic life at that period, and thence to draw the conclusion under what a yoke, imposed in a great measure by himself, this man sighed and suffered, and in what a state of constant irritation his temper was kept by it, I need but lay before him a short extract from his journal, which, for a period of several years, I possess in his own handwriting.

"1819.

"31st January. Given warning to the housekeeper.

"15th February. The kitchen-maid came.

* This axiom, which may no doubt find numerous champions to defend it, is not one that I could subscribe to; and I hope the reader may not consider the selection of anecdotes from Seyfried, Ries, and Wegeler, which I have made in Supplement Nos. X. and XI., an unwelcome addition to M. Schindler's work.—ED.

- "8th March. The kitchen-maid gave a fortnight's warning.
- "22d of this month, the new housekeeper came.
- "12th May. Arrived at Mödling.
- "Miser et pauper sum.
- "14th May. The housemaid came; to have six florins per month.
- "20th July. Given warning to the housekeeper.

"1820.

- "17th April. The kitchen-maid came. A bad day. (This means that he had nothing to eat, because all the victuals were spoiled through long waiting.)
- "16th May. Given warning to the kitchen-maid.
- "19th. The kitchen-maid left.
- "30th. The woman came.
- "1st July. The kitchen-maid arrived.
- "28th. At night, the kitchen-maid ran away.
- "30th. The woman from Unter-Döbling came.
- "The four bad days, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th August. Dined at Lerchenfeld.
- "28th. The woman's month expires.
- "6th September. The girl came.
- "22d October. The girl left.
- "12th December. The kitchen-maid came.
- "18th. Given warning to the kitchen-maid.
- "27th. The new housemaid came."

But enough of this lamentable spectacle of domestic confusion! and enough, too, of matter for incessant vexation for the master of a house, who concerns or is obliged to concern himself about such details. But such was Beethoven's domestic state, with very little alteration, till his death. The impossibility of making himself understood by his servants was the principal cause of the incessant changes, by which, it is true, nothing whatever was gained.

Let us now turn from the prosaic to the poetical side of his life.

At the time when the Archduke Rudolph was preparing for his journey to Olmütz, the mass destined for the ceremony of his installation was scarcely one-third finished; which, taking into account the time usually occupied by him in correcting each of his great works, was as much as to say that the first movement was not yet completed. And

to state here at once when Beethoven gave the last finish to this his greatest work, I may add that it was not till the summer of 1822 at Baden (near Vienna), after he had been laboring more than three years at this gigantic performance. Thus the mass was finished only two years too late for its original destination.

In the winter months of 1821-22, Beethoven wrote the three piano-forte sonatas, Op. 109, 110, and 111. The Grand Sonata in B major, Op. 106, he wrote during the suit with his sister-in-law. In the summer of 1819, just at the time when he was engaged in the composition of the "Credo," he complied also with the urgent solicitations of a musical society consisting of seven members, who were then accustomed to play at the tavern-balls, in the Briel, near Mödling, and composed some waltzes for them, and even wrote out the parts. On account of the striking contrast displayed by that genius, which could move at one and the same time in the highest regions of musical poetry and in the ball-room, I made inquiry some years afterwards, when the master had once mentioned the circumstance, after this light-winged progeny; but the society in question was then broken up, and thus my search proved fruitless. Beethoven, too, had lost the score of these waltzes. While he was engaged in the composition of the Grand Mass, I do not recollect his having written any thing further than a few numbers of bagatelles. Mr. P., the publisher of Leipzig, for whom they were destined, wrote to him after he had received them, intimating that he did not consider them worth the price agreed upon (ten ducats, I believe), and added the remark, that Beethoven ought to deem it beneath him to waste his time on trifles such as anybody might produce. Would that Mr. P. could have witnessed the effect of this well-meant lecture on the outrageous composer! It was, nevertheless, a salutary lecture, and came just at the right time; for the great master took pleasure in such relaxations of his powers (which at that time, it is true, he needed), and had written many more bagatelles of the same kind. *Dormitat aliquando Homerus.*

From the foregoing particulars, the reader may infer that the price of the four last-mentioned sonatas and his pension

constituted the whole of Beethoven's income from the year 1818 to 1822, just at a time when he had a considerable annual sum to pay for the education of his nephew, and when the preceding years of dearth had an injurious influence upon him. The state of his finances may be more clearly seen from the letters addressed to M. Ries, which, however (especially those written in 1819 and 1820), ought not to have been exposed to the public eye, but should have been suppressed by his friends Wegeler and Ries;* for the tenor of those letters would lead one to suppose, either that Beethoven was almost starving, or that, like the modern composers, he had written notes solely for money.† This, however, was not the case; though it is a fact, that his income during that period was far from covering his expenses. It was not until 1825 that the mass was sold to a publisher. It was consequently in the years 1820 and 1821 that Beethoven suffered real want, as he was determined not to add any new debts to those which he had previously incurred. And yet, if the truth must be told, the privations which he suffered were voluntary; for he was in possession of some bank-shares, which might have placed him above any want, if he had chosen to dispose of them. When, therefore, we hear that those four days marked in his journal for 1820 as "bad days" were such, when, quite destitute of money, he was obliged to make his dinner of a few biscuits and a glass of beer, as I have heard from his own lips, I, for my part, am disposed to seek in that fact the origin of his subsequent parsimony, which served only to enrich an unworthy, laughing heir; but more upon this subject in the proper place.

Of the year 1821, there is nothing particular to relate, excepting an anecdote characteristic of his household system: it went on in its usual way. In the spring of that year, he again removed with bag and baggage to Döbling. On arranging his musical matters there, he missed the score of the first movement ("Kyrie") of his Grand Mass. All search for it proved vain; and Beethoven was irritated to

* At the solicitation of M. Ries, I informed him, in 1833, of the cause of the evidently exaggerated complaints made in those letters: he ought, of course, to have felt the more scrupulous in publishing them.

† As these letters *have* already met the public eye elsewhere, they could not here be withheld, and will be found in the Supplement, No. VII. — ED.

the highest degree at the loss, which was irreparable, when lo! several days afterwards, the whole "Kyrie" was found, but in what condition! The large sheets, which looked just like waste-paper, seemed to the old housekeeper the very thing for wrapping up boots, shoes, and kitchen utensils, for which purpose she had torn most of them in half. When Beethoven saw the treatment to which this production of his genius had been subjected, he could not refrain from laughing at this droll scene, after a short gust of passion, and after the sheets had been cleaned from all the soils contracted in such unseemly company.

The 3d of October, 1822,—the name-day* of the Emperor Francis,—was fixed for the opening of the new theatre in the Josephstadt; on which occasion, the music to "Die Ruinen von Athen" ("The Ruins of Athens"),† which Beethoven wrote in 1812, for the opening of the new theatre in Pesth, with a new text adapted to time and place, by Carl Meisel, several new pieces, and a new overture, was to be performed.

In the month of July, Beethoven set about this new work; but that summer, which he passed in Baden, was remarkably hot, and therefore he liked to seek the shade of the neighboring woods, rather than to swelter in the house. It was not till the hottest part of the season was over, and then the day fixed for the opening was not far distant, that he fell to work in good earnest; and I recollect well, that the ballet-master was put to a pinch about a new-composed chorus with a dance. He was in urgent want of the music for rehearsal; but Beethoven would not part with it, because he had not done filing and polishing. Thus it was not till the afternoon of the day when the first performance was to take place, that the orchestra, collected at random from all quarters, received the extremely difficult overture in C major, with the double fugue, and that, moreover, with a thousand metrical errors. On the evening of the solemn opening, when, for want of the necessary rehearsals, not a single member of the orchestra was ac-

* The saint's day, which, in Catholic countries, is celebrated like the birth day. — Ed.

† By Aug. von Kotzebue.

quainted with his part, Beethoven was seated at the piano, having at his side the music-director, Franz Gläser, as assistant-conductor, and I, escaping from my office, led the orchestra. This, as it were, extempore solemnization, might justly be pronounced a total failure, as far as the music was concerned; and it was not till the next day that all the orchestral parts were corrected and studied. Beethoven, indeed, perceived the vacillation on the stage and in the orchestra, but was not sensible that he was the principal cause of it, through his intent listening, and retarding the time.

On New Year's Day, 1823, Beethoven, his nephew, and myself were seated at dinner, when a New-Year's card was brought from his brother, who lived in the next house, signed "Johann van Beethoven, land-owner" (*Gutsbesitzer*). Beethoven immediately wrote on the back of it, "Ludwig van Beethoven, brain-owner" (*Hirnbesitzer*), and sent it back forthwith to the land-owner. It was only a few days before this whimsical circumstance, that this brother braggingly told our master, that he would never be worth so much as he (Johann van Beethoven) was.* It may easily be conceived that our Beethoven was mightily amused by this boast.

During this winter (1823), Beethoven carried into effect the resolution which he had long before formed, of offering the new mass, in manuscript, to the European courts, great and small, for the sum of fifty ducats, — a business which he left entirely to my management; which was attended with innumerable formalities and difficulties, and required great patience. In his invitation to the subscription, Beethoven declared this work to be his "greatest" and his "best." And, in that addressed to the King of France, he called it "*œuvre le plus accompli*." Only four sovereigns, namely, the Emperor of Russia, and the Kings of Prussia, Saxony, and France, accepted the offer.† Prince Anton von Radziwill, governor of Posen, subscribed for the fifth copy; and M. Schelble, on behalf of his Cecilia Club, at

* Johann van Beethoven had been an apothecary, and was originally supplied with the means of establishing himself by his brother Ludwig. Having amassed considerable wealth, he relinquished business, and became a landed proprietor.

† Beethoven made no offers to the Austrian court: but he did to Prince Esterhazy, who, however, declined it.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, for the sixth and last.* The first of the sovereigns who subscribed was his Majesty the King of Prussia.

A characteristic anecdote is connected with the notification made on this subject, through his Majesty's ambassador. Whether the Prussian ambassador, the Prince von Hatzfeld, had instructions from Berlin, or whether he wished, from his own impulse, to see Beethoven decorated with a Prussian order, I never knew; but it is a fact, that the prince commissioned the director of chancery, Hofrath W., to ask Beethoven whether he might not be disposed to prefer a royal order to the fifty ducats; in which case he would transmit his wish to Berlin. Beethoven, without a moment's consideration, replied with great emphasis,—“Fifty ducats!” A striking proof how lightly he prized insignia of honor or distinctions in general. Offers of this sort he would have invariably declined, proceed from what quarter soever they might. Without despising the well-merited decoration of an order on the breast of this or that artist of his time, he never envied any man that distinction, but frequently lashed unmercifully one or the other of his contemporaries for their “longing and snapping after ribbons,” which, according to his notions, were gained only at the expense of the truth and the sacredness of art.

This is the proper place to state that Beethoven applied among others to Göthe, relative to the affair of the subscription to the mass, soliciting his recommendation of it to the Grand-Duke of Weimar: but Göthe had already forgotten our Beethoven; for he did not even deign to answer him, and Beethoven felt extremely mortified. This was the first and the last time that Beethoven ever asked a favor of Göthe. In like manner, his letter on the same subject in his own handwriting, to the King of Sweden, remained unanswered. This correspondence, however, carried back Beethoven's remembrance to the time when the King of Sweden, as Gen. Bernadotte, was ambassador of the French Republic at Vienna; and he distinctly recol-

* Consequently, not ten or twelve copies, which Beethoven is said to have sold in the way of subscription before the work was printed, as M. Seyfried erroneously states in his biographical particulars of him

lected that it was really Bernadotte who awakened in him the first idea of the "Sinfonia eroica."

The King of France, Louis XVIII., acknowledged the transmission of this mass from Beethoven by sending him a heavy gold medal, with his portrait, and on the reverse the inscription, "Donné par le Roi à Monsieur Beethoven;" which royal present was the more gratifying to him because he conceived that he was indebted for it to the influence of Cherubini with his Majesty, which he had previously solicited. I subjoin this certainly not uninteresting letter, copied from Beethoven's draft of it, which he sent from the country to me in the city, with instructions what to do with it.

"*Most respected Sir,* — With great pleasure I seize the opportunity of approaching you in writing. In spirit I do so very often, as I prize your works above all others of the theatrical class. The professional world, however, has to lament, that, for a long time past, in our Germany at least, no new theatrical work of yours has made its appearance. Highly as your other works are estimated by competent judges, still it is a real loss to the art not to possess any new production of your genius for the stage. Genuine art is imperishable, and the genuine artist takes heart-felt delight in high productions of mind. Just so am I, too, transported whenever I hear a new work of yours, and take a greater interest in it than if it were my own; in short, I honor and love you. Did not my continual ill health prevent me from seeing you in Paris, with what extraordinary pleasure should I converse with you on musical subjects! Imagine not that, because I am going to ask a favor of you, this is merely the introduction to my request. I hope and am convinced that you do not impute to me so mean a way of thinking.

"I have just completed a grand solemn mass, and purpose sending it to the European courts, because I do not intend to publish it for the present. I have therefore, despatched, through the French embassy here, an invitation to his Majesty the King of France to subscribe to this work, and am persuaded that the king will be sure to take it upon your recommendation. Ma situation critique demande que je ne fixe pas seulement comme ordinaire mes vœux au ciel; au contraire, il faut les fixer aussi en bas pour les nécessités de la vie.

"Be the fate of my request to you what it will, I shall never cease to love and to respect you, et vous resterez toujours celui de mes contemporains que je l'estime le plus. Si vous me voulez

faire un extrême plaisir, c'était, si vous m'écrivez quelques lignes, ce que me soulagera bien. L'art unit tout le monde, — how much more genuine artists! et peut-être vous me dignez aussi, de me mettre — to reckon me also among the number.

“ Avec le plus haut estime,

“ Votre ami et serviteur,

BEETHOVEN.”

A French translation of this letter was sent to Cherubini, but he returned no answer.

THIRD PERIOD.

PART II.

Vindication of the Court of Austria from the Charge of neglecting Beethoven.—His Political Principles thoroughly Republican.—Solicited by his Friends to compose a Mass for the Emperor.—The Undertaking deferred by Frequent Indisposition, and other Causes.—His Quarrel with a Publisher at Vienna.—Annoyed by Pecuniary Troubles and Frequent Indisposition.—Leaves Pleasant Quarters on Account of the Extreme Politeness of his Landlord.—Writes the Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli.—Undertakes to conduct his Opera of "Fidelio."—Mortification arising from his Deafness.—Submits impatiently to Medical Treatment.—Made an Honorary Member of Several Societies.—The Year 1823 thronged with Incidents in Beethoven's Life.—Wretched Lodgings procured by his Brother Johann.—Undertakes to write a New Opera, but is deterred by the Prospect of coming in Contact with German Singers.—Begins to compose his Ninth Symphony, and completes it in 1824.—Letter from the Archduke Rudolph.

THE court of Austria has very frequently been reproached by admirers of Beethoven's with having never done any thing for him. The charge is true; but if we examine this point more closely, and search for the motives, we shall perhaps find some that may excuse the imperial court for this backwardness.

We have already shown in the Second Period, when treating of the "Sinfonia Eroica," what were Beethoven's political sentiments. There needs, then, no further explanation to enable the reader to draw the certain conclusion, that a man, in whose head so thoroughly republican a spirit had established itself, could not feel comfortable in the vicinity of a court, and that this would not do any thing to serve him. This is quite enough to elucidate in the clearest manner

Beethoven's position in regard to the imperial court. Had not the Archduke Rudolph cherished such an enthusiastic fondness for music, and had not his spirit harmonized so entirely with Beethoven's and with his whole nature, he would have fled from him as he did from the whole court. The only exception was the Archduke Charles, the victor of Aspern, whom Beethoven always mentioned with veneration, as he knew to a certainty how well the illustrious hero could appreciate him; and this prince alone had admittance to his brother, the Archduke Rudolph, when Beethoven was with him. This liberal patron of arts and artists, who united the purest humanity with the warmest attachment to his great instructor, probably adopted this precaution for the purpose of avoiding any collision with other members of the imperial family.* The excellent Count Moritz von Lichnowsky tried for a long time in vain to produce a change in Beethoven's sentiments on this point, till, in 1823, his efforts were, in some degree successful. In the February of that year, this noble and indefatigable friend proposed to Count Moritz von Dietrichstein, at that time director of music to the court, that Beethoven should be commissioned to compose a mass for his Majesty the Emperor, hoping by this expedient to bring the master nearer to the court, and, as it were, to reconcile it with him. Count von Dietrichstein, a profound connoisseur, immediately acceded to the suggestion; and I am enabled to communicate the results from the correspondence which took place between the two counts and Beethoven on the subject.

In a letter dated the 23d of February, from Count Dietrichstein to Count Lichnowsky, he writes, among other things, as follows:—

"Dear Friend, — . . . I here send you also the score of a mass by Reutter, which Beethoven wished to see. It is true, that his Majesty the Emperor is fond of this style; but Beethoven, if

* It is evident from this how Beethoven felt and maintained his position in regard to the highest personages, and that he would not give up a single inch to them. This may serve, at the same time, to prove from what point of view he considered the world, and that in this particular he steadfastly adhered in practice to the immutable principle that dwelt within him (of which we have already treated in the First Period), though by so doing he lost many material advantages.

he writes a mass, need not stick to that. Let him follow the impulse of his great genius, and merely attend to the following points: Not to make the mass too long or too difficult in the execution; to let it be a Tutti-mass, and in the vocal parts to introduce only short soprano and alto solos (for which I have two capital singing boys), but neither tenor, nor bass, nor organ solos. As to the instruments, he may introduce a violin, or oboe, or clarinet solo, if he likes.

"His Majesty is very fond of fugues, when well executed, but not too long; the 'Sanctus' with the 'Hosanna,' as short as possible, in order not to delay the 'Transubstantiation;' and if I may venture to add, on my own account, the 'Dona nobis pacem,' connected with the 'Agnus Dei' without any particular break, and kept *soft*, which in two masses by Handel (compiled from his anthems), in two masses of Naumann's and the Abbé Stadler's, produces a particularly fine effect.

"Such are briefly, according to my experience, the points to be observed; and I should congratulate myself, the court, and the art, if our great Beethoven would speedily set about the work."

Beethoven accepted this commission with pleasure. Accompanied by Count Lichnowsky, he called forthwith upon Count Dietrichstein, to confer more at large on the subject, and resolved to fall to work immediately; but this was all he did,—not a step further could he be induced to stir. It was not any political crotchet that occasioned this stoppage. Frequent indisposition, a complaint of the eyes, and an untoward circumstance of an unexpected nature, were the causes of his deferring this undertaking. It was, moreover, just in the next autumn that the ideas of the Ninth Symphony began to haunt his brain; and thus it happened that he thought no more of the mass for the Emperor.

The unpleasant circumstance just alluded to arose out of a dispute with a publishing-house at Vienna (not now in existence), which was attended with consequences disagreeable to Beethoven. This house had long entertained the plan of drawing our master so entirely into its interest, that he should bind himself by contract to make over to it exclusively all that he should in future write. At the same time, this firm proposed to enter jointly with him into the publication of his complete works; a proposal which, in my opinion, was most favorable for Beethoven, and would very

probably have been accepted, had it not been made dependent on the former plan. A formal scale (the original of which, with marginal remarks in Beethoven's own hand, is in my possession) was, in consequence, laid before him by the firm in question, in which every species of composition, from the symphony and the oratorio, down to the song, was specified, together with the sum which it offered to pay for each. This tariff Beethoven was to sign. He consulted several persons on the subject; and, most of them having dissuaded him from entering into the engagement, he refused to place himself in a dependence so revolting to his whole nature. Why should no other publisher be allowed to adorn his shop with a work of Beethoven's, when the house in question already had so many of them? And why should the great master suffer his hands to be so tied as not to have the chance of getting a larger sum for this or that work from some other quarter? And why, besides, desire to secure a monopoly of the productions of mind?

As, then, the above plan failed to lead to the wished-for result, the other connected with it, relative to the publication of the collected works, likewise fell to the ground. The firm, in consequence, demanded of Beethoven the speedy re-payment of the sum of eight hundred florins, advanced to him when he was in a very necessitous state, as not a single copy of the new mass had as yet found a subscriber. Highly indignant at the unfeeling conduct of a man who called himself his friend, and whose business had been for a long period so much indebted to Beethoven, our master directed his friend Dr. Bach to serve that house with a counter-requisition, insisting on its publishing immediately the manuscripts which had been for many years in its possession; namely, the first overture to "Fidelio," the cantata "Der glorreiche Augenblick" ("The Glorious Moment"), and several more; alleging, as a legal ground, that it was important to the mental as well as to the material interest of the author, that the productions of his mind should not be shut up for a series of years under lock and key. The other party replied, "We have bought and paid for those manuscripts, consequently they are our property,

and we have a right to do what we please with them." Dr. Bach dissuaded Beethoven from carrying the affair into court; for he knew, from the suit with his sister-in-law, what a mischievous effect such judicial proceedings had upon his temper and his professional activity, both of which had already suffered in a high degree. He advised him to dispose of a bank-share, in order to discharge the debt due to the publisher; but it was not until after long resistance that Beethoven could be prevailed upon to comply.

I mention this circumstance, which was one of the most galling occurrences in the life of the great master, for the purpose of showing, at the same time, how highly he prized his artistical freedom and independence. On the other hand, we see his small savings again diminished in consequence of this incident. Shortly before, one share parted with to pay a debt due to a true friend; and now another, to satisfy the house in question, — what trials for the temper of one struggling with continual indisposition and annoyance!

In the spring of 1823, Beethoven again took up his quarters in the pleasant village of Hetzendorf, where the Baron von Pronay assigned to him a suite of apartments in his beautiful villa. Supremely happy as he felt, when, in the first days of his residence there, he explored the noble park, or overlooked the charming landscape from his windows; yet he soon took a dislike to the place, and for no other reason than because "the Baron, whenever he met him, was continually making too profound obeisances to him." On the 24th of August, he wrote to me that he could not stay there any longer, and requested me to be with him by five o'clock the following morning, to accompany him to Baden, and assist him to seek lodgings there. I did as he desired; and off he started, with bag and baggage, for Baden, though he had already paid for his lodgings at Hetzendorf for the whole of the summer. His English piano-forte, made by Broadwood, presented to him several years before by Ferdinand Ries, John Cramer, and Sir George Smart, accompanied him in all these peregrinations. At the sale of Beethoven's effects, this instrument

was purchased by the court-agent, Von Spina of Vienna, in whose possession it still remains.*

At that villa, in Hetzendorf, Beethoven wrote "The Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli," Op. 120, — a work which amused him exceedingly. At first, there were to be but six or seven variations, for which moderate number Diabelli offered him eighty ducats; but, when he fell to work, they soon increased to ten; presently to twenty; then to twenty-five; and still he could not stop. Diabelli, who was apprehensive of having too large a volume when he heard of twenty-five variations, was at last obliged to accept thirty-three variations instead of seven, for his eighty ducats. It was about the same sum, that is to say, eighty ducats, that Beethoven received for nearly every one of his last sonatas.

On his return to Vienna, in the autumn of the same year, Beethoven received an invitation from the manager of the court opera-house to conduct his "Fidelio," which, after a long interval, was again to be represented. The proofs of his unfitness for such a duty, on account of his almost total deafness, furnished by the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in the preceding year, were still before his eyes. Nevertheless, nothing on earth could dissuade him from accepting this invitation: at his desire I accompanied him to the rehearsal. At the very first movement, the absolute impossibility of proceeding was apparent; for not only did he take the time, either much quicker or much slower than the singers and the orchestra had been accustomed to, but retarded them incessantly. Kapell-meister Umlauf set things to rights as long as it was practicable;

* Beethoven, whom I saw frequently about this time, lent me the instrument in question to perform upon at a concert which I gave on the 15th of December, 1823, at the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre, Vienna; my object being to display the difference between the effects producible on Viennese, and on English instruments, by playing on one of the former in the first, and upon Beethoven's piano in the second act. The latter was internally and externally in so bad a state, owing to frequent removals and severe treatment on the part of its owner, that I should not have been able to avail myself of it, had not M. Graf, the Imperial piano-forte maker, been kind enough to put it into perfect order. For this concert, Beethoven also lent me his then MS. Overture in C, Op. 115, and gave me directions with respect to its performance, that I might be able to impart his views to the players at the rehearsal. It may not be uninteresting to add, that the present owner of the piano-forte alluded to is about to consign it to my care for the purpose of disposing of it. — Ed.

but it was high time to tell poor Beethoven plainly, This will not do. But neither M. Duport, the manager, nor M. Umlauf, had the courage to say so; and, when Beethoven perceived a certain embarrassment in every countenance, he motioned me to write down for him what it meant. In a few words, I stated the cause, at the same time entreating him to desist; on which he immediately left the orchestra. The melancholy which seized him after this painful incident was not dispelled the whole day, and even at table he uttered not a single word.

Beethoven, after this event, applied repeatedly to the army-surgeon, Smetana, to relieve his complaint: and he actually put him for some time on a course of medicine; but the most impatient patient served the physic as he had always done before. He not unfrequently took in two doses the medicines destined for the whole day; or he forgot them entirely, when his ideas lifted him above the material world and carried him into loftier regions. How difficult he was to manage in this particular was well known to every medical man who had attended him, and in former years even to Von Vehring, physician to the staff, though he durst venture to assume a certain authority over him.

It was in this year that the Society of the Friends of Music of the Austrian Empire in Vienna sent to our Beethoven the diploma of an honorary member of that society. It is right to observe that this society had already existed ten years, and during that time had nominated many native and foreign professional men honorary members, for which reason Beethoven felt hurt that he had not been thought of before. He would, therefore, have sent back the diploma immediately, but suffered himself to be persuaded not to do so, and rather to take it in silence, without returning any answer to the society.

The diploma of honorary member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences of Stockholm had been previously transmitted to him in the autumn of 1822.

Upon the whole, the year 1823 was thronged with incidents in Beethoven's life, the number of which was increased by the following circumstance: Beethoven was quartered, by means of his brother Johann, in a dark

lodging, fit at best for a shoemaker, and which, because it was cheap, was considered suitable for the "brain-owner." But it was not this circumstance alone that made our master's life uncomfortable: in this lodging he had for his landlord a low-bred man, coarse in manners and disposition, who treated him with no more respect than if he had been a day-laborer. This was a miserable abode for Beethoven, who had been accustomed to something so very different; and the winter of 1822-23 might, owing to this fatal situation of the great composer, furnish plenty of matter for tales and humorous pieces. I know of but one cheering event which occurred while he was in that horrid den. In April, 1823, the Countess Schafgotsch, of Warmbrunn in Silesia, brought him his First Mass, with a new German text, written by M. Scholz, music-director at that place. We were just at dinner. Beethoven quickly opened the manuscript, and ran over a few pages. When he came to *qui tollis*, the tears trickled from his eyes, and he was obliged to desist, saying with the deepest emotion, in reference to the inexpressibly beautiful text, "Yes, that was precisely my feeling when I wrote this." This was the first and the last time that I saw him in tears. He was just about to send his Second Mass to the same admirable writer, that he might adapt a German text to that also, when he received intelligence of his death; and I rejoiced exceedingly that I had been in time to inform that excellent man what an effect his work, which I still possess, had produced upon Beethoven.

In the first months of 1823, Beethoven was urged from various quarters to write an opera; and the manager of the court opera-house was particularly desirous to have one of his composition. From Count Brühl, intendant of the court theatre at Berlin also, Beethoven received a commission to write an opera for that house *à tout prix*. Dozens of opera texts were now collected: but he disliked them all; for he proposed to take a subject from the Greek or Roman history, to which objections were made on the absurd ground that those subjects had been already exhausted, and were no longer modern. At last came M. Franz Grillparzer with his "Melusina." The subject

pleased Beethoven, only he wished to have certain passages altered, which Grillparzer readily consented to do.* The poet and the composer were agreed upon the principal points of the alterations; and we were rejoicing in the prospect of seeing upon our boards Mademoiselle Henriette Sontag, whom Beethoven proposed to keep particularly in his eye in the character of Melusina. But how did Beethoven disappoint us all! Annoyed by the recollection of what had happened with his "Fidelio," he told no one that he had sent Grillparzer's manuscript to Count Brühl for his inspection. Of course we knew nothing about it till the count's answer lay before us. The count expressed himself much pleased with the poem, and merely remarked that there was a ballet performing at the Court Theatre of Berlin "which had a distant resemblance to 'Melusina.'" This observation, and the prospect of again coming into contact with German opera-singers, discouraged Beethoven to such a degree that he relinquished the idea of writing an opera, and would not thenceforward listen to any thing that might be said on the subject. I must, however, remark here, that he was extremely delighted with the performances of the company then at the Italian Opera in Vienna,† to which belonged Lablache, Donzelli, Rubini, Pacini, Ambroggi, Ciccimarra; and among the ladies, Fodor-Mainville, Dardanelli, Ekerlin, Sontag, and Ungher; and was so particularly struck with the inspired Caroline Ungher, that he determined to write an Italian opera for that select band of priests and priestesses of Thalia. This design would certainly have been carried into execution in the following year (to which this new work was deferred on account of the already projected Ninth Symphony), had not a fatal north wind blown away this and many other fine schemes, which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter.

In November, 1823, Beethoven began to compose the Ninth Symphony, for which he brought many sketches

* See Supplement, No. V.

† He merely *saw* two representations, one of which was the Barber of Seville, but without hearing a word of them. At his desire, the score was sent to his lodgings; and, after he had looked through it, he made this curious remark: "Rossini would have been a great composer if his master had oftener given him a sound flogging."

from the country to town with him; and in February, 1824, this colossus was completed. It may not be uninteresting here to notice the way in which Beethoven contrived cleverly to introduce Schiller's song, "*Freude schöner Götterfunken*," into the fourth movement of the symphony. At that time I was seldom from his side, and could therefore closely observe his struggles with this difficulty. The highly interesting sketches and materials for it, all of which I possess, likewise bear witness to them. One day, when I entered his room, he called out to me, "I have it! I have it!" holding out to me his sketch-book, where I read these words, "Let us sing the immortal Schiller's song, '*Freude*;' " &c., which introduction he afterwards altered to "*Friends*, not these tones!" This first idea will be found in the engraved fac-simile at the end of the volume.

The recitative of the double-bass also was not comprehended in his original plan, and was added when he changed the above-mentioned introductory movement; in consequence of which, it was necessary to give a different form to almost all that preceded, as the fundamental sentiment of that device required. He had nearly the same process to go through with the melody in the first verse, which the bass-solo has to sing. The sketch-book shows a fourfold alteration; and above each he wrote, according to his practice, "*Meilleur*," as may be seen in the engraved fac-simile, No. II.*

In this, as the proper place for it, I shall introduce a correct copy of an autograph letter from the Archduke Rudolph to Beethoven, which serves to show the friendly relations subsisting between master and scholar.

* I am so fortunate as to possess the original score of this work. Reminding Beethoven of the fate of the *Kyrie* in the *Grand Mass*, and apprehensive that this score might also be used by his servants as waste paper for wrapping up boots and shoes, I asked him for it; and he gave it to me, attaching no higher value to such a gift than an ordinary sheet of paper. In the year 1823, his manuscripts fared precisely as they had done twenty years earlier, as M. Ries remarks (p. 113). All of them lay about in the utmost confusion, and any one that chose might take away what he pleased unmolested. May not this indifference towards the productions of his genius, the value of which however, he well knew, be considered as the strongest proof that in his mind there was no trace of conceit, self-importance, or even egotism? In whom has the like ever been seen?

VIENNA, July 31st, 1823.

Dear Beethoven, — I shall be back again in Vienna on the 5th of August, and shall stay there for some days. I hope that your health will then permit you to come to town. In the afternoon, from four till seven, I am generally at home.

My brother-in-law, Prince Anton,* has already written to me that the King of Saxony is expecting your beautiful mass.

As for D . . . r, I have spoken about him to our most gracious Sovereign, as well as to Count Dietrichstein. Whether this recommendation may prove serviceable, I cannot tell, as there will be a competition for that appointment, at which each of the candidates must furnish proofs of his abilities. I should be very glad if I could render a service to this clever man, whom I heard with pleasure playing the organ last Monday at Baden, and the more so, inasmuch as I am convinced that you would not recommend an unworthy person.

I hope that you have written your canon; and beg you, if your health would suffer by coming to town, not to exert yourself too early, out of attachment to me.†

Your sincere Friend and Scholar,

RUDOLPH.

* Afterwards King of Saxony.

† The kind archduke was needlessly concerned. When Beethoven was quite well, he went in general only with great reluctance to his illustrious patron and scholar; nay, he was ill in imagination whenever he heard that the archduke was coming to town. He was accustomed to call the giving of lessons in this case "court-service;" and what ideas he connected with that term it is easy to guess. On the other hand, his dislike to give systematic instruction made matters still worse. We discover in all this the very same "ill tempered donkey," as at the time when he lived at Bonn. Then, again, the lessons of this archduke required preparation on the part of the instructor, and also some regard to the toilet;* hence it was so hard a task for him to go to the imperial palace, but one above which, in this case, he could not set himself.

* Any restraint experienced by Beethoven in his intercourse with the archduke can only have originated in his own aversion to giving lessons. Nothing could be generally more urbane or less ceremonious in the matter of exactions as to toilet, than was this distinguished patron of music. I may be permitted, perhaps, to recall a personal instance of this: on waiting upon the archduke for the purpose of presenting him with a copy of the Duet in E flat (Op. 47), which I had the honor of dedicating to him, I found him, to my surprise, in his ecclesiastical cardinal's robes, in which I had never, till then, seen him. His usual affability of manner, however, remained unchanged. He took up the copy with eagerness, and, hardly allowing himself time to glance over it, said, "Let us try it." This was done as soon as said. I knew not whether most to admire the clever manner in which he played this composition at sight, or at the disparity of the persons engaged in its execution, not in rank only, but in costume; for it was impossible, as often as my eye glanced downwards toward the pedal, not to be struck by the sight of his red stockings side by side with my black ones.—ED.

THIRD PERIOD.

PART III.

Oratorio contemplated by Beethoven. — The German and Italian Opera at Vienna. — Memorial addressed to Beethoven. — Results of his Concert at the Hof-Theatre. — Mademoiselles Sontag and Ungher. — Beethoven's Distrustful Disposition. — Invited to visit England. — Proposition from the Philharmonic Society. — His Arrangements with a Russian Prince. — His Residence near Schönbrunn. — His Illness. — He disposes of some of his Works. — His Adopted Nephew. — Extracts from Beethoven's Letters to him. — Beethoven's Physicians. — His Sufferings. — He writes to Mr. Moscheles. — Generosity of the Philharmonic Society. — Beethoven's Property. — His Death. — Preparations for the Funeral. — Conformation of his Skull.

THE Ninth Symphony was finished; and Beethoven now proposed to devote his attention, without delay, to a work worthy of his powers, — the composition of an Oratorio, written by his friend C. Bernard, and entitled "The Victory of the Cross." From this work, he anticipated much pleasure, as he was satisfied with the poetry, — a point, in his estimation, of no little moment, — when an occurrence took place that deserves to be circumstantially related, as well on account of its importance to the history of art, as because, in relation to Beethoven, its consequences were interesting.

The Italian opera in Vienna had now for some years possessed itself of those halls devoted to the melodious art, which in the time of Gluck had been exclusively occupied by German music; and although, for the last ten years, the tendencies exhibited by the musical world had been rather

towards the sensual and the material, yet, in the main body of the Vienna public, a noble spirit was stirring, which it would never have been possible to exclude, or rather to expel, from its native soil, had there only existed a determination firmly to uphold what was of native growth.

The German opera had still among her votaries devoted adherents, who, by holding manfully together, might long have resisted the force of prevalent error, and saved the edifice from destruction.

A former administration does not seem to have duly understood the demands of the time, so as, while cautiously yielding to them to a certain extent, to have, nevertheless, retained all that was essential. The public, therefore, became impatient; and the first Italian *solfeggio* that was heard within those walls sounded like the signal of banishment to the German opera. The violence of the current carried every one along with it. No one asked in what direction he was borne; for all were enchanted, intoxicated, with the *roulades* of the Rossini school. Few, indeed, were they, who could resist the force of such a stream, and preserve in all its purity their taste for the truly beautiful and ideal in art; but to this little band German music is deeply indebted; for its warning voice by degrees brought back many a wanderer to the right path.

How, then, did all this affect Beethoven? As monarch in his own domain, he was almost as much forgotten by the crowd as if he had never existed; and no other mark of distinction was conferred upon him than the manifestation of outward respect, even by persons of the highest rank, whenever he made his appearance. How deeply he felt this ominous state of things, and how much it weighed upon his mind, was proved by his more than ordinary seclusion, as well as his determination to bring out the two new works, the Mass, and the Ninth Symphony, in Berlin. The report of this intention induced a small number of artists and friends of art to make an effort to avert from the imperial city the threatened disgrace: and they, in consequence, addressed to Beethoven a memorial, of which, on account of the interest of its contents, I will here give a faithful transcript:—

"TO M. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

"A small number of the disciples and lovers of art, from the wide circle of admirers of your genius, in your adopted city, present themselves before you to-day, in order to give utterance to wishes long felt, and to prefer a request which they have long hesitated to make.

"Although the number of speakers bears but a small proportion to that crowd who are sensible of your worth, and joyfully acknowledge what you have done for the present and future time, yet their wishes and requests are by no means confined to the speakers, but shared by all to whom art, and the realization of the ideal, are more than a means of passing away an idle hour. Their wish is the wish also of a countless number; and their requests are repeated, aloud or in silence, by all whose bosoms are animated by a sense of whatever is divine in music.

"The wishes of those who venerate art in our native country are those which we would more especially express to you at present; for, although the name and the creations of Beethoven belong to every country where a susceptibility to the beauties of art exists, Austria may yet boast of the nearest claim to them. Among her people, a due sense of the value of the great and immortal works of Mozart and Haydn, produced within her bosom, is not yet dead; and with joyful pride do they remember that the sacred triad, in which your name and theirs appear as the symbol of whatever is highest in the spiritual realms of music, sprung from the soil of their father-land.

"So much the more painful, however, must it be to you to see that a foreign power has invaded this royal citadel, — that above the graves of the departed, and within the dwelling-place of the only one of this band that is still left us, productions are taking the lead, which can boast of no relationship with the princely spirits of the house; shallowness usurping the name and symbol of art, and an unworthy sporting with what is holy darkening and effacing the sense of truth and everlasting beauty.

"More than at any former time, therefore, do those who now address you feel a lively conviction that the one thing needful at the present moment is a new impulse from a powerful hand, — a new appearance of the sovereign within his own domain. This necessity it is which brings them to you to-day; and the following are the requests which they now prefer to you in the name of native art and of all to whom it is dear.

"Withdraw no longer from the public enjoyment, — deny no longer to our sense of what is great and perfect the performance of the latest masterpiece of your hand. We know that a valuable

composition in church music has been produced, to succeed that in which you have immortalized the sensations of a soul, penetrated by the power of faith and illumined by the divine rays of genius. We know that a new flower blooms in the garland of your magnificent and unequalled symphonies. For years, since the thunders of 'The Victory of Vittoria' ceased to sound, have we anxiously hoped to see you pour out again, in a circle of kindred spirits, fresh gifts from the abundance of your wealth. Disappoint no longer the expectations of your friends; heighten the impression of your newest creations by introducing us yourself to the knowledge of them. Permit not these, the youngest offspring of your genius, to appear one day as strangers in the place of their birth,—to fall, perhaps, into the hands of those whose minds are foreign to yours.

"Appear, then, once more in the circle of your friends, your admirers, your venerators: this is our first and most urgent request.

"Other claims on your talents, however, have been openly put forward. The wishes expressed, and the offers made to you, a year ago by the directors of our Court Opera, and afterwards by the Society of Austrian Lovers of Music, were shared and approved by too many who respected your name, and were concerned for the interests of art, not to have quickly become public, and to have excited universal interest. Poetry has done her part to support these pleasing hopes and expectations, and worthy materials from a much-esteemed poetical mind await only your magic touch to charm them into life.

"Let this summons to so noble a work not be heard in vain. Delay no further to transport us back to those long-departed days when the power of Polyhymnia moved with mighty spells alike the hearts of the multitude and of the consecrated priests of art. Need we say with what deep regret your late retired mode of life has filled us? Is any assurance required that all eyes have been turned towards you, and that all have seen with sorrow that he, whom they acknowledge as the highest of living men in his own domain, should have looked on in silence while our German soil has been invaded by the footsteps of foreign art, the seat of the German muse usurped, and German works have become but the echo of those of strangers; threatening a second childhood of taste to succeed its golden age? You alone are able to secure activity to the efforts of the best among us. You alone can bestow new life on national art and on the German opera; bid them bloom once more, and save the true and the beautiful from the violence by which the fashion of the day seeks to subject to itself their everlasting laws.

"Suffer us, then, to hope for the speedy fulfilment of the wishes of all to whom your harmonies have penetrated. This is our se-

old and most urgent request. May this year not pass without our being rejoiced by witnessing the fruits of our entreaties, and may the unfolding of one of those long-wished-for gifts render the coming spring to us, and to the whole world of art, a twofold time of promise!

(Signed)

“PRINCE C. LICHNOWSKY.
 ARTARIA & CO.
 V. HAUSCHKA.
 M. Z. LEIDESDORF.
 J. E. VON WAYNA.
 ANDREAS STREICHER.
 ANTON HALM.
 ABBÉ STADLER.
 FERD. COUNT VON PALFY.
 EDWARD BARON VON SCHWEIGER.
 COUNT CZERNIN, Chamberlin.
 MORITZ COUNT V. FRIES.
 J. F. CASTELLI.
 PROF. DEINHARDSTEIN.
 CH. KUFFNER.
 F. R. NEHAMMER.
 STEINER VON FELSBURG.
 MORITZ COUNT V. DIETRICHSTEIN.
 IG. EDLER VON MOSEL.
 KARL CZERNY.
 MORITZ COUNT VON LICHNOWSKY.
 VON ZMESKALL.
 HOFRATH KIESEWETTER.
 DR. N. SONNLEITHNER.
 VON FELSBURG.
 FERD. COUNT VON STOCKHAMMER.
 ANTON DIABELLI.
 STEINER & CO.
 LEDERER.
 J. N. BIHLER.

“VIENNA, February, 1824.”

The bearers of this memorial indulged the expectation of receiving immediately from Beethoven an assurance of his compliance with the requests contained in it; but in this they were egregiously mistaken, for he declined reading it till he should be alone. I had been prevented from being present when it was delivered to him, and arrived only just as he had finished its perusal. He communicated to me the contents, and, after running them over once more, handed the paper quietly to me; then turning towards the window, he remained some time looking up at the sky. I could not help observing that he was much affected; and, after I had read it, I laid it down without speaking, in the hope that he would first begin the conversation. After a long pause, whilst his eyes never ceased following the

clouds, he turned round, and said, in a solemn tone which betrayed his internal emotion, "It is really gratifying! I am much pleased." I nodded assent, and wrote in the conversation-book that he must now be convinced that he would meet with sufficient support, if he would resolve to have the two new pieces brought out soon at a concert. To this course he had always declared himself decidedly adverse; professing his conviction, that from the alteration which had taken place in musical taste, and in the intoxicated state of the public mind, no sensibility remained for what was truly great.*

Beethoven read what I had just written, and then said, "Let us get into the open air." When we were out, he appeared, contrary to his custom, rather disposed to taciturnity; but I remarked the glimmering of a latent wish to comply with the well-meant requests of his admirers.

After a good deal of discussion with one and another, it was at last decided that the works should be brought before the public; but where? This was a question hard to answer, so that several weeks elapsed before it could be settled; and I will venture to say that the good people of Bonn were not so much perplexed to decide on the place best adapted for Beethoven's monument, and that many an entangled political problem was solved in less time at the congress of Vienna.

Since Beethoven had intrusted to me alone the arrangement of the concert to be given, I might, in speaking of the difficulties I had to overcome, take occasion to mention at length the numerous obstacles and intrigues, the many basely avaricious demands, and the innumerable tricks and machinations, of which I became aware, but that it would lead me too far from my subject. I will therefore only observe, that, after a long debate, the place chosen was the Hof-Theatre at the Kärnthner Thor; but this did not advance the matter much. A new struggle was now to be commenced with the manager, M. Duport, who was no less

* Beethoven had already expressed himself to the same effect two years before to Hofrath Rochlitz, as may be seen in his work, "For the Friends of Music," vol. iv. p. 355. I shall recur to this subject at the conclusion of the musical part of this book.

zealous than the rest for the interest of his theatre, and wished to make a profit of Beethoven's undertaking.

When two flints had come into collision, what results could be expected? — especially as neither one nor the other remained steady to his first terms, but changed every day like a weathercock.

At length, in order to be at least certain of what were the wishes of one of the contracting parties, we were obliged to have recourse to the following stratagem: I begged Count Lichnowsky and M. Schuppanzigh to call on Beethoven at the same hour, as if by accident, and to sound him with regard to his intentions. On this occasion we were to endeavor to lead him to speak categorically on the several points in discussion; and one of us was immediately to write down whatever he should say, and then, half in jest, half in earnest, call on him to sign it.

The plan succeeded to admiration, but what was the consequence? From the whole procedure, Beethoven at length became aware of our design, and, suspecting as usual falsehood and treachery at the bottom, despatched to us the following sultan-like *hatti-sherif*: —

“TO THE COUNT MORITZ VON LICHNOWSKY.

“I despise artifices. Let me have no more of your visits. The *Academy* (the concert) will not take place.

“BEETHOVEN.”

“TO M. SCHUPPANZIGH.

“Let me see you no more. I shall give no *Academy*.

“BEETHOVEN.”

“TO M. SCHINDLER.

“Do not come near me again till I send for you. No *Academy*.

“BEETHOVEN.”

Fortunately Beethoven did not send us the silken cord along with these missives, so we all three remained in the land of the living. We suffered his anger to evaporate, and in the mean time assisted each other to do the best that we could do for him.

Towards the end of April, Beethoven one day wrote to me in an angry mood, "After these six weeks' squabbling about this and that, I feel absolutely boiled, stewed, and roasted. What is to be done at last about this much-talked-of concert? Unless the prices are raised, what will remain for me after so many expenses, since the copying alone has cost so much?"

It will appear from this, that the principal point in discussion was concerning the raising the prices of admission. If Beethoven wished to get back the money that he had already expended, he must after all, *nolens volens*, submit to the demand of the manager, which was, that the concert should take place in the theatre, on a subscription-night, at the ordinary prices; and that for the use of it, as well as of the chorus and orchestra, the administration should receive the sum of one thousand florins, Vienna currency. There was no help for it. It was now, — "Beethoven, submit to your fate."

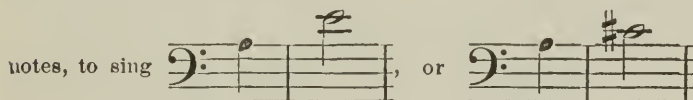
The concert took place on the 7th of May, 1824. The house was filled to overflowing. The gross receipts were two thousand and twenty florins; of which, subtracting one thousand for the theatre and eight hundred for the copying, there remained for Beethoven four hundred and twenty florins. Every box was crammed, with the single exception of the emperor's, which remained empty, although Beethoven had gone in person, in my company, to make the invitations to all the members of the imperial family then in Vienna, and some of the illustrious personages had promised to attend. When the time came, however, the emperor and empress were on a journey, and the Archduke Rudolph was in Olmütz; so that our great master was obliged to shift without the countenance of the imperial court.

These were the immediate results of the concert. The details of the further consequences to Beethoven I may be permitted to pass over for the present, as I shall have much worse to notice in the sequel; but I cannot forbear mentioning some facts connected with the rehearsal of the vocal parts of the two works above alluded to.

It will, perhaps, be remembered that, in speaking of the performance of "*Fidelio*," in the Second Period, I observed

that Beethoven was in the habit of paying little attention to the possibility of the execution of what he wrote for the vocal parts. Innumerable proofs of this assertion may be found again in the Second Mass and in the Ninth Symphony, which, during the rehearsals of the chorus and solo parts, led to many unpleasant discussions. With due deference for the master, it was not possible to avoid telling him that this and that passage could not be sung. The two ladies, Mademoiselle Sontag and Mademoiselle Ungher, who undertook the soprano and alto solos, came several times to practise them at Beethoven's house, and made the remark to him beforehand.*

* There is no doubt that the vocal parts of Beethoven's works frequently lie very high, especially in places where words are to be pronounced. This is the case with his Ninth Symphony with *Soli* and choros. The 1st recitative for the bass voice is in some parts uncomfortably high; and the composer himself permits the singer, in its opening



He would certainly have given similar licenses in several other parts of this recitative, if it had not been against his plan of unity in this musical poem, as the same notes of the recitative are performed by the double-bass in the foregoing instrumental movement. When I prepared, for the first time, to conduct this symphony, on the occasion of its revival by the Philharmonic Society (April 27, 1837), I found similar difficulties in other parts of the vocal movement. An imperfect execution of these was to be apprehended, derogatory to the general effect. I considered it a bold undertaking to attempt any alteration, since every work which comes from such a master-genius should be reverentially handled: I nevertheless ventured to facilitate the execution of the passages in question. The full amount of changes made by me is acknowledged in the following illustration: in so doing, I hope to prove the truth of the saying, "That he who accuses himself has the best chance of finding mercy at the hands of critical judges." — ED.

SOLO VOICES.

ORIGINAL.

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenore.

Basso.

ALTERATION.

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenore.

Basso.

ORIGINAL.

ALTERATION.

* The passages marked with a *, and inserted in small notes, indicate the high notes alluded to.—ED.

Chorus.

ORIGINAL.

Original musical score for the chorus, measures 1-4. The music is in D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by eighth notes G4, A4, B4, and a half note C5. The bass staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by eighth notes F#3, G3, A3, and a half note B3. The melody continues with eighth notes B4, A4, G4, and a half note F#4 in the treble, while the bass continues with eighth notes A3, G3, F#3, and a half note E3.

Chorus.

ALTERATION.

Altered musical score for the chorus, measures 1-4. The notation is identical to the original, but the first measure of the treble staff contains a half note G4 instead of a quarter rest, and the first measure of the bass staff contains a half note F#3 instead of a quarter rest.

ORIGINAL.

Original musical score for the chorus, measures 5-8. The treble staff continues with eighth notes E4, D4, C4, and a half note B3. The bass staff continues with eighth notes D3, C3, B2, and a half note A2. The melody continues with eighth notes D4, C4, B3, and a half note A3 in the treble, while the bass continues with eighth notes G2, F#2, E2, and a half note D2.

ALTERATION.

Altered musical score for the chorus, measures 5-8. The notation is identical to the original, but the first measure of the treble staff contains a half note G4 instead of a quarter rest, and the first measure of the bass staff contains a half note F#3 instead of a quarter rest.

ORIGINAL.

ALTERATION.

ORIGINAL.

ALTERATION.

* This is the very part I did alter, as shown in the above illustration; for if, as the sequel shows, a Sontag had perseverance and means sufficient to work it out, the same could not be expected from every singer, and least of all from the Chorus which repeats the same passage after the Solo performers,—ED.

Mlle. Ungher did not hesitate to call him the tyrant of singers; but he only answered, smiling, that it was because they were both so spoiled by the modern Italian style of singing that they found the two new works difficult.* “But this high passage here,” said Sontag, pointing to the vocal quartette in the symphony,

“Küsse gab sie uns und Reben”—

“would it not be possible to alter that?” — “And this passage, M. van Beethoven,” continued Mademoiselle Ungher, “is also too high for most voices. Could we not alter that?” — “No, no, no!” was the answer.† — “Well, then, for Heaven’s sake (*in Gottes Namen*), let us work away at it again!” said the patient Sontag.

As for the poor soprani, in the chorus parts of the mass, every day did they complain to Beethoven that it was out of their power to reach and sustain the high notes so long as he prescribed. In some places the tyrant remained inexorable; though it would have been easy for him, by a transposition of some of the intervals, to render those passages easier for the voices, without altering any thing essential. Umlauf, the most strictly classical conductor I have ever known, to whom Beethoven had committed the management of the whole, also made some modest remarks on this difficulty, but equally in vain. The consequence of this obstinacy was, that every chorus-singer, male and female, got over the stumbling-block as well as he or she could, and, when the notes were too high, left them out altogether.‡

The master, however, standing in the midst of this confluence of music, heard nothing of all this, was not even sensible of the tumultuous applause of the auditory at the

* He was in a measure right; for, what with *floriture* and roulades, the true Cantabile style had until then remained to these two ladies.

† The same thing took place with the bass solo part; in which, however, Beethoven at length gave way, and made a little alteration in the recitative because it was too high for the singer.

‡ In this they were not in the wrong. As to the saying, “*jurare in verba magistri*,” I am of opinion that it would be better to spoil the effect of a whole piece than to destroy a single voice; and that therefore every skilful director should make such alteration as may be found necessary for the voices, especially in the mass, where there are many soprano passages, which may be screamed but cannot be sung. These alterations are, besides, very easily made; and the effect will be grand and true, when all the voices can proceed at ease.

close of the symphony, but was standing with his back to the proscenium, until Mademoiselle Ungher, by turning round and making signs, roused his attention that he might at least see what was going on in the front of the house. This acted, however, like an electric shock on the thousands present, who were struck with a sudden consciousness of his misfortune; and as the flood-gates of pleasure, compassion, and sympathy were opened, there followed a volcanic explosion of applause which seemed as if it would never end.*

This success, such as had never been witnessed in those venerable halls of art, induced the speculative manager of the theatre to propose a repetition of the new works (with the exception of four numbers of the mass), securing beforehand to Beethoven five hundred florins, Vienna currency (twelve hundred and fifty francs). The manager offered to take on himself all expenses, but claimed all the surplus receipts. Discouraged by the small profit of the first concert (four hundred and twenty florins, paper currency), Beethoven, for a long time, would not agree to this, but was at length necessitated to comply. In the latter part of the month of May, accordingly, the repetition took place in the imperial assembly-rooms ("Redouten-Saal"); the four movements of the mass, however, — "Kyrie," "Credo," "Agnus Dei," and "Dona nobis pacem," — which were the only parts of the mass performed at the first concert, were destined to be omitted, though Beethoven protested strongly against it. In place of them, the Italian roulade-monger, Signor David, sung the favorite Cavatina, "Di tanti palpiti," in spite of the outcry of all the purists; and Sontag gave innumerable floriture of Mercadante's. Of Beethoven's music, besides the Ninth Symphony, the terzetto "Tremate, empi tremate," by Italian singers, and the grand Overture in C major, with the double fugue, were also performed.

The pecuniary result of these manifold exertions was, that the manager had the pleasure of paying eight hundred florins towards the expenses, as *the house was not half full*.

* For an account of this concert, see Supplement, No. IX

and that Beethoven, deeply vexed at this unexpected result, declined at first to accept the five hundred florins guaranteed to him, and was with much difficulty at last prevailed upon to take the money. The most complete ill-humor took possession of him, so that he was no longer accessible to any one; and it was increased by the gossiping tittle-tattle of certain persons, who put it into his head that he had been cheated at the first concert, and thus excited his suspicions, especially against me. At a dinner, which he gave a few days afterwards to the two directors of his concert, Messrs Umlauf and Schuppanzigh, and to me, in the Prater, he could no longer restrain his anger, but declared that he had been informed that I, in conjunction with the manager, M. Duport, had defrauded him. It was in vain that our two companions endeavored to convince him, that as every piece of money had passed through the hands of the two cashiers of the theatre, and their accounts of the receipts exactly corresponded, a fraud on either side was out of the question: he refused to retract his charge; and I consequently withdrew immediately, in company with M. Umlauf, and did not see Beethoven again till the month of November, when he called upon me at the theatre in the Josephstadt, where I was acting as music-director, and begged that what had passed might be forgotten.

This occurrence may serve to show what it was to be Beethoven's *friend*, and to keep on good terms with him only a single year. How much friendship, how many sacrifices, what an entire self-denial, did it not require to submit to be daily exposed to the most malicious calumnies, and even to the most dishonorable accusations. The friend of his youth, Hofrath von Breuning, was alienated from him by a similar reflection on his honor; and Beethoven was only brought back to him by certain melancholy events of the year 1826, when he stood in need of his assistance.

An accusation of this kind occasioned a coolness of twelve years' standing between him and his old friend Dr. Malfatti; and it was not till Beethoven was on his death-bed that I brought about a reconciliation. Credulous, inexperienced, and distrustful as he was, it was easy for any

worthless person to slander and set him against his most tried friend. It was not always that these calumnies originated with his brothers; but other odious creatures were continually poisoning his mind, as there are examples enough to prove in his conversation-books.

In his last illness he circumstantially related to me and M. von Breuning many of the intrigues and machinations of some of those persons, whose motives were always envy and covetousness. He also confessed that he had several times been induced to write letters, declaring his conviction of the deceit and treachery of this or that friend, without any better ground than those false accusations.

The manner in which he made his peace, however, was so frank and open-hearted, that one could not help passing over every vexation and insult that might have been received from him.

With his servants he was accustomed to make up these affronts by presents of money; and it was said that his faithful old housekeeper, who bore his humors for many years, was able to help him in time of need with what she had saved out of these presents, or rather fines, which Beethoven had imposed on himself. That there really were such moments, I can myself bear witness; and a note which I received from him in the spring of the year 1824 attests the same thing: "Frau Schnapps (a nickname he had given to his housekeeper) will advance what is wanted for housekeeping; so come and dine with me at two o'clock. I have some good news to tell; but let this be between ourselves, that the *brain-eater** may know nothing about it. BEETHOVEN."

In the spring of the year 1824, Beethoven was again invited to visit England, and he appeared more than usually resolved on undertaking this journey in the following autumn. I was to accompany him; and we were to travel through the Rhenish provinces that he might see his native country once more, where, alas! not a creature, with the exception of Dr. Wegeler in Coblenz, Ries's father, and the music-publisher Simrock in Bonn, ever bestowed a

* This refers to his brother Johann.

thought upon him. How rare was his correspondence, even with these old friends, appears from the "Notices of Beethoven," published by the first-mentioned of them. Autumn approached, but Beethoven made no preparations for the journey.

In a letter dated the 20th of December, of the same year, the invitation was most pressingly repeated on the part of the Philharmonic Society, by Mr. Neate,* music professor of London, who had formerly passed some time in Vienna. The terms offered were as follows:—

"The Philharmonic Society proposes to pay you three hundred guineas for your visit, and expects, on your part, that you will superintend the performance of your own works, of which at least one will be given at every concert. It also expects that you will, in the course of your stay in England, write a new symphony and a concerto, to be performed here, but to remain your own property."

For a concert which it was further proposed that he should himself give in London, the sum of five hundred pounds sterling was to be guaranteed to him; so that nothing could be handsomer than these offers, as Beethoven himself acknowledged. But his nephew! . . . certain rumors with respect to this young man had now become generally current; and the consequence was, that the journey was given up, and the hopes of the Londoners, to see among them their long-established favorite, Beethoven, were all frustrated.

And now for the following fact, which I hope may be considered in all its bearings, and duly estimated by all admirers of the great deceased, since it deserves, far more than any of those already related, the attention of the whole musical world.

In the beginning of the year 1824, Beethoven received from a Russian prince his first extremely flattering letter, with a request that he would write one or two instrumental quartettes, and dedicate them to the writer. The terms proposed were highly agreeable, the condition being added, that the prince should possess both of the works to be com-

* See the correspondence with Mr. Neate in the Supplement, No. VIII.

posed for a full year as his sole property, and that, after the lapse of that time only, the master should have a right to publish them. (This condition, which served to increase the loss that he eventually sustained, was not at first agreed to by Beethoven, but afterwards punctually fulfilled.)

This was soon followed by a second letter to the same purport; and just as some serpents are said by their glance to fascinate their destined prey, did Beethoven, by whom adulation was in general totally disregarded, appear intoxicated by the flatteries of the Russian prince. He abandoned the composition of the oratorio by C. Bernard, which was already begun, and set about a quartette for Prince Nicholas von Galitzin; but, before it was ready, the prince applied for a second, and soon after for a third, and found means to gain over Beethoven so entirely, that he seemed to think no more of the oratorio, of the Tenth Symphony, or even of a work which he had already planned, and which was to be the grand effort of his life, the conclusion of his artistical exertions, namely, the setting Göthe's *Faust* to music.* The musical world has to thank this man only that all these works, as well as a grand requiem, which the composer had also projected, remained unwritten; and for this he can never make amends. But let us proceed. The sum agreed on for the quartettes, to be written for this princely Mæcenas, was a hundred and twenty-five ducats. Beethoven, however, received from St. Petersburg nothing but letters filled with questions concerning doubtful or difficult passages in these quartettes, to which the fullest and most circumstantial replies were immediately despatched; and it would be highly desirable, for the intelligibility of the pieces in question, that these answers should be published;† but never did he receive a single ruble. It was not till the month of December, in the year 1826, when a long illness had occasioned him considerable pecuniary embarrassment, that he applied to the prince for the stipulated sum, representing his distressed situation; but received no answer. Beetho-

* Hofrath Rochlitz had already, in 1822, made him, in the name of M. Härtel, a proposal for the composition of Göthe's *Faust*.

† One of these answers, in Beethoven's handwriting, I sent, in the year 1828, to Prof. Marx, in Berlin, for the *Berlin Musical Journal*, but have never seen or heard of it since.

ven wrote again, and at the same time begged the Austrian ambassador and the banking-house of Stieglitz at St. Petersburg, in private letters, to make application to the prince. At length an answer arrived from the latter, that Prince Nicholas von Galitzin had gone to Persia to join the army, without leaving them any instructions to remit money to Beethoven. In this painful situation, Beethoven recollected the offer made to him by the London Philharmonic Society, and wrote on the subject to Moscheles and Sir George Smart. I shall return again to this matter; and in the mean time I must be allowed to close this extraordinary case by observing, that, if Prince Nicholas von Galitzin is still living, he can only hope to appease the manes of Beethoven by paying over this just debt of a hundred and twenty-five ducats, either to some charitable institution, or to the Bonn committee for the erection of a monument to his memory.

Immediately after the above-mentioned two memorable concerts, Beethoven moved into a pleasant house at Penzing, near Schönbrunn, to which he had taken a fancy, connected with which is a characteristic anecdote. The house is situated near the River Wien, over which there is a bridge for foot-passengers; and, as the master had become an object of great public curiosity, it was not uncommon for this bridge to be occupied by a crowd of persons, who had posted themselves there, to wait for an opportunity of seeing him. This annoyed him so much that he left the house in three weeks, and went to Baden. A similar case had occurred a year before at Hetzendorf, where he left a lodging which he had taken for the summer, and for which he had paid in advance four hundred florins, because he took offence at the excessive politeness of his landlord.

In the autumn of the year 1824, Beethoven returned from Baden, and for the first time for many years took a house in town, that his nephew, who had now left school, might be near the university. During this winter (1824-5), the master had a severe fit of illness, originating in an intestinal disorder: indeed, he had been on bad terms with his stomach during his whole life. The eminent physician, Dr. Staudenheim, had hitherto been his medical attendant,

and often had to remonstrate seriously with his patient, though it must be confessed without much effect. Now, however, he chose to appoint Dr. Braunhofer, professor at the university, to attend him. The winter was passed in a state of constant suffering; and it was not till the spring that he began to recover a little, and moved again to Baden, his favorite summer residence.

His mental activity during this whole year extended no further than to the composition of the last quartette; for the Russian Mæcenas was continually writing flattering letters to urge him to its completion.

The first work undertaken after the illness of the year 1825 was the Quartette No. 12, with the remarkable adagio, "*Canzone di ringraziamento in modo lidico, offerta alla Divinità da un guarito.*"

In the year 1825, Beethoven closed with an offer made to him by the brothers Schott, in Mainz, for the purchase of his Second Mass and of the Ninth Symphony, after proposals had been made to him by houses in Berlin, Vienna, and Leipzig, which, however, did not suit him. Pursuant to this agreement, Beethoven received —

For the Mass in D major, op. 123,	1,000 florins.
For the Ninth Symphony, op. 125,	600 "

At the same time, the house at Mainz agreed for the following works of Beethoven's: —

Quatuor, op. 127, for	50 ducats.
Quatuor, op. 131, for	80 "
Overture in C major, . . . op. 124	}
<i>Opferlied</i> , op. 121	
<i>Bundeslied</i> , op. 122	
Arriette to Chloe, . . . op. 128	
Bagatelles for the piano-forte, op. 126	}

For these five works, Beethoven received the sum of 130 ducats.

This not inconsiderable sum might have enabled him to replace the amount abstracted from his little fund, and to avert many future difficulties, had he not determined to consider it as a capital, to be laid out in the purchase of public securities, as a provision for his nephew, and not as his own property. How far he was in the right we shall see in the sequel.

In the autumn of 1825, Beethoven moved to his last lodging, in what is called the Schwarzpanier House, situated on the glacis of the suburb of Währing. It suited him well, had plenty of sunshine, and commanded an extensive, and, at the same time, agreeable prospect over the city and several suburbs. In this abode he passed the eventful year 1826, in which his harassed mind was destined to the hardest and bitterest trial which could be imposed upon a man to whom virtue and honor were the dearest of all things.

His adopted nephew, endowed, as I have already remarked, with uncommon mental abilities, had, to the great joy of his uncle, who brought him up like the child of a nobleman, already made considerable progress in his education, and Beethoven took no little pride in his success. At the age of seventeen, the youth returned to the house of this his second father, and, attending only the course of philosophy at the university, was released from all the restraints to which he was necessarily subject while at school; for his uncle, trusting entirely to his understanding and steadiness, granted his nephew all the freedom he desired, which, indeed, under the circumstances, he could hardly avoid. It would lead us too far to enter into any detail of the observations made by his first teachers on a certain turn of mind in the boy, which might probably lead him away from the right path: it was hoped that this had been corrected in his subsequent education.

This youth, possessing talents worthy of his renowned name, was no sooner in the full enjoyment of his liberty, than he fell into an evil course of life, neglected his studies, abused the affection and indulgence of his uncle, and was, at last, expelled from the university, where even the respect universally felt for the name he bore could no longer screen him. It would be needless to dwell on the sufferings of the great master, before and during this event, which was not unexpected. Whoever saw him in this time of trouble could not fail to perceive plainly on his features the traces of the mortification caused by this dishonor to his name.

The measure of his sufferings was, however, far from full; and they were increased by the circumstance that there

were people found who threw the blame of all that had happened on the uncle; and we will not therefore shrink from inquiring, in the course of this narrative, whether some part of the fault may not indeed be attributable to Beethoven.

In accordance with the wish of this young man, he was now allowed to continue his studies at the Polytechnic Institution, and to devote himself to mercantile pursuits, — a permission which Beethoven was the more willing to grant, since he knew his nephew would, in that institution, be under the superintendence of the vice-director, M. Reisser, who was his joint-guardian with himself. All attempts to bring him again into an honorable course were vain; on the contrary, Beethoven received innumerable proofs that he had not only lost all affection, but even all respect, for him, and rejected with equal obstinacy advice and entreaty. It may now be time to inquire how far the master may be considered blamable for the conduct of this youth, and by what means the latter forfeited his affection and his respect.

When a man undertakes the education of a gifted child, possessed by such an excess of love as Beethoven bore to his nephew, this alone may prove the source of innumerable evils, and become a kind of Pandora's box. Beethoven, in the first instance, committed the mistake of granting unbounded confidence to his nephew when a boy ten or twelve years of age, though he had often been convicted of falsehood and other serious juvenile faults; and afterwards expecting from a lad of sixteen the steadiness of a man, and emancipating him in the fullest sense of the term. Of these mistakes he now became conscious, but, alas! too late. Beethoven was still more to blame because he could not, even in the presence of his nephew, refrain from expressing his detestation of the boy's mother, to which he gave utterance sometimes in the most violent manner; forbidding him all intercourse with her, utterly regardless of the voice of Nature, which, sooner or later, may awaken and become its own avenger.

No sooner was the young man released from the restraints of his childhood than he sought out this, in every sense,

unfortunate mother; and continued to visit her, although he knew that this had been most strictly forbidden by Beethoven: and hence arose many painful contests between uncle and nephew.

In these proceedings, though Beethoven may have been over-severe towards the mother, he was led to adopt this course by the most cogent reasons, founded on antecedent events.

There are now lying before me twenty-nine letters, addressed by Beethoven to his nephew in the summer of the year 1825, dated Baden, and which, with other papers, came again into his possession after his nephew's catastrophe in August, 1826. They were confided to me and Hofrath Von Breuning, at that moment, towards the end of his earthly career, to which I have adverted in the introduction to this work, in order that from their contents a judgment might be formed of the line of conduct pursued by the uncle towards his nephew, and that he might stand before the world acquitted of charges brought against him. I now proceed to fulfil the melancholy duty of making some faithful extracts from them.

I.

"I rejoice, my dear son, that you are pleased with your adopted sphere of life, and diligent in acquiring what is necessary for it. Your handwriting I should not have known again. I myself indeed care only about the sense and signification, but you must now endeavor to attain also external elegance.

"If it is too hard a task for you to come hither, never mind. Should it, however, be any way possible, I shall be glad to have in my exile some feeling heart about me. I embrace you most cordially.

"Your affectionate father,
"BEETHOVEN."

II.

"MAY 18, 1825.

"It cannot but be becoming in a youth, now nearly nineteen, to unite with his cares for his education and future prosperity the duty which he owes to his benefactor, to whom he is indebted for his maintenance. Have I not fulfilled mine towards my poor parents, and rejoiced when I was able to assist them? How different has been your conduct towards me! Thoughtless boy, farewell.
"BEETHOVEN."

III.

"MAY, 22, 1825.

"I have been assured, although hitherto it has been only matter of conjecture, that you have again been carrying on a clandestine intercourse with your mother. Am I again to experience this hateful ingratitude? Shall the tie between us be severed? So be it then. You will be detested by every impartial person who shall hear of your ingratitude. The expressions used by my brother, and your own of yesterday, with respect to Dr. S——r, must of course be painful to me, since the very reverse of what he requires has been decided by the tribunal.* Am I continually to be forced to entangle myself in these abominations? Never again! Is the agreement become burdensome to you? Be it so, in God's name! I have done my part, and leave you to Providence. I do not fear to answer for my conduct before the judgment-seat of the Almighty.

"BEETHOVEN."

IV.

"BADEN, MAY 31, 1825.

"Enough of this! Spoiled as you have been, it would do you no injury to pay some attention at last to simplicity and truth. I have suffered too much from your artifices, and it will be a hard matter for me to forget them. Even if I would always submit, without murmuring, like an ox to the yoke, if you should behave thus towards others, you will never gain the good-will of any human creature. God knows all I wish is to be freed from you, from this base brother, and from these my worthless relations. May God hear my prayer! for I can never trust you more.

"Your father, — alas!

"yet fortunately not your father."

V.

(In answer to an account of money received.)

"JUNE, 18, 1825.

" Let us not look further back. It would be easy to do so, but it would only be painful for me; at last it would only be — 'you are a very good guardian, &c. . . . Were you but a little steadier, you would have always acted differently.'

"BEETHOVEN."

* This passage refers to the law-suit with his sister-in-law.

VI.

"JULY 18, 1825.

"*Dear Son*, — Only be moderate. Fortune has crowned my endeavors, but let no mistaken views lead you into embarrassment. Be candid and exact in the account of your expenses. Let the theatre rest for the present. Be ruled by your father, and guided by him whose every wish has been invariably directed towards your moral welfare as well as your worldly prosperity! Be indeed my son. What an unheard-of discord would it be, if you were indeed false to me, as some people still maintain!

"BEETHOVEN."

VII.

"I am growing thinner and thinner, and am indeed very poorly, without having any doctor, or any one to feel for me. If it be possible, come to me. But I do not wish to be any hinderance to you. I wish I were only sure that the Sunday would be properly spent without me. I must learn to give up all. Would that these great sacrifices might only bring forth good fruits!

"Where am I not injured and wounded? Have no secret dealings with my brother. Once for all, have no secrets from me, — from your affectionate father. If I am angry, ascribe it to my anxiety on your account, for you are exposed to much peril. Think of my sufferings, and give me no uneasiness. I ought by rights to have no fears of this kind; but what have I not experienced!

"BEETHOVEN."

VIII.

"'Come soon, come soon, come soon.' Be it so. The day before yesterday came my Signor Fratello,* and his brother-in-law. What a wretched creature! If Cato, speaking of Cæsar, exclaimed, 'This man and we,' — what shall we say of such a one as this?

"Now, as ever, thine anxious and affectionate Father,

"BEETHOVEN."

IX.

"SEPTEMBER, 1825.

"I do not wish that you should come to me on the 14th instant. It is better that you should finish your studies. God has never yet forsaken me, and some one will be found to close my eyes

* Beethoven's brother.

There seems to me indeed to be something pre-ordained in all that has taken place, in which my brother (pseudo) plays a part. I know that you have no wish to come to me even afterwards, and it is natural that it should be so. Such a sphere as mine is too pure for you. . . . You need not come on Sundays, either, for, after such behavior, true harmony and concord can never subsist; and what is the use of hypocrisy? Be, in reality, a better man: but use no deceit, no lies; it will be all the better for your moral character in the end. You see your conduct is reflected in the mirror of my mind. The kindest remonstrances would be of no avail. You will, in either case, be incensed. For the rest, be under no apprehension. I will continue my cares for you as usual. What troubles do you not occasion me! Farewell. He who has not indeed bestowed on you your life, but the support of that life, and what is more than all else, the cultivation of your mind, as a father, — nay more than that, — most fervently implores you to keep in the only true path to all that is right and good.

You faithful, affectionate Father,
 “BEETHOVEN.”

X.

“*My dear Son*, — No more of this: come to my arms, you shall not hear one harsh word. For God’s sake, do not ruin yourself: you shall be received as kindly as ever. As to what is to be thought of and done for the future, we will talk it over in a friendly manner together. Upon my word of honor, you shall hear no reproaches, which, indeed can now do no good. You have nothing to expect from me but the most anxious and affectionate care for your welfare. Only come, come to the heart of your father,

“BEETHOVEN.”

XI.

“OCT. 5, 1825.

“I have just received your letter. I was excessively anxious, and had made up my mind to go to-day to Vienna. Thank God, it is not necessary. Only be obedient to me, and affection, peace of mind, and worldly prosperity, will be our united lot. You will enjoy an inward and spiritual, as well as a material existence. But let the former be preferred to the latter.

“A thousand times I embrace and kiss you, not my lost, but my new-born son. For you, my restored child, will your affectionate father ever care.

“BEETHOVEN.”

XII.

OCT. 14, 1825.

"I inform you in haste, that I will certainly come to-morrow morning, even if it should rain: therefore let me be sure of finding you. I shall rejoice to see you once more; and, should some dark clouds appear, do not ascribe them to intentional resentment. They will be entirely dispersed by the improved behavior you have promised, by happiness, based upon sincerity and active industry. Who would not rejoice to see the wanderer return again to the right path? This happiness I hope to experience.

"BEETHOVEN."

These fragments will be sufficient to exhibit Beethoven's situation, his state of mind, and his sufferings, as described by himself; not less plainly do they serve to show his relation to various members of his family. Above all, however, we perceive in these letters the noble, high-minded man; and such was Beethoven, not only in moments of excitement, but throughout his whole life. Could I add, in reference to the last extract, that Beethoven long enjoyed the felicity of seeing his ill-advised nephew, then nineteen years old, walking in the paths of virtue and honor, I should breathe more freely after the painful emotions excited by thus recalling the past, and awakening the remembrance of what I have gone through in witnessing the patience with which, for years, the great artist bore his cross, the weight of which sometimes bowed him to the ground. Alas! all this was only the prelude to that catastrophe which was destined to give the death-blow to our illustrious master!

Notwithstanding all care, attention, and kindness on the part of Beethoven* and the joint guardian of this unhappy young man, the vice-director of the Polytechnic Institution, he again entered the slippery path which he had been prevailed on to quit; and when, in August, 1826, he was urged to work up many examinations at the Institution, which were in arrear, he made an attempt on his life. This

* That he might not have to charge himself with any neglect, Beethoven, contrary to his custom, remained in town during the summer of 1826.

attempt failed ; but it placed him as a suicide, according to the laws of his country, in the hands of justice. For it is presumed that nothing but a want of religion can possibly lead to so violent a step : malefactors of this kind are consequently placed under the care of the civil authorities, with a view of promoting the amendment of their religious principles.

Thus it was with the nephew of Beethoven ; and when the time came, when he was to be again given over to the care of his guardian, it was done with a positive injunction on the part of the authorities, to keep him only one day in his house, since he was not permitted to remain longer in Vienna. This took place towards the end of the month of October ; and now it was hard to know what was to be done. Johann van Beethoven offered his brother his country-house as a temporary residence for his nephew, until Hofrath von Breuning should succeed in procuring for the young man a commission as cadet in some regiment, since he had now an inclination to a military life. After a great deal of trouble, M. von Breuning succeeded in interesting Lieutenant Field-Marshal Stutterheim for the deeply afflicted Beethoven, and he consented to take the nephew into his regiment. Out of gratitude, Beethoven dedicated to this officer his grand Quartette in C sharp minor.

The severity of the season, and the incredibly thoughtless conduct of which the nephew and the other relations of Beethoven were guilty towards him, obliged him to return to Vienna. This journey, which in so advanced a period of the year, could not be performed in one day, was made in an open carriage, because, as Beethoven himself assured me, his brother had refused to trust him with his close one.

It was necessary to give a brief relation of these occurrences ; for only thus could Beethoven find the defence and the justification which he thought necessary, and which he will meet with from every sympathetic mind. In fact, in the many discussions concerning him, mention was often made of this circumstance, without any knowledge of the real state of the case, and often with conjectures, which, by degrees, might at length assume the shape of a regular accusation against him.

On the 2d of December, 1826, Beethoven, with his nephew, returned sick to Vienna; but it was not till several days afterwards that I heard of his situation, or even of his arrival. I hastened to him, and, among other details, which shocked me much, learned that he had often in vain entreated his two former physicians, Drs. Braunhofer and Staudenheim, to undertake his case; the first declining to do so, because the distance was too great for him to come; and the second, indeed, promising to come, but not keeping his word. A physician was sent to his house, he did not know how, or by whom, and who, consequently, knew nothing of him or his constitution. When, however, this physician (the excellent Dr. Wawruch, clinical professor) visited Beethoven's sick-bed, I heard from his own mouth how it happened; and it affords an additional proof that this man, belonging to the world and to posterity, was abandoned by his nearest relations, who had so much cause to be grateful to him,—not merely abandoned, indeed, but betrayed and sold. Prof. Wawruch related to me that he had been sent to Beethoven by the marker at a billiard-table at a coffee-house, who being, on account of illness, brought to the hospital, had mentioned that some days before the nephew of Beethoven had come to the coffee-house, where he played at billiards, and commissioned him, the marker, to find a physician for his sick uncle; but, being extremely unwell at the time, he had not been able to do so, and therefore begged the professor to visit Beethoven, which, entertaining the highest respect for the artist, he had immediately done, and had on his arrival still found him without medical attendance. It was necessary, then, for the marker at a billiard-table to fall sick and be taken to the hospital, before the great Beethoven could obtain help in time of need!

Who would not find his feelings revolted by this disgraceful fact? After this, no further explanation can be necessary to show what were Beethoven's sufferings in his deplorable condition, or what was the ultimate cause of his early death.

Before the end of December, the nephew set off to join his regiment; and from that moment it seemed as if the

uncle had been delivered from his evil genius. He became more cheerful and resigned to his fate, hoping and expecting a speedy recovery from his illness to result from the care of his physician. His former love for his nephew seemed now transformed into bitter hatred; but before the hour arrived which was to sunder every earthly tie, his first feelings returned, and he appointed this nephew his sole heir.*

The malady which brought him back to Vienna, on the occasion just mentioned, was an inflammation of the lungs, soon followed by symptoms of dropsy. These at first Prof. Wawruch refused to recognize; but they increased so rapidly that it was no longer possible to doubt the nature of the disease.

On the 18th of December, an operation was found to be necessary; another followed on the 8th of January; a third on the 28th of the same month; and the fourth on the 27th of February.†

Towards the end of January, Beethoven's former friend, the celebrated Dr. Malfatti, was induced, after much supplication and entreaty, to prescribe for him; and from this time, by the advice of both his medical attendants, he took daily, as the only specific, considerable quantities of iced punch, by which the vital powers, prostrated by the frequent operations, were restored to such a degree, that he considered himself as perfectly convalescent, threw away angrily the volume of Walter Scott, with which he had been trying to pass away the time, and exclaiming, "The man writes only for money!" set to work again at a sonata for two performers, which he had been writing for Diabelli, although the physicians had positively prohibited every mental exertion. After the fourth operation, however, even

* As far as I have been able to learn, this nephew now holds some civil appointment under the Austrian government. It is therefore probable that time, circumstances, and mature reflection, have induced him to return to the right path, as we must all wish that he should. When we remember, however, the evil auspices under which his early education was conducted, we shall be inclined to seek in that period for the original causes of these most painful occurrences, and not be tempted to lift a stone against him, but rather leave him to be judged before the tribunal of that Divine Providence who has seen fit to subject our immortal composer to the severe trials beneath which he so early sunk.

† See the Correspondence between Beethoven and the Editor, Supplement. No. XII.

iced punch could no longer act as a restorative, although no limits were prescribed to its use. From this time he declined rapidly.

During this period of suffering, Beethoven would have no one about him but Von Breuning and myself; and when we were both unavoidably kept from him by our avocations, as indeed generally happened for several hours every day, the favorite companion and best nurse of the sick artist was Von Breuning's son, a lively and clever boy, eleven years old, who, by his freedom from care, and ignorance of the danger in which we knew our friend to be, was frequently better able to raise his spirits than we were. Little Gerhard was often warmly thanked by Beethoven for his assistance in this way.

It is now time to give a detailed account of Beethoven's letters to London, in which he made an application to the Philharmonic Society, as these letters have been much talked of, and often taken amiss.

It may, perhaps, be recollected under what circumstances Beethoven was compelled, in the year 1823, to encroach on his little savings, as well as that the extremely slender profit accruing from the two concerts in 1824 had disappointed his hopes of being able to make up the deficiency thus occasioned. How and why the projected journey to London in the same year, which afforded such cheering pecuniary prospects, was given up, and how he had foolishly appropriated to his unworthy heir the sum received for his last works, without thinking of himself, I have also related. To these causes of embarrassment we may add the base conduct of the Russian Prince Nicholas von Galitzin, at the time when Beethoven was scarcely able to rise from his bed, and had to contend with heavy expenses, while he was assured by his physicians that his illness was likely to be of long duration, and that he must not think of working for a long time to come.

In addition to all this came the increased expenditure for his nephew, for whose maintenance, as his adopted father, he was, even by the laws of his country, compelled to provide.

Thus, sick and harassed, Beethoven found himself

obliged either to make use of the only property he possessed, consisting of a few bank-shares, or to apply to his brother for assistance. This brother one day, in the presence of M. von Breuning and myself, declined letting Beethoven have any of his hay, when two physicians had prescribed for him a hay vapor-bath; alleging as an excuse that *his* hay was not good enough. Yet this "unbrotherly brother," as Beethoven called him, rich as he was, wished to share in the little that the composer possessed.* To be obliged to ask assistance from him was, of itself, like a death-blow to Beethoven.

Forgotten by the Viennese, whom his decease first aroused from the delirium of the Rossini-fever, and pressed by these difficulties, the master remembered an offer made to him some years before by the Philharmonic Society, and after much hesitation determined to apply, as a first step, by letter to Moscheles, although quite against my advice and that of M. von Breuning, as we foresaw the wrong construction that would be put on this letter. On the 22d of February, 1827, Beethoven wrote on this subject, at the same time to Moscheles and to Sir George Smart.

"*My dear Moscheles*, — I am sure you will not take it amiss, if I trouble you, as well as Sir G. Smart, to whom I enclose a letter, with a request. The affair is briefly as follows: Some years ago the Philharmonic Society in London made a handsome offer to give me a benefit concert. At that time I was not, thank God, in a situation to make it necessary to avail myself of this generous proposal. But affairs are much altered with me at present, when I have been confined three months by a tedious illness, — the dropsy. Schindler will tell you more about it in a letter accompanying this. You have long known my way of life: you know how and by what I live. Writing is at present out of the question, and I might unfortunately become so situated as to be reduced to want. You have not only extensive connections in London, but also considerable influence with the Philharmonic Society. I beg that you will do what you can to induce them again to consider their intention, and put it soon into execution. My enclosed letter to Sir George Smart is to the same purport, as well as one to Mr. Stumpff, which is already despatched.† I entreat

* In a letter to Ries, dated the 5th of September, 1823, Beethoven says, "*My brother Johann, who keeps his carriage, has been trying to draw upon me.*"

† Mr. Stumpff, the proprietor of a harp manufactory in London, presented to

you to forward this to Sir George, and to unite with him and my other friends in London to effect this object. Even dictating becomes painful to me, so much exhausted do I feel. Make my compliments to your amiable wife, and be assured I shall always remain

Your friend,

“BEETHOVEN.

“Pray answer me soon, in order that I may know if I have any thing to hope.”

On the 14th of March, Beethoven again wrote on this subject to Moscheles, earnestly begging his attention to it.

From this second letter, I make only the following extract:—

“On the 27th of February, the operation was performed for the fourth time; and there are evident signs that I must soon submit to it again. What is to be the end of it? and what will become of me if it lasts much longer? Mine is indeed a hard fate; but I resign myself to it, only praying that God, in his providence, may so ordain, that, whilst I endure this death in life, I may be protected from want. I should then have strength enough, let my lot be ever so severe, to submit with resignation to the will of the Most High. Hummel is here, and has called several times upon me.”

As early as the 1st of March, Moscheles and Mr. Stumpff had written to inform him of the sensation excited among his numerous admirers in London by his first letter; and the former afterwards wrote to the following effect:—

“The Society resolved to express their good-will and lively sympathy by requesting your acceptance of one hundred pounds sterling (one thousand florins), to provide the necessary comforts and conveniences during your illness. This money will be paid to your order by Mr. Rau, of the house of Eskeles, either in separate sums, or all at once, as you may desire.”

Moscheles added that the Philharmonic Society was willing to extend their good offices still further, and that Beethoven had only to write, if he needed their assistance.

In reply, Beethoven dictated to me, on the 18th of March, the following, since he was himself too weak to write:—

Beethoven, the year before, the complete works of Handel, in upwards of forty folio volumes, of the rare and costly London edition. He was more delighted with this present than if he had received the Order of the Garter. At the sale of his effects, M. Tobias Haslinger bought this work for one hundred florins, and from this it is easy to imagine what prices were paid at that auction for articles of less value.

"I know not how in words to describe the feelings with which I have read yours of the 1st. I am deeply sensible of the generosity with which the Philharmonic Society has almost anticipated my request; and I beg you, my dear Moscheles, to become the organ through which I may convey my heartfelt thanks for their kind sympathy and distinguished liberality. I have found myself compelled to apply for the whole sum of one thousand florins, as I was just under the unpleasant necessity of raising money, which would have occasioned me fresh embarrassment. With regard to the concert which the Society intend to arrange for my benefit, I trust they will not relinquish that noble design, and beg that they will deduct the one hundred pounds which they already have sent me from the profits. Should after that any surplus be left, and the Society be kindly willing to bestow it upon me, I hope to have it in my power to evince my gratitude by composing for them either a new symphony, which already lies sketched on my desk, or a new overture, or any thing else the Society may prefer. May Heaven grant me my health soon again, that I may be able to prove to the generous English how well I can appreciate their sympathy with my melancholy situation! Your noble conduct can never be forgotten by me; and I beg you to return my thanks in particular to Sir George Smart and Mr. Stumpff.











"With the highest esteem, yours,

(Signed)

"**BEETHOVEN.**

"P.S. Kindest regards to your wife. I have to thank the Philharmonic Society and you for a new and most amiable friend in M. Rau.*

"I beg you to transmit the subjoined metronomic list of my Ninth Symphony to the Philharmonic Society:—

Allegro ma non troppo.	88	= 
Molto vivace	116	= 
Presto	116	= 
Adagio primo	60	= 
Andante moderato	63	= 
Finale presto	96	= 
Allegro ma non troppo.	88	= 
Allegro assai	80	= 
Alla marcia	84	= 
Andante maestoso	72	= 

* This gentleman, my particular friend, was for many years attached to the house of Baron von Eskeles, at Vienna, as tutor and companion to his only son. The reader will find some letters from him in the Supplement, No. XII.—**ED.**

Allegro divoto	60 = <i>f</i>
Allegro energico	84 = <i>f</i>
Allegro ma non tanto	120 = <i>f</i>
Prestissimo	132 = <i>f</i>
Maestoso	60 = <i>p</i> "

From my own letter to Moscheles, dated the 24th of March, accompanying the above from Beethoven, written with a view to prepare his friends in London for the approaching death of this great man, I shall make the following extract, since it belongs, no less than the former, to the history of his life.

... "The letter addressed to you, and dated the 18th, was dictated word for word by himself, and is probably his last. To-day he whispered to me, 'Write to Smart and Stumpff.' Should it be possible for him to sign these letters, it shall be done to-morrow.*

"He is conscious of his approaching end; for yesterday he said to me and Breuning, '*Plaudite amici, Comœdia finita est.*'†

"The last few days have been memorable ones. He sees the approach of death with the most perfect tranquillity of soul and real Socratic wisdom. Yesterday we were so fortunate as to finish the business of the will.‡ Three days after the receipt of your last, he was much excited, and would have his sketch of the Tenth Symphony brought to him, concerning the plan of which he talked to me a great deal. It was destined for the Philharmonic Society; and, according to the form which it assumed in his morbid imagination, it was to be a musical leviathan, compared with which his other grand symphonies would be merely trifling performances."

On the 18th of March, Beethoven begged me to attend to the dedication of his last quartette, and to choose for this

* It was not possible; and I therefore complied with his desire immediately after his decease, and conveyed his thanks to these two worthy men.

† Beethoven would have designated his career more accurately had he said, *drama finitum est*.

‡ It is worthy of mention, that Beethoven for several weeks obstinately rejected the advice of Dr. Bach and myself, to place the property to be left for his nephew in the hands of trustees, till he should attain his majority, for which there existed the most urgent reasons. He wished, that, after his death, his heir should come into the immediate possession of it, and dispose of it just as he pleased. It was not till after he had received the plainest proofs of the indifference of this heir to his misfortunes, — since he often left Beethoven's letters for weeks together unanswered, — that he agreed to our proposal, and accordingly wrote with his own hand his will, consisting of but three lines, by which, after the death of his nephew, the property was to devolve to his natural heirs.

mark of respect one of his worthiest friends. As I knew this compliment to be well deserved by M. Johann Wolfmayer, a merchant of Vienna, most highly esteemed by Beethoven in the latter days of his life, and that he was frequently occupied by considering in what way he could manifest his gratitude to him, I sent the name of this gentleman, after the decease of Beethoven, to Messrs. Schott, in Mainz, the publishers of the above-mentioned work, with a request that it might be dedicated to him. This fact is sufficient to prove how anxious Beethoven was, even to his latest breath, to show himself grateful to his friends and benefactors; and had he been able, he would, in his last moments, have expressed himself more decidedly with respect to this dedication.

On the payment of the thousand florins by M. Rau, Beethoven had still one hundred florins in ready money, which was sufficient for the expenses of the latter days of his life; and from the above sum, therefore, only a small part was deducted for the expenses of the funeral. The remainder of this sum should have been, according to the letter of Mr. Moscheles of the 1st of March, returned to the Philharmonic Society, since it was specially destined to provide for the comfort of Beethoven, but they did not wish it to fall into the hands of his unworthy relatives. At the legal inventory, taken after Beethoven's death, however, this money fell into the hands of the authorities; but Dr. Bach, whom he had, while living, appointed his executor, assigned reasons for opposing its delivery, which, in consequence, was not insisted upon.

According to the account rendered by Dr. Bach, the entire amount of property, including the produce of the sale of furniture, music, and seven bank-shares,	florina.
amounted to	10,232
From this were to be deducted for the illness, funeral, and legal expenses,	1,213

So that there was a net remainder of *9,019

Dr. Bach accompanied this account with a remark, in which I fully concur, that the amount of the property was

* This will be more fully elucidated by M. Rau's letters. See Supplement, No. XII.—ED.

out of all proportion to the deserts of the great man by whom it was left, and might throw an unfavorable light upon his contemporaries, were it not susceptible of explanation, from the character and opinions of the master, who thought only of his art, and left to others the consideration of the profit to be derived from it.

Symptoms of a speedy termination to Beethoven's sufferings appeared early on the 24th of March, after the holy sacrament for the dying had been administered at his own desire, and received by him with true devotion. The first symptoms of approaching dissolution manifested themselves about one o'clock on the same day. A most terrible struggle between life and death now began, and continued without intermission till the 26th, when, a quarter before six in the evening, the great composer breathed his last, during a tremendous hail-storm, aged fifty-six years, three months, and nine days.

I am not so fortunate as to be able to say that it was I who closed the eyes of the artist who belongs to the latest posterity; neither was it M. von Breuning: for we had gone, on the afternoon in question, to the burial-ground belonging to the village of Währing, to provide a suitable place of interment, and were prevented from returning by the violence of the storm. The person who had to render him this last service was M. Anselm Hüttenbrenner, from Grätz, in Styria, favorably known as a composer, who had hastened to Vienna, that he might see Beethoven once more. He fulfilled, therefore, this sacred duty in our stead; and when we entered the chamber, we were told, "It is all over!" and we returned thanks to God that his sufferings were at an end.

The arrangements for the funeral were made by M. von Breuning and myself, in conjunction with M. Tobias Haslinger, who was so obliging as to superintend the music to be performed at the ceremony, which took place on the afternoon of the 29th. The procession was followed from the abode of the great deceased to the parish church of the Alster-suburb (where the service was performed) by at least twenty thousand persons.*

* For an account of the funeral, see Supplement, No. XIII.

Since it would not be uninteresting to many admirers of Beethoven to learn the conformation of his skull, and the state in which the organs of hearing were found, I insert the following particulars from the report made after the dissection of the body by Dr. Johann Wagner. "The auditory nerves were shrivelled and marrowless, the arteries running along them stretched as if over a crow-quill, and knotty. The left auditory nerve, which was much thinner than the other, ran with three very narrow grayish streaks; the right, with a thicker white one, out of the fourth cavity of the brain, which was in this part of a much firmer consistence and more filled with blood than in the rest. The circumvolutions of the brain, which was soft and watery, appeared twice as deep as usual, and much more numerous. The skull was throughout very compact, and about half an inch thick."

A few days after the funeral, M. von Breuning received a notice from the wife of the sexton of Währing, that a considerable sum had been offered to her husband if he would bring the head of Beethoven to a place specified in Vienna. M. von Breuning, thinking that this information might originate in a mercenary motive of the sexton's, offered him money, which he, however, refused, assuring M. von Breuning that the intimation he had sent was nothing but the truth. On this account, M. von Breuning had the grave watched every night for some time.

MUSICAL OBSERVATIONS.*

Intended Edition of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonatas. — Causes for his relinquishing the Design. — Project of an Edition of his Complete Works. — Visionary Hopes excited by it. — Metamorphosis of Beethoven's Instrumental Music. — Importance of a Right Conception of the *Tempo*. — Metronomic Signs. — Injury done to Beethoven's Music by Metronomizing. — Exemplified in the Moonlight Sonata. — Metronomic Directions condemned. — Performance of Beethoven's Works in Paris. — Hints furnished by Beethoven relative to the Composition of his Sonatas, and the Proper Style of their Performance. — His own Style of Playing. — Effects intended to be given by him to his Symphonies. — Neglect of his Works.

IN the year 1816, Beethoven was prevailed upon, after repeated entreaties, to make arrangements for the publication of a complete edition of all his piano-forte sonatas. His determination to undertake this task was influenced by the consideration of three important, and, indeed, necessary objects; viz., 1st, To indicate the poetic ideas which form the groundwork of many of those sonatas, thereby facilitating the comprehension of the music, and determining the style of its performance; 2dly, To adapt all his previously published piano-forte compositions to the extended scale of the piano-forte of six and a half octaves; and, 3dly, To define the nature of musical declamation.

On this last topic, Beethoven went beyond the generally received idea. He maintained that poetical and musical declamation were subject to the same rules. "Though the

* This part properly belongs to the historical section of the Biography, of which it forms the completion. But as its incorporation with the historical matter would frequently have occasioned an interruption of the narrative, I have thought it better to make the exclusively musical part of the work the subject of a distinct section.

poet," he used to say, "carries on his monologue, or dialogue, in a progressively marked rhythm, yet the declaimer, for the more accurate elucidation of the sense, must make cæsuras and pauses in places where the poet could not venture on any interpunctuation. To this extent, then, is this style of declaiming applicable to music; and it is only to be modified according to the number of persons co-operating in the performance of a musical composition."

Of this principle, Beethoven intended to make a practical application in the new edition of his works, according as the subjects might require, and space permit, such illustration; and it may be confidently assumed that Beethoven's musical compositions would thereby have formed a new era.

Touching the poetic idea, it is well known that Beethoven did not, in his musical writings, confine himself to the rules established by preceding composers, and that he, indeed, frequently disregarded those rules when the existing idea on which he worked demanded another sort of treatment, or rather an entirely new mode of development. This style of composition adopted by Beethoven has frequently called forth the remark, that his sonatas are mere operas in disguise.

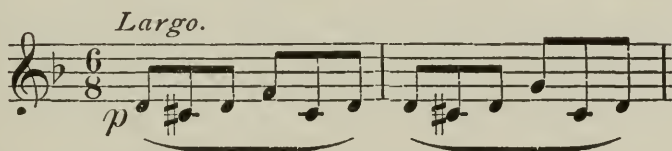
Ries, in his "Notices" (p. 77), observes, that "Beethoven, in composing, frequently imagined for himself a definite subject;" which is merely saying, that Beethoven imbued his mind with poetic ideas, and under the influence of their inspiration his musical compositions were created.

That the great master did not execute the important task he undertook in 1816 was, it must be acknowledged, an irreparable loss to the musical art, and in particular to his own music. How much would the "Pastoral Symphony" suffer, or even the "Eroica," if heard without any comprehension of the ideas which the composer adopted as his themes! How gratifying both to performer and hearer is the light cast on the design of the composition, by the mere hint of the sentiments Beethoven has, in his Sonata, Op. 81, thus expressed: "*Les adieux*," "*L'absence*," and "*Le retour*."*

* In like manner, Clementi has characterized his Grand Sonata, No. 3, Op. 60. Having taken his ideas from the History of Dido, he illustrated his compo-

The circumstances which caused Beethoven to relinquish his design of publishing the new edition of his sonatas, were, 1st, the uneasy state of mind into which he was thrown by the lawsuit commenced between him and his sister-in-law; and, 2dly, the impossibility of coming to a satisfactory arrangement with Hofmeister, the music-dealer in Leipzig, who was to publish the work. From Beethoven's correspondence with A. Diabelli, who was his confidential adviser on this subject, I perceive that the composer wished the publication to be brought out in parts, each part to contain two of the old sonatas, and one recently composed. For each of these new productions, taken one with another, Beethoven required the remuneration of forty ducats. Hofmeister, on the other hand, proposed to pay the composer at the rate of one ducat per sheet.

I once asked Beethoven why he had not affixed to the different movements of his sonatas an explanation of the poetic ideas they expressed, so that these ideas might at once present themselves to the mind of the intelligent hearer. His answer was, that the age in which he composed his sonatas was more poetic than the present* (1823), and that at the former period such explanations would have been superfluous. "At that time" (continued he), "every one perceived that the 'Largo' in the Third Sonata in D, Op. 10, painted the



sition by the superscription, "Didone abbandonata—Scena tragica;" and besides, in the course of the work, not only the different movements, but also single passages, are rendered intelligible by particular superscriptions. It is truly unpardonable that this noble work, deserving to be ranked on a level with Beethoven's sonatas, should be unknown to most of the piano-forte players of the present day. In the judgment of modern musicians and dilettanti, Clementi belongs to the old school; but I may here take the opportunity of recording Beethoven's opinion of him. Among all the masters who have written for the piano-forte, Beethoven assigned to Clementi the very foremost rank. He considered his works excellent as studies for practice, for the formation of a pure taste, and as truly beautiful subjects for performance. Beethoven used to say "They who thoroughly study Clementi, at the same time make themselves acquainted with Mozart and other composers; but the converse is not the fact."

* With few exceptions, the sonatas were all composed at the two periods alluded to.

feelings of a grief-stricken mind, with the varying tints in the light and shade, in the picture of melancholy in all its phases: there was then no need of a key to explain the meaning of the music. So in the two sonatas, Op. 14, every one, at the time when they were composed, immediately recognized the conflict of two principles, or a dialogue between two persons, exactly as is intended in the treatment of the subject," &c. On another occasion, I requested him to furnish me with the keys to two sonatas, that in F minor, Op. 57, and that in D minor, Op. 29. His answer was, "Read Shakspeare's *Tempest*."

In 1823, Beethoven was more earnestly disposed than he had previously been to superintend an edition of his entire works, including the symphonies. He received proposals from publishers in all parts of the continent, accompanied by advantageous conditions. That he did not then come to an arrangement which would have enabled him to enter upon this undertaking, was the fault of his brother Johann, to whom none of the proposed terms appeared sufficiently liberal. He suggested to Beethoven the idea of bringing out the publication on his own account, showing, by calculations on paper, the vast profits which would accrue from the speculation. M. Andreas Streicher cordially seconded the recommendation of this mode of publishing; but he differed somewhat from Beethoven's brother in his estimate of the profits. The documents of a lawsuit some centuries ago would not have composed a more bulky volume than did the manuscripts, occupied with the calculations made, the consultations held, and the determinations formed, during the agitation of this publishing scheme. But the parties engaged in these discussions and decisions forgot that they had to deal with the irresolute Beethoven, who, whenever business was the question, would be for one thing to-day and another to-morrow; and against whose expressed wish it was often necessary to do many things for his advantage. The mere prospect of great sums of money (though seen only on paper) captivated Beethoven; and he began to indulge in dreams of bettered circumstances, of living in elegant style, and keeping his carriage and horses. He was so elated by

these pleasing illusions that he began to fancy himself already rich, — an idea not calculated to dispose his mind to the gigantic labor then in contemplation.* Never were the visits of him whom he called his “pseudo-brother” so welcome as at this time. Beethoven often accompanied his brother in a carriage airing; and, on one occasion, an effort of patience enabled him to go with his brother’s family on a drive to the Prater. Assuredly no event could seem too improbable for belief, after two such heterogeneous elements as the “Gutsbesitzer” (land-owner) and the “Hirnbesitzer” (brain-owner) had been seen riding together in the same carriage.†

In these visionary hopes of fortune so readily indulged by the great Beethoven, it is easy to recognize the youth whose character is summarily sketched in the Second Period. To be rich, or at least in easy circumstances; to ride in his carriage; to be no longer obliged to stroll through fields and meadows to collect ideas and compose for the sake of earning a livelihood,—such was the flattering picture he loved to draw, and the contemplation of which often made him descend from his lofty heaven of art to cling eagerly to more earthly objects; and then sublime poetry was suddenly metamorphosed into common prose. But, thanks to the blundering management of his advisers, Beethoven remained poor! Made rich, by any means whatsoever, he would probably have been little disposed to make great sacrifices for art in the vigor of life; at all events, he would not have applied himself very laboriously to study, had he been in the enjoyment of any considerable share of the good things of this world.

As, however, it is not always our own wisdom that prompts to great objects, and brings, as it were, light out of darkness, so the stupid perversity which dictated the arrangements for the projected new edition of Beethoven’s works probably conferred a benefit on musical art. To speak more plainly, in the discussions on this publishing

* The happy state of feeling by which Beethoven was at this time animated inspired him with the idea of setting to music, with full orchestral parts, Schiller’s “Lied an die Freude.”

† The reader will recollect an anecdote of Beethoven and his brother, relative to a circumstance which occurred on New Year’s Day, 1823, together with the New Year’s Day card.

plan, the great master did not limit his attention to the mere business part of the question, the details of which, though on every occasion fresh-painted in glowing colors, often disgusted him. Then would he look upon the getting-up of the work, — the dull material, — as mere dust in the balance; whilst to exercise his musical art — to him the spiritual part of the enterprise — wholly occupied his imagination. When this feeling happened to prevail, he would describe to all who chanced to be near him the improvements he proposed to make in reference to the subject, conception, and execution in many of his early works. Some of these improvements owe their birth to a jocose observation made by Dr. Bach at one of the conferences held on the subject of the publication. Beethoven declared that many of his works did not admit of the slightest alteration, and that, consequently, in reference to them he could not establish any right of property in a second edition. Dr. Bach replied, "That the right would be sufficiently established by making the composition commence with the accented instead of the unaccented part of a bar, and *vice versa*; and further, by changing white notes into black and black into white." This remark, intended purely in jest, inspired Beethoven with a thousand new ideas, and gave an impulse to his fancy, the results of which soon after supplied the master-keys of many of his greatest works.*

Beethoven, who knew my antipathy to accounts, did not trouble me with any of those pecuniary calculations, which indeed were to himself not much more intelligible than hieroglyphics. He consulted me only on the artistical part of the all-important question, — was he to grow rich, or remain poor? I often thought that he might have read in my soul the answer which told him what was best for his own interest, and that of the world of art. For my part, I never had a doubt as to the course which was most advisable for him to adopt; but I did not wish to awaken him too early from a dream which I well knew would speedily be

* This calls to mind the fact related by Ries, in his *Notizen* (p. 107), in reference to the direction he received, when in London, from Beethoven: "At the commencement of the adagio in the Sonata, Op. 106, place these two notes for the first bar." Ries expresses great astonishment at the effect produced by the two notes.

succeeded by others. I, however, turned to useful account the conversations I had with Beethoven on this topic; for I carefully noted down all the remarks he made on his works, in reference to subject, conception, and performance. These remarks came to me the more opportunely, as I was then employed in the orchestra of the Josephstadt Theatre to lead several of his symphonies, each of which he previously went over with me at home, strongly impressing on my attention whatever had reference to those three essential points; thus initiating me into the soul and spirit of his orchestral compositions, as he had already introduced me to a just comprehension of nearly the whole of his piano-forte sonatas. These are instances of good fortune which few have had the happiness to enjoy.

The new perceptions thus acquired were to me an intellectual property, which I have ever since regarded as the dearest and most inestimable legacy of my immortal friend and instructor. They have imparted, not only to myself, but to others, — whom, for their kindred feeling for Beethoven's music, I thought worthy of a participation in my good fortune — a thousand pleasurable sensations and exalted enjoyments which nothing else in the whole domain of music could have power to create; for it has already been remarked, that Beethoven's collected chamber-music, and especially the greater part of his piano-forte sonatas, comprised a fund of musical poetry more deep and inexhaustible than can be found even in his other works. That Nature is chary in her gifts of that organization which possesses the susceptibility necessary for appreciating such elevated compositions, is not the fault of Beethoven. That fact serves only to confirm the truth of the maxim, that in art the great is not for all, and all are not for the great.*

* That this maxim admits, in our unpoetic and superficial age, of a much more extended application than it did in former times, must be with regret acknowledged by every unprejudiced observer of the modern phenomena in the region of art. Twenty or thirty years ago, great musical talent, enjoying the good fortune of being directed by able instruction, might easily have attained the highest degree of cultivation, there being then no reason to fear those seductive and slippery paths of the musical career, whereby distinguished talent is now so often led astray. A period not yet more remote than twenty or thirty years ago was favorable to the development of faculties like those of the Countess Sidonie of Brunswick, in Pesth, of whom mention has been made in the Second Period. The present age repeats with enthusiasm the name of

In the year 1831, when I wrote the musical notices then inserted in the supplement to the "*Wiener Theater Zeitung*," I alluded in No. 2 of those notices to Beethoven's Symphony in A major. In that article, I casually mentioned that Beethoven intended to give the keys to many of his instrumental compositions, in the manner of the Pastoral Symphony. The impression produced by this article was precisely such as was to be expected: it excited a mere transitory sensation, and was soon forgotten, like every thing which departs from the boundaries of common routine, and approaches the region of ideality. Several years have elapsed since that time: I am so much the older, and so much the less vain, and I am now the better enabled to see how frequently well-meant observations — nay, positive truths — are disregarded, even when they come from high authority. Of course, the actual authority in this instance was Beethoven alone. It has already been shown, in the narrative of his life, how he was prevented from executing this as well as many other important undertakings which he had planned. If I now venture to publish some of the remarks which I noted down from his own mouth, in reference to the subject, conception, and performance of his works, — or try to describe some of the vivid impressions which his instructions have left on my mind, — I do so in the just expectation that the value of these communications will be first tried and afterwards judged. I do not apprehend that I can in any degree be accused of arrogant pretension in taking upon myself the performance of this task, because it is known to many persons, that, in my intimate relations

"Clara Wieck,"* who for versatility of talent will not easily find a rival among her own sex. But talent which is to be judged by the tribunal of public opinion, if it do not render homage to the taste of the age, must at least show deference to it, and thereby lose its genuine artistical purity. This purity of taste is to be looked for only in dilettanti, who always keep in view the ideal beauty of pure unperverted truth of feeling, because their talents are exercised only in a small circle of musical friends of their own choice. Such persons, however, always remain mere dilettanti, as they do not cease to fulfil those duties which their domestic or other social relations demand, and which, by a prudent distribution of time, are easily rendered compatible with study in any situation in life. It is only on these conditions that their efforts in art, when they rise far above the common level, will win the admiration and approval of all truly cultivated artists.

* New Mad. Schuman.—Ed.

with Beethoven, during the most important interval of his life, I must necessarily have become possessed of many important facts: it will also be recollected, that, though thirteen years have elapsed since his death, I have not been prompted by any feeling of ostentation to communicate those facts to the public. To speak candidly, I should not even now think of parting with any portion of my friend's intellectual legacy, were it not from the firm conviction that the present is the right moment for so doing; for the sensual music of the day, and the overstretched mechanical dexterity of modern piano-forte playing, bid fair to thrust the intellectual compositions of Beethoven into the shade, if not to consign them entirely to oblivion.* Moreover, it must be borne in mind that Beethoven's instrumental music has undergone a metamorphosis, occasioned in some measure by the composer himself, but chiefly by the spirit of the age, which is daringly opposed to every thing great and elevated, and even hesitates not to profane that which is most sacred.

With respect to Beethoven's share in the metamorphosis of his instrumental music, and particularly of his symphonies, it is necessary first to acquaint the reader, that this metamorphosis relates wholly and solely to *metronomising*, or the regulation of time by means of the metronome.

Those who have read Matheson's "*Vollkommener Kapellmeister*" are aware that that great writer on music laid down, a century ago, the following principle: † "That the *tempo* of a great musical composition depends on the manner in which it is set for orchestra and chorus; for the greater the number of singers and players, the slower should be the *tempo*, on the simple principle that masses always move slowly." If intelligibility be the most essen-

* So far as my observation goes, it inclines me to dissent from this opinion. Not only are the new editions of Beethoven's works substantial evidences that his magnificent and various talent finds an increasing number of worshippers among the amateurs of Europe, but there are few of the distinguished solo players of the day, who do not seek to recommend themselves by acquaintance with his music, and public and private performances of it. In new countries and circles, moreover, is the taste for it rapidly spreading: I may instance London and Paris, where it is now deeply studied by the profession, and eagerly sought after by the public.—ED.

† Matheson's "*Vollkommener Kapellmeister*" was published at Hamburg, in 1739.

tial condition in the performance of a musical composition, it is self-evident that the direction for the *tempo* can only be conditional; and that, consequently, an *Allegro vivace*, with an orchestra of nine hundred and twenty performers, must become very considerably modified from the same *Allegro vivace* originally metronomized by the composer for an orchestra of sixty. That which, in the latter case, is, as it were, a condition of the intended effect, ceases to be such in the former case, because the object may already be obtained, *à priori*, through the two-fold power being communicated. The fuller orchestra should therefore take a less rapid time than that specified for the more limited number of performers.

Unluckily this important principle in the conducting of an orchestra is but too seldom recognized, even by those who are regarded as authorities in orchestral direction. I have had frequent occasion to remark this neglect, occasioned by ignorance in the performance of Beethoven's works; and in those cases the effect was, of course, a true offspring of the cause, and exhibited a total misconception of the real spirit of the compositions. To perform Beethoven's music, without regard to meaning and clearness, is hunting to death the ideas of the immortal composer. This mode of performance naturally arises out of the manifest ignorance of the sublime spirit of those works. It is at the same time the cause of their profanation, and consequently of their having too soon fallen into disuse; for the dignity and deep expression of many of the movements are sacrificed when a moderate rhythm is converted into the rhythm of dancing-time, especially if to this accelerated time be added the clang of a superabundant number of instruments. Hence may be traced the principal cause of that metamorphosis which suffices to convert a composition of lofty poetic feeling into a common prosaic piece,*—a transformation which the performers may literally be said to work out

* There is so much intrinsic spirit and value in Beethoven's orchestral works, that it is beyond the power of occasional mistakes or exaggerations in *tempo*, on the part of the players, to convert them into common prose. In England, certain movements are frequently taken too slow in France, others too quick,—according to my recollection of the *tempo* as given to the orchestra by the composer when he conducted,—still without the metamorphosis taking place.—
ED.

by the sweat of the brow. Such a perverted mode of execution must render it impossible for the most attentive listener to feel the sublimity of the composer's idea.*

Beethoven lived to see this transformation of his works. On one occasion, when he was present at a performance of his Symphony in A major, by the orchestra of the great music meeting in Vienna, he was very much displeased at the too rapid time taken in the second movement, the *Allegretto*. However, upon reflection, he acknowledged that the conductor had duly observed the metronomic sign affixed to the movement, but that he had not attended to Matheson's doctrine. In one of the musical articles which I wrote for "The Wiener Theatre Zeitung," in alluding to the Symphony in A major, I related the above fact in the following words: "At a performance of this symphony, in the latter years of Beethoven, the composer remarked, with displeasure, that the allegretto movement was given much too fast, by which its character was entirely destroyed. He thought to obviate for the future all misconception of the tempo, by marking the movement by the words *Andante, quasi Allegretto*, with the metronomic sign ♩ = 80.; and I find a memorandum to this effect in his note-book, which is in my possession. Beethoven complained generally of the misunderstanding of the tempi at the concerts of the great Vienna Musical Society, and especially that the task of principal conductorship on those occasions was always consigned to the hands of dilettanti, who were unused to direct and govern large masses of performers. These causes of dissatisfaction led Beethoven one day to make the important declaration, that he had not composed his symphonies for such vast orchestras as that usually assembled for the Vienna Musical Society;† and that it never was his

* The reader may deem it not uninteresting to be made acquainted with Mozart's opinion with reference to the unsatisfactory manner in which his compositions were sometimes performed. In the Biography published by H. von Nissen and Mozart's widow, we find, at p. 27, the following passage: "Mozart complained bitterly of the injury which his compositions frequently sustained by faulty performance, especially by a too great acceleration of the tempo. They think that this rapidity imparts fire to the composition; but truly if there is not fire in the music itself, it can never be galloped into it." (These were Mozart's own words.)

† The structure and extent of the hall of the great Imperial Ridotto at Vienna, in which the concerts of the Musical Society are held, renders a powerful orchestra necessary.

intention to write noisy music. He added, that his instrumental works required an orchestra of about sixty performers only; for he was convinced that it was by such an orchestra alone that the rapidly-changing shades of expression could be adequately given, and the character and poetic subject of each movement duly preserved.* That this declaration was dictated by sincere conviction will be readily admitted when I acquaint the reader that Beethoven was anxious to have his works performed in their true spirit, at the Concerts Spirituels, the orchestra of which contained something like the number of performers he had specified; and that he did not interest himself about their performance at the great music meeting. If double the amount of sixty performers displeased Beethoven, what would he have said of three or four times that number, no unusual orchestral occurrence at our music-festivals? What would he have said had he heard his symphonies and overtures performed by an orchestra increased by *repienti*, the only one admissible at oratorios, and in which noise is paramount? Even M. Ries has had the symphonies performed by such an orchestra, at the Lower Rhine music-festival: to this I was myself on one occasion a witness. Had Beethoven been present, he would doubtless have exclaimed, "My dear pupil, how little do you understand me!" A few movements only of Beethoven's symphonies (for example, the last of that in A major, and the last of the Ninth Symphony) are suited to an orchestra in which the number of performers amounts to three or four times sixty.

His own observations, coupled with accounts received from various places, describing the ineffective performance of the symphonies in consequence of mistaken ideas of their *tempi*, induced Beethoven, in the winter of 1825-26, to investigate the cause of the errors. This he did in my presence; and he ascertained that the metronomic signs in the printed scores were faulty, in fixing the *tempi* too quick; and, indeed, he declared that many of those metronomic signs were not authorized by him. I may here mention that the symphonies, from No. 1 to No. 6, inclusive,

* This was the exact number of performers on the occasion when his symphonies were first brought forward. — ED.

were published before the invention of Maelzel's metronome; and it is only to the Seventh and Ninth Symphonies that the metronomic signs can, with positive certainty, be said to have been given by Beethoven. Whether or not he metronomed the Eighth Symphony (the score of which was only lately published), I cannot positively determine. I do not recollect having heard him speak of metronoming that symphony, though a great deal of conversation passed between us on the subject of the composition itself.

The same may be said in reference to his sonatas. Only to those published since Maelzel's invention have the metronomic signs been affixed by Beethoven's own hand. These do not exceed four in number; viz., Op. 106, 109, 110, and 111. Those who have added metronomic indices to the other sonatas, in the various editions that have been published, prove, by the result of their labor, that they were as little acquainted with the spirit of Beethoven's music as are the inhabitants of this world with the transactions going on in the moon or in Saturn. That piano-forte virtuosi, even of the highest rank, should have presumed to act the part of interpreters and law-givers in Beethoven's music,* is a matter of regret: † and all true admirers of the great master, who may wish to form a just notion of his sonatas, either as to conception or execution, should be earnestly warned not to listen to their performance by any virtuoso who has labored all his life on difficult passages, having

* The metronomic sign may be compared to a paragraph of a code of laws, which is cited as an authority for decision in some particular case. The dictating movement of the metronome facilitates a just comprehension of a musical composition. A correct metronomic direction leads the intelligent musician by the right path into the spirit of the music; whilst an erroneous indication of the time leads him very far astray in his endeavors to seize that spirit.

† By way of excepting myself from the sweeping censure here bestowed upon all who have attempted to fix the metronomic signs to Beethoven's compositions, I hope I may be permitted to state, that in superintending for Messrs. Cramer & Co. the new edition of his works, and in metronomizing the several compositions, I have not merely listened to my own musical feelings, but been guided by my recollections of what I gathered from Beethoven's own playing, and that of the Baroness Ertmann, whom I have heard perform many of his works in his presence, and to his entire satisfaction, at the musical meetings alluded to by M. Schindler in this work (p. 73), and at Mr. Zmeskall's. In some of the quick movements, I have purposely refrained from giving way to that rapidity of piano-forte execution, so largely developed at the present time. It is with satisfaction that I add, that the *tempi* I have ventured to give differ very slightly from those affixed to Haslinger's Vienna edition, by Carl Czerny, whom I consider to be a competent authority in the matter. — ED.

only in view to improve the mechanical power of the fingers; unless, indeed, it be merely bravura movements; of which, thank Heaven, there are but few among these compositions. Beethoven truly remarked, "that a certain class of piano-forte performers seemed to lose intelligence and feeling in proportion as they gained dexterity of fingering." What can such bravura players make of the melodies of Beethoven, so simple yet so profoundly imbued with sentiment? Precisely what Liszt* makes of Schubert's songs, what Paganini made of the Cantilena in Rode's concerto, and what Rubini makes of Beethoven's "Adelaide." All these, it must be acknowledged, are tasteless perversions of beautiful originals, — violations of truth and right feeling in all those points in which such offences can be most sensibly felt.

To point out only one example of the injury inflicted on Beethoven's music by professional metronoming, I may mention the metronomic signs of the two sonatas (Op. 27) in the recently published Vienna and London editions; the very sight of them occasions surprise: but to hear these sonatas played according to the metronomic signs affixed to them leads one to wish that all piano-forte metronomers were put under the ban.† But even this is not the only cause of complaint against these perverters of all truth in expression. Are they not the very men who by their frivolities, romantic and unromantic, have latterly given to the taste for truly good and classic composition that unhealthful direction which threatens soon to bring all genuine music under the dominion of the superficial, — if, indeed, it has not already submitted to that authority? Is not their handiwork (art, it cannot be called) directed solely to the object of pleasing the multitude, and on that account must they not descend to the level of vulgar taste? Since Hummel's death there perhaps exists not, in Germany especially,

* Did not M. Schindler, in page 151 of this volume, more duly appreciate the merits of Liszt than the reader might infer from the above, I should gladly avail myself of this opportunity to do homage to the amazing talent of that artist. — Ed.

† I cannot calmly submit to be put under this ban, but rather stand up and defend my metronomic signs of the Op. 27, as well as of all the others in the edition. — Ed.

any professor of the piano-forte, F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy excepted, who, fired by enthusiasm, keeps in view the honorable object of elevating his hearers to the standard of his own high feeling,—a duty which Art demands from all her devotees, whether professors or dilettanti.

The Sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27 (called the Moonlight Sonata), is metronomed as follows in the edition lately published by T. Haslinger, of Vienna:—

- I. Adagio, $\text{♩} = 60$.
- II. Allegretto, $\text{♩} = 84$.
- III. Presto agitato, $\text{♩} = 92$.

In the London edition of Beethoven's piano-forte works, edited by J. Moscheles, the same sonata has affixed to it the following metronomic directions:—

- I. Adagio, $\text{♩} = 60$.
- II. Allegretto, $\text{♩} = 76$.
- III. Presto agitato, $\text{♩} = 92$.

In the Vienna edition of the Sonata in E flat major, the metronomic directions are as follow:—

- I. Andante, $\text{♩} = 72$.
- II. Allegro, $\frac{6}{8} \text{♩} = 116$.
- III. Allegro molto vivace, $\frac{3}{4} \text{♩} = 138$.
- IV. Adagio, $\text{♩} = 69$.
- V. Finale, allegro vivace, $\text{♩} = 160$.

In the London edition, the different movements of the same sonata are thus marked:—

- I. Andante, $\text{♩} = 69$.
- II. Allegro, $\frac{6}{8} \text{♩} = 104$.
- III. Allegro molto vivace, $\frac{3}{4} \text{♩} = 126$.
- IV. Adagio, $\text{♩} = 76$.
- V. Finale, allegro vivace, $\text{♩} = 132$.

What a Babel of confusion as to the right feeling, and what confusion also in regard to the conception of Beetho-

ven's sacred legacy to posterity is thus exhibited!* and similar inconsistencies are apparent throughout all his works in these new editions.† Who does not with deep regret feel that such gross neglect amounts almost to profanation of the works of the great master? Are, then, these divine compositions to be converted into show pieces for the performance of professional piano-forte players? Nevertheless, I am bound to admit that some of the *tempi*, as marked in the new London edition, approximate more nearly to the composer's original intention.

The fashion of the day tends to preclude any one from attempting to play one of Beethoven's sonatas who has not for a year together practised the hand and finger-spraining exercises of modern performers. What is now-a-days thought of a simple *allegro*, as written by Mozart or Beethoven? It is converted into a *presto*; and so other movements are accelerated in gradation. And, truly, this is the method whereby the works of these great masters, already become antiquated, are accommodated to modern taste!

It is not yet very long since an assiduous practice of the Studies of Aloys Schmidt and of John Cramer used to smoothen the way of the intelligent pianist to the most difficult works of Beethoven; and, if greater mechanical dexterity of fingering was required to make the path more secure, the Studies of Hummel, Moscheles, or Kalkbrenner were found sufficient. But what would the practice of

* In this angry denunciation against metronomizing, M. Schindler goes too far. The musical world knows, that marking the time by a metronome is but a slight guide for performers and conductors. Its object is to show the general time of a movement, particularly at its commencement; but it is not to be followed strictly throughout; for no piece, except a march or a dance, would have any real life and expression, or light and shade, if the solo performer, or the orchestra under its conductor, were strictly to adhere to one and the same *tempo*, without regard to the many marks which command its variations. (See M. Schindler's own subsequent words on this subject, pp. 150 and 151.) The player or conductor who enters into the time and spirit of the piece must feel *when* and *where* he has to introduce the necessary changes; and these are often of so delicate a nature, that the marks of the metronome would become superabundant, not to say impossible. This duly considered, the differences in the metronomic signs here denounced will be found too trifling to draw forth such animadversions. — ED.

† In Op. 27, both title and dedication vary from the mode in which they are given by the composer. The following are the words written by Beethoven, which refer specially to No. 1: "Sonata quasi Fantasia, dedicata alla Madamella Contessa Giulietta di Gulceiardi."

these exercises now avail? * They would not enable the student to play the first three Sonatas of Beethoven according to the newest fashion. What, then, it may be asked, becomes of feeling and expression which ought to have room to develop themselves, so that in certain passages the tone may seem, as it were, to sing and reverberate? Where now is feeling, — where expression, and, indeed, where opportunity for the manifestation of any sensibility? Let Beethoven's piano-forte works be played according to the new metronomic directions, and it will soon be perceived, that no more opportunity is left for feeling and expression than the most rapid fingering affords; and that this rule extends even to the execution of the adagio.

In this state of things, the best advice that can be given to the piano-forte practitioner is, Shun all metronomic directions, be they given by whom they may; † turn from them as you would from the misleading lights of *ignes-fatui*; set to work with the right spirit and the preliminary knowledge for the task, and apply to all the works of Beethoven the composer's words, "No metronome," &c.‡ Thus you will with certainty attain the wished-for object, and be spared the mortification of renouncing your own feelings to substitute those of another in their stead.

Moreover, while examining the metronomic signs affixed to his works by their different editors, Beethoven discovered that the metronomes themselves vary one from another; an inconvenience which has been greatly increased since Beethoven's time, by numerous counterfeits. He perceived, for example, that the fourth movement of the Symphony in C minor was deprived of all dignity when performed in the accelerated time indicated thus — $\text{♩} = 84$.; and that, in the fourth movement of the Symphony in B flat major, the metronomic sign was a decided contradiction to the Italian

* This reasoning seems to me somewhat void of logic, since the same spirit which would urge M. Schindler's "most fashionable" piano-forte player to exceed the *tempi* of Beethoven's sonatas, would prompt him also to play the above-mentioned Studies with such a degree of celerity as must enable him to be prepared for the difficulties, at *prestissimo* speed, of the great master's sonatas — ED.

† Beethoven himself? — ED.

‡ I shall presently have occasion to quote a remark of Beethoven's, in which the above words occur

words, "*Allegro ma non tanto*;" whilst the movement, if performed in accordance with the metronomic direction, would be a mere mass of confusion, such rapid time being incompatible with a sufficiently clear and distinct execution of the semi-quaver passages by the bow instruments. He now saw the necessity of directing his attention to a more careful adaptation of the metronomic signs, so as to give a slower time to most of the *allegro* movements. But excessive occupation, added to the different strokes of adverse fortune which have been detailed in the biographical portion of the present work, prevented him from entering upon this important task. Besides, he called the metronoming a mere "business" matter, and this view of the labor tended to increase his distaste for it. The publishers of his latter works must be aware how dilatory he was in determining the metronomic signs, which were frequently obtained from him only after repeated correspondence. An example of this is proved by his letters of the 16th and 30th of April, 1819, addressed to M. Ries, in London.* Moreover, when it happened that Beethoven metronomed the same work twice over, he marked the *tempi* differently each time. A striking example of this occurred with respect to the Ninth Symphony, which he first metronomized for the publisher, and then several months afterwards for the Philharmonic Society of London.† In the latter instance, he made the signs for every movement differ from those which he had adopted in the former case; making the *tempi* sometimes quicker and sometimes slower; and when I accidentally found the copy of the first metronomizing which he had marked for the Messrs. Schott, he answered impatiently, "Better no metronome!‡ He who has correct feeling has no need of it;

* "The *tempo* of the sonata, fixed by Maelzel's metronome, you shall have by next post," says Beethoven, in his letter of the 30th of April. Why not have sent it with the manuscript of the music? It was a mechanical occupation, and Beethoven was not inclined to turn to it on that day. Unfortunately, he was not better disposed to set about it before the departure of the following post.

† The reader will recollect Beethoven's letter to Moscheles, dated March 18, 1827, alluded to in the Third Period. In that letter, he enclosed the metronomic signs for the Ninth Symphony, after the symphony to which those signs belonged had been some time in London.

‡ If Beethoven, though acknowledging the useful adaptability of the metronome, was, nevertheless, frequently undetermined, and, by twice fixing

and to him who does not possess that feeling, it is equally useless, for he runs astray, and the whole orchestra with him." This truth is confirmed by frequent experience. If it were recognized by every orchestral director, together with old Matheson's maxim, the works of Beethoven and other great masters would never be brought down from their lofty elevation, and we should secure their purity and imperishability, which is the common duty of us all.*

I was much gratified to observe M. Habeneck's judicious regulations of time in the performance, under his direction, of Beethoven's works at the Conservatory in Paris. An impression of the very contrary was conceived by Beethoven himself; for, during his life-time, it used to be said, that in Parisian orchestras the over-rapid performance of his quick movements made them resemble quadrilles and gallopades. It is however possible, that in France, as in Germany, this error may be traced to the incorrect metronomizing, which was held to be unquestionable authority, until M. Habeneck discovered the root of the evil, and proved that the Rossinian "*effetto! effetto!*" was no longer to be held identical with the dignity and grandeur of Beethoven's poetic music.

Let us hope that among the musicians of France there will speedily arise some few who, unfettered by the bonds of fashion, and devoid of egotism, will turn with a pure and deeply poetic spirit to the piano-forte works of Beethoven, and draw freely from the ever-living waters of that sacred well which the Muses have consecrated. Much has already been done in France by Franz Liszt, who so thoroughly comprehends the spirit of Beethoven. But the efforts of one individual are insufficient for the wide diffusion of important principles. The advantage which may be derived from Beethoven's piano-forte compositions is yet almost wholly unknown to French pianists, as I have had frequent

metronomic signs to the same works, contradicted himself, it merely shows that he was influenced by the musical feeling of the moment. Another proof that two different musicians, like Czerny and myself, could naturally hardly fail to deviate slightly in pointing out the *tempo* of Beethoven's works. His saying here quoted, "Better no metronome!" is no proof that he wished to abolish its use, but that he only feared that it might be insufficient to determine the rate of movement in its different variations. — ED.

* See my note, p. 142. — ED.

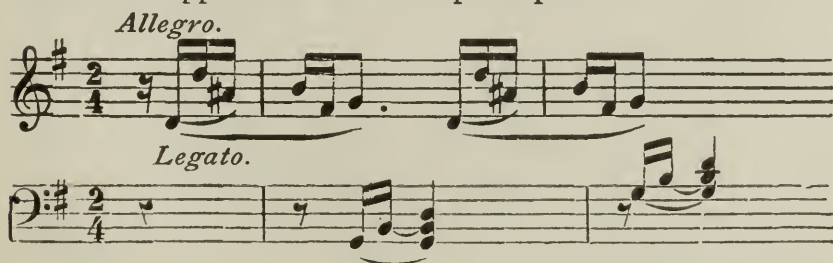
opportunities to observe; and nothing has so greatly contributed to create this unfortunate ignorance as the absurdly refined mechanism of piano-forte playing, which, years ago, Beethoven justly feared would banish all truth of feeling from music. In a letter which he addressed to Ries, dated July 26, 1823, he alludes to certain "*Allegri di Bravura*, which demand too much mechanism of fingering, and therefore he does not admire them." Indeed, the only piano-forte compositions of Beethoven which have hitherto obtained attention from the French, and, I may add, from most of the German pianists, are such as afford scope for the display of mechanical dexterity. Compositions of this class being precisely those which are characterized by an exuberant freedom of fancy, are inferior in poetic spirit to his other piano-forte works. These latter are, however, far more difficult to comprehend and to perform than those which merely demand a greater degree of digital dexterity. That *cheval de bataille* for fleet-fingered pianists, the Sonata, Op. 57, is, of all Beethoven's sonatas (without accompaniments), after Op. 30, the only one on which they take their full revenge; and I affirm, with a thorough conviction of being correct, that, out of a hundred pianists whose talent is swayed by the dominion of fashion, it would be difficult to find two who know any thing of these sonatas, with the exception of Op. 57. Of the Sonatas, from Op. 2 to Op. 30 inclusive, there are but few that have the honor of being known to the legion of fashionable piano-forte players. The gods whom this legion worship have no place among the Immortals; and if we estimate their productions by the standard of art, they must be ranked on a level with those musical idols of the day whose chief merit is that they set the feet of the multitude in motion.

The limited knowledge of Beethoven's sonatas in Germany may be attributed to the circumstance of our teachers placing those works at too early a period before their pupils. They forget that, for a due comprehension of the highest style of art, a sum of knowledge and experience, a certain degree of mental maturity, are required, without which all endeavors to force a taste for the most elevated objects will be vain, or possibly productive of disgust. The study of

Beethoven's music should be earnestly entered upon, after the mind has been cultivated by a course of education at once philosophic and elegant: without such a preparation, the study will infallibly be harassing and disagreeable, even to those who possess more than common susceptibility for musical poetry. Music is the offspring of deep feeling, and by deep feeling alone can its genuine beauties be comprehended and enjoyed.

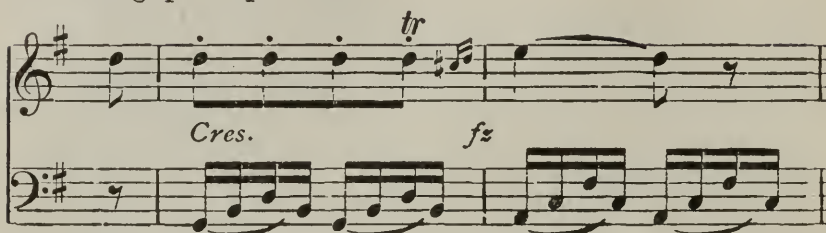
Now, with regard to the sonatas, I have further to observe, that the hints which I received from Beethoven on the subject of their composition, and the proper style of their performance, had direct reference to only a few of those compositions. Still, no doubt, many persons will be gratified by what I have to communicate. To the intelligent lover of music, these hints will afford matter for reflection, whereby he may not only more thoroughly comprehend the works in question, but also, by the help of the key thus obtained, open for himself a path to the knowledge of other compositions of the like kind, imbued with the like soul and spirit.

Among the most rich in materials, and unfortunately, among the least known, are the two sonatas comprised in Op. 14. The first is in E major, and the second in G major. Both these sonatas have for their subject a dialogue between a husband and wife, or a lover and his mistress. In the second sonata, this dialogue, with its signification, is very forcibly expressed; the opposition of the two principal parts being more sensibly marked than in the first sonata. By these two parts, Beethoven intended to represent two *principles*, which he designated the *entreating* and the *resisting*. Even in the first bars the contrary motion marks the opposition of these principles.



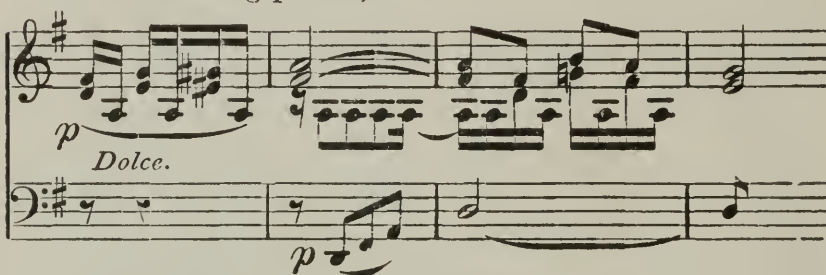
By a softly gliding transition from earnest gravity to

tenderness and feeling, the eighth bar introduces the entreating principle alone.



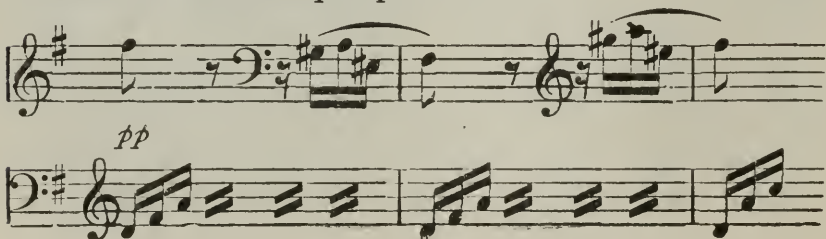
This suing and flattering strain continues until the middle part is taken up in D major, when both principles are again brought into conflict, but not with the same degree of earnestness as at the commencement. The resisting principle is now relaxing, and allows the other to finish without interruption the phrase that has been begun.

In the following phrase, —



both approximate, and the mutual understanding is rendered distinctly perceptible by the succeeding cadence on the dominant.

In the second section of the same movement, the opposition is again resumed in the minor of the tonic, and the resisting principle is energetically expressed in the phrase in A flat major. To this succeeds a pause on the chord of the dominant, and then in E flat the conflict is again resumed till the tranquil phrase —



comes in as it were like a preparation for mutual concord for both repeat several times the same idea, resembling an interrogation, beginning slowly, and with lingering pauses, then over and over again in rapid succession. The introduction in the tonic of the principal motivo renews the conflict, and the feelings alternate as in the first part; but, at the conclusion of the movement, the expected conciliation is still *in suspenso*. It is not completely brought about until the end of the sonata, when it is clearly indicated, and as it were expressed, on the final close of the piece, by a distinctly articulated "Yes!" from the resisting principle.



Then was not Beethoven justified in saying, that the poetic idea which had stimulated his imagination in the composition of this work was quite obvious? In fact, is not the explanation of every individual phrase perfectly natural? Of this let any one convince himself, by comparing the above indication of the design with the sonata itself.

But the reality and certainty of the composer's intention is fully obtained only on the performance of the piece, the difficulty of which, be it observed, is much greater than it

is generally believed to be. For example, words directing the quickening or retarding of the time, such as *accelerando*, *ritardando*, &c., do not, in their ordinary acceptation, convey an adequate idea of the wonderfully delicate shading which characterized Beethoven's performance; and on this account he would have experienced great impediments, had he proceeded with his intended revisal of many other works in the like style. This obstacle he clearly foresaw.

M. Ries, alluding to the "Sonate Pathétique," p. 106 of his "Notizen," makes the following remarks on the performance of Beethoven, "In general, he played his own compositions in a very capricious manner; he nevertheless kept strictly accurate time, occasionally, but very seldom, accelerating the *tempi*. On the other hand, in the performance of a *crecendo* passage, he would make the time *ritardando*, which produced a beautiful and highly striking effect. Sometimes in the performance of particular passages, whether with the right hand or the left, he would infuse into them an exquisite, but altogether inimitable expression. He seldom introduced notes or ornaments not set down in the composition." Yes, it may be truly said that the expression was inimitable! What the "Sonate Pathétique" became under the hands of Beethoven—though he left much to be desired on the score of pure execution—can only be conceived by those who have had the good fortune to hear it played by him. Yet it required to be heard over and over again before one could be convinced that it was a work, by name at least, already well known. In short, all music performed by his hands appeared to undergo a new creation. These wonderful effects were in a great degree produced by his uniform *legato* style, which was one of the most remarkable peculiarities of his playing.*

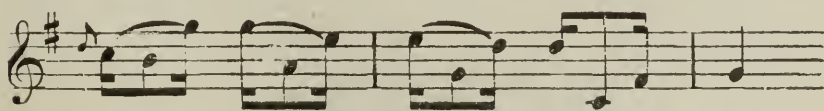
All the pieces which I have heard Beethoven himself

* With regard to piano-forte playing, Beethoven always inculcated the following rule: "Place the hands over the key-board in such a position that the fingers need not be raised more than is necessary. This is the only method by which the player can learn to *generate tone*, and, as it were, to make the instrument sing." He abjured the *staccato* style, especially in the performance of phrases, and he decisively termed it "finger-dancing," or "manual air-sawing." There are many passages in Beethoven's works, which, though not marked with slurs, require to be played *legato*. But this a cultivated taste will instinctively perceive.

play were, with few exceptions, given without any constraint as to the rate of the time. He adopted a *tempo-rubato* in the proper sense of the term, according as subject and situation might demand, without the slightest approach to caricature. Beethoven's playing was the most distinct and intelligible declamation, such, perhaps, as in the same high degree can only be studied in his works. His old friends, who attentively watched the development of his genius in every direction, declare that he adopted this mode of playing in the first years of the Third Period of his life, and that it was quite a departure from his earlier method, which was less marked by shading and coloring; thence it appears that his perceptive sagacity had then discovered a sure method of throwing open, to the unlearned as well as the initiated, a door to the mysterious workings of his imagination. In the performance of his quartette music, he wished the same rules to be observed as in playing his sonatas; for the quartettes paint passions and feelings no less than the sonatas. Among the latter, however, there are several in which a strict observance of time is indispensable; scarcely permitting, much less demanding, any deviation from regularity. Those compositions require to be played in what is termed the *bravura* style: they are Op. 106, 111, 57, and some others.

I will now, as far as verbal description may permit, endeavor to convey an idea of the manner in which Beethoven himself used to play the two sonatas contained in Op. 14. His wonderful performance of these compositions was a sort of musical declamation, in which the two principles were as distinctly separated as the two parts of a dialogue when recited by the flexible voice of a good speaker.

He commenced the opening *allegro* with vigor and spirit, relaxing these qualities at the sixth bar, and in the following passage:—

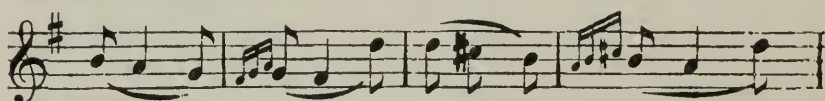


Here a slight *ritardando* made preparation for gently

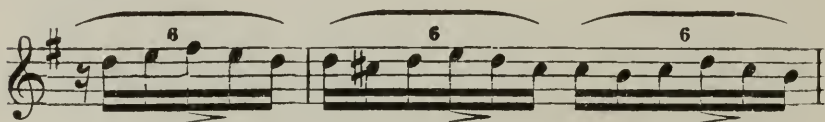
introducing the entreating principle. The performance of the phrase, —



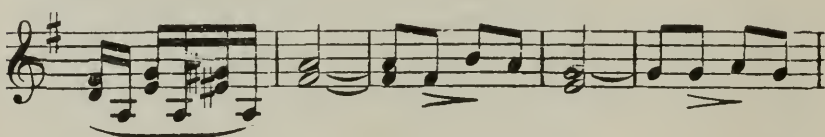
was exquisitely shaded; and to the following bars, —



Beethoven's manner of holding down particular notes, combined with a kind of soft, gliding touch, imparted such a vivid coloring, that the hearer could fancy he actually beheld the lover in his living form, and heard him apostrophizing his obdurate mistress. In the following groups of semi-quavers, —



he strongly accented the fourth note of each group, and gave a joyous expression to the whole passage; and, at the succeeding chromatic run, he resumed the original time, and continued it till he arrived at this phrase, —



which he gave in *tempo andantino*, beautifully accenting the bass, and the third notes of the upper part of the harmony, as I have marked them in the two last bars of the subjoined example, thereby rendering distinct to the ear the separation of the two principles. On arriving at the ninth bar, —



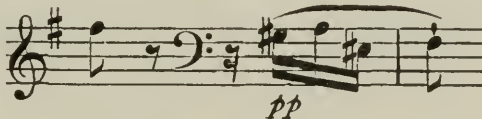
he made the bass stand out prominently, and closed the succeeding cadence on the dominant in the original time, which he maintained without deviation to the end of the first part.

In the second part, Beethoven introduced the phrase in A flat major, by a *ritardando* of the two preceding bars. He attacked this phrase vigorously, thus diffusing a glow of color over the picture. He gave a charming expression to the following phrase in the treble by strongly accenting and holding down longer than the prescribed time the first note in each bar, —



whilst the bass was played with gradually increasing softness, and with a sort of creeping motion of the hand.

The passage next in succession was touched off brilliantly; and, in its closing bars, the *decrescendo* was accompanied by a *ritardando*. The following phrase was begun in *tempo andante*: —



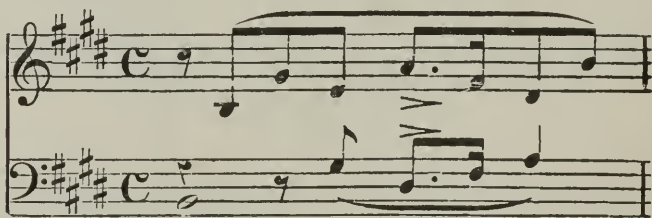
At the fifth bar, there was a slight *accelerando*, and an increase of tone. At the sixth bar, the original time was resumed. Throughout the remainder of the first movement, Beethoven observed the same time as that which he had taken in the opening bars.

Various as were the *tempi* which Beethoven introduced in this movement, yet they were all beautifully prepared, and, if I may so express myself, the colors were delicately

blended one with another. There were none of those abrupt changes which the composer frequently admitted in some of his other works, with the view of giving a loftier flight to the declamation. Those who truly enter into the spirit of this fine movement will find it advisable not to repeat the first part: by this allowable abridgment, the gratification of the hearer will be unquestionably increased; whilst it may possibly be diminished by the frequent repetition of the same phrases.

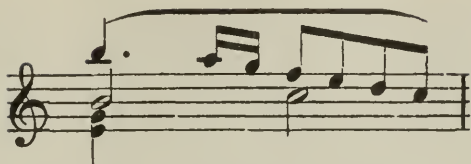
It would lead me too far to describe circumstantially the principal points in all the three movements of this sonata; and so with others. The shades of expression are so various and important, that I can only lament the impossibility of conveying any adequate idea of them by words. Perhaps it is only by the publication of a new edition of these and other compositions, that the manner in which Beethoven did or would have executed them can be rendered perfectly obvious to the performer, as well as their right comprehension facilitated to those lovers of the art whose cultivated perception may enable them to recognize poetic ideas clothed in a musical garb.

With regard to the second Sonata in E major (Op. 14), the subject of which is similar to that of the first, I shall confine myself to the description of Beethoven's manner of performing a very few passages. In the eighth bar of the first *allegro* movement, —



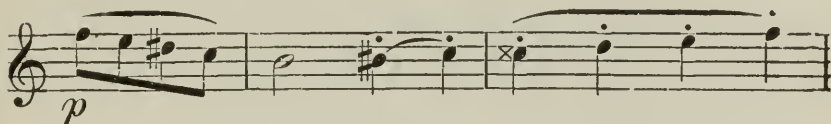
as well as in the ninth bar, he retarded the time, touching the keys more *forte*, and holding down the fifth note, as marked above. By these means he imparted to the passage an indescribable earnestness and dignity of character.

In the tenth bar, —

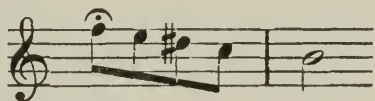


the original time was resumed, the powerful expression being still maintained. The eleventh bar was *diminuendo* and somewhat lingering. The twelfth and thirteenth bars were played in the same manner as the two foregoing.

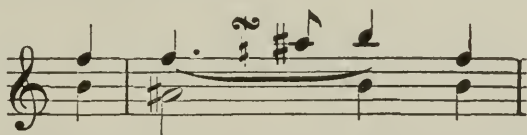
On the introduction of the middle movement —,



the dialogue became sentimental. The prevailing time was *andante*, but not regularly maintained; for, every time that either principle was introduced, a little pause was made on the first note, thus: —



At the following phrase, —



a joyous character was expressed. The original *tempo* was taken, and not again changed till the close of the first part.

The second part, from this passage, —



forward, was characterized by an increased breadth of rhythm, and augmented power of tone, which, however, was further on shaded into an exquisitely delicate *pianis-*

simo ; so that the apparent meaning of the dialogue became more perceptible without any over-strained effort of imagination.

The second movement *allegretto* was, as performed by Beethoven, more like an *allegro furioso* ; and until he arrived at the single chord, —



on which he made a very long pause, he kept up the same *tempo*.

In the *maggiore*, the *tempo* was taken more moderately, and played by Beethoven in a beautifully expressive style. He added not a single note ; but he gave to many an accentuation which would not have suggested itself to any other player. On the subject of accentuation, I may state, as a general remark, that Beethoven gave prominent force to all appoggiaturas, particularly the minor second, even in running passages ; and, in slow movements, his transition to the principal note was as delicately managed as it could have been by the voice of a singer.

In the rondo of the sonata to which I am here referring, Beethoven maintained the time as marked until he arrived at the bars introducing the first and third pauses. These bars he made *ritardando*.

The two Sonatas in Op. 14, the first Sonata (F minor) in Op. 2 ; the first Sonata (C minor), Op. 10 ; the Sonata pathétique (C minor), Op. 13 ; the Sonata quasi Fantasia in C sharp minor, Op. 27, and some others, are all pictures of feeling ; and, in every movement, Beethoven varied the time according as the feelings changed.

I will now endeavor to make the reader acquainted with the effect which Beethoven intended should be given to particular phrases or whole movements of his symphonies.

That orchestral music does not admit of such frequent changes of time as chamber music is, of course, an understood fact. But it is equally well known, that, in orchestral performances, the greatest and most unexpected efforts may be produced by even slight variations of time.

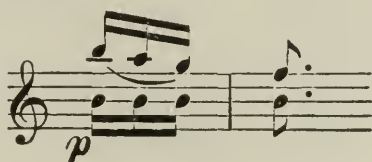
Passing over the First Symphony, I shall proceed to notice the Second. In the first movement, the prescribed time must not be altered, and it must by no means be taken faster than is understood by the direction *allegro*. By too fast a *tempo* the intrinsic dignity of the movement would be utterly lost.

The second movement, *larghetto*, requires a frequent change of measure. The first *tempo* is kept up to the phrase, —



where the time is gradually quickened, by which the character of the movement acquires a greater degree of warmth and spirit.

The passage immediately following —



is like the echo of a very melancholy wail, and is given more slowly than the original time, which is resumed only with the succeeding cadence. The same variation of time should be observed on the repetition of the same phrases in the second part of the movement.

To afford at a glance an idea of the right mode of playing these phrases, and to show that their accurate performance is perfectly practicable by a well-trained orchestra, I subjoin the whole in a connected form, together with the requisite marks for the changes of the *tempi*:—

Poco accelerando.

The musical score consists of three systems of piano and bass staves. The first system is marked *Poco accelerando.* and includes a *cres.* marking. The second system is marked *Poco lento.* and *Tempo 1mo.*, with dynamic markings *f*, *p*, and *f*. The third system includes dynamic markings *sf* and *p*.

Poco accelerando.

cres. *f*

Tempo lmo.

p *Lento.* *p* *p*

cres. ed.

cres. ed.

accelerando.

f *ff* *p* *Poco Allegretto.*

This *allegretto* is continued until the theme is taken up in C minor. The first *larghetto* time is then resumed.

I recommend orchestral directors to try on the piano this fragment as far as the A minor passage, and they will be convinced of the deep expression produced by the variations of the *tempi* as I have marked them. The phrase in C major *ff* likewise demands a deviation from the original time, and, if slightly accelerated, will be found to acquire additional power and effect.*

The style of performance above described will be found to infuse into this long movement a degree of grace, dignity, and feeling, which is not attainable if the *tempo* be kept uniform. By the variation, the orchestra is kept constantly on the stretch; but the performance will be found easy if it be conducted with steadiness and decision.

I do not recollect any thing remarkable with regard to the manner of performing the other movements of this symphony. The *tempi* as marked may be adhered to.

I have already observed that Beethoven marked the second movement of the A major Symphony with the direction *Andante, quasi Allegretto*. But at the part in C major the time may be somewhat quickened, which will be found to produce an extremely pleasing effect, forming, likewise, a fine contrast to the mysterious character of the introduction. The passage in A minor which prepares the conclusion, demands, particularly in those parts where the violins answer the wind instruments, little breaks of the time, which the subject and the declamation render indispensable. The right coloring is thus given to the background of the picture, and the deepest impression produced on the hearer.

Concerning the "Symphonia Eroica," Beethoven wished that the first movement should be taken in more moderate time than is indicated by the direction, *allegro con brio*, which in the course of performance is usually converted into a *presto*. This detracts from the elevated character of the composition, and transforms it into a concertante

* I agree with M. Schindler in these remarks. The slight deviations of time recommended must give life and expression, not only to this movement, but also to the imaginative compositions of all the great masters.

Their success, however, can only be assured by intimate acquaintance on the part of the band with the manner of the conductor, and his mode of conveying his intentions, either from long intercourse or careful rehearsals.—ED.

display. On the contrary, a perfectly tranquil movement should prevail from beginning to end, even in the loudest parts. The tempo should be somewhat retarded in this phrase:—

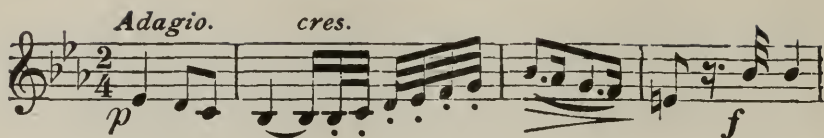


and this measure should be maintained to the following *pianissimo* passage:—



where a gentle *accelerando* brings back the original time of the movement. This latter time must be rigidly observed as far as the *forte* phrase in B major. The same changes of time should be observed in the corresponding phrases of the second part of the movement.

Before I proceed to comment on the second movement, the *Marcia funebre*, I must bring to the reader's recollection Beethoven's declaration in reference to this movement, given in the Second Period. Whether this declaration be taken as jest or earnest, it contains a great deal of truth. Though Beethoven said he composed the music appropriate to the tragical end of the great Emperor seventeen years prior to the event, yet the extent of his fancy is more powerfully manifested in the manner in which he has portrayed the catastrophe. Does not, for example, the middle movement in C major plainly point to the rising of a star of hope? Further on, does not this same middle movement indicate the firm resolution of the hero to overcome his fate? The succeeding fugue-movement, also, still pictures out a conflict with fate. After this, there is perceptibly a decline of energy, which, however, again revives, until in this phrase:

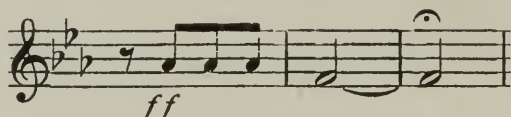


resignation is expressed, the hero gradually sinks, and at length, like other mortals, is consigned to the grave.

The *maggiore* itself demands a somewhat animated tempo.

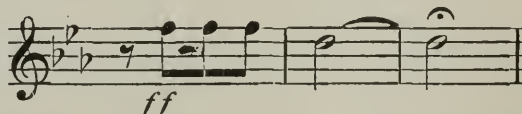
In the C minor Symphony, Beethoven intended that only a very few variations should be made in the time; yet these few are in the highest degree important and interesting, and they refer principally to the first movement.

The opening of this movement (that is to say, the first five bars with the two pauses) requires to be played in something like this tempo, ♩ = 126, an *andante con moto*.^{*} Thus the mystical character of the movement is in an infinite degree more clearly manifested than by a rapid expression of this phrase, so full of deep meaning. Beethoven expressed himself in something like vehement animation, when describing to me his idea, "It is thus that fate knocks at the door." At the sixth bar, where the first violin is introduced, the *allegro con brio*, ♩ = 108, commences; and this time is continued until this passage,†—



where, according to Beethoven's idea, fate again knocks at the door, only more slowly. At the passage for the first violin, in the succeeding bar, the *allegro* is again taken up.

In the second part of this movement the retardation of the quick time occurs twice; first at the phrase succeeding the pause on the major triad of E flat.‡



* ? ! — Ed.

† See Score, p. 3.

‡ See Score, p. 23.

And secondly at the repetition of the same phrase (page 43 of the Score).

Respecting any essential changes of time in the other three movements of this symphony, I received no information from Beethoven.

The above hints on matter and manner in relation to Beethoven's music will, I trust, be found satisfactory. For several reasons, it appears to me that further details would here be out of place. I must, however, most earnestly and indignantly protest against every reproach founded on the suspicion that these hints and other observations did not emanate from Beethoven, but have been the offspring of my invention. Beethoven's Quartette, performed by Schuppanzigh and the three other initiated players, plainly shows the effect which the music was capable of producing, when executed in obedience to the composer's personal directions. Those who have not had the good fortune to hear that performance, and to have thereby obtained the advantage of observing that by varying the time at suitable points, powerful effects are produced, and the most abstruse music rendered an intelligible language to unlearned ears, may possibly doubt the accuracy of what I have stated; but, nevertheless, unjustly.

If Beethoven did not direct the performance of his instrumental music in the manner above described, it was for the important reason that he had not, *ex officio*, any orchestra under his control, and none would have had patience to be schooled by him. This sort of study could only be practicable with the well-organized orchestra of a chapel or musical Conservatoire. With respect to the orchestra of the Vienna Theatre, the performers engaged in it have always insisted, that, with the exception of their duties on the nights of performance, nothing more shall be required of them; and the orchestra of the Concert-Spirituel includes among its coadjutors many diletantti, who cannot devote the necessary time to rehearsals.

These circumstances serve to explain the complaints made by Beethoven to Hofrath Rochlitz in the year 1822. Those complaints, which unfortunately contained mortify-

ing truths, are thus related by Rochlitz in his work entitled "Für Freunde der Tonkunst" (vol. iv. p. 355): "He (Beethoven), turning the conversation upon himself and his works, said, 'None of my compositions are heard here.'—'None in the summer season?' inquired I, writing the words on the slate.—'Neither in summer nor winter,' exclaimed he.—'What should they hear?—Fidelio?'—'They cannot perform it, and would not listen to it if they could.'—'The Symphonies?'—'They have not time for them.'*—'The Concertos?'—'Our instrumental players prefer strumming and scraping their own productions.'—'The Solos?'—'They have been long out of fashion here: and now-a-days fashion rules every thing,' &c.

I once more repeat that Beethoven's music would have founded a new era, had the composer been enabled, in the new edition of his works, to accomplish the much-desired object of classical explanation, or had he possessed the control of an orchestra, which, under his own instruction and superintendence, he might have made a model for the whole musical world. That his ideas of possible improvement would not have been narrowly circumscribed, may be inferred from the proposition laid down by himself, "The boundary does not yet exist, of which it can be said to talent co-operating with industry, *Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!*"

I had just finished this portion of my work, when the "Journal des Débats," of the 18th of January last, containing a letter from Vienna, dated the 5th of the same month, reached my hands. This letter relates to a calligraphic collection of Beethoven's works, which the Archduke

* Will it be believed in Vienna that Beethoven's symphonies were assiduously practised from twelve to sixteen months, and the Ninth Symphony, with Schiller's Ode to Joy, full two years, in the Conservatoire of Paris, before they were performed in public? This is a fact. It is also a fact, that on occasion of the first performance of this Ninth Symphony, in 1824, at the Kärnthner-Theatre, Beethoven could obtain no more than two rehearsals, because the orchestra was engaged in rehearsing a new ballet. Remonstrances and entreaties, on the part of Beethoven, for a third rehearsal, which he considered necessary, proved unavailing. He received for definitive answer, "Two rehearsals will be sufficient." What will the professors of the Paris Conservatoire and M. Habeneck, the leader, say to this?

Rudolph has bequeathed by will to the "Society of the Lovers of Music of the Austrian Empire," whose patron his Imperial Highness had been for many years. It contains some inaccuracies, which might furnish occasion for misconceptions and controversies: it may, therefore, not be amiss to subjoin a simple statement of the fact, — in which Beethoven is directly implicated, — in order to correct the errors in that letter.

Mr. Tobias Haslinger, while a partner in the house of Steiner & Co., music-publishers (of which he is now sole proprietor), undertook to produce a calligraphic copy of all Beethoven's works. After a number of the works already printed had been so copied, Beethoven received intelligence of the circumstance; and though the expensive undertaking of Mr. Haslinger was represented to him as a mercantile speculation, which, however, according to his statement, it was not intended to be, the composer was perfectly indifferent, since he could not have raised any reasonable objection, let the purpose of the enterprise be what it might. Now, the letter from Vienna in the "Journal des Débats" asserts that Beethoven had previously revised and corrected, and, "in fact, put the finishing hand," to all his works for the benefit of this calligraphic copy: this assertion must be contradicted. At the time that Beethoven heard what Mr. Haslinger was about, he was not on good terms with the above-mentioned house, neither, of course, with Mr. Haslinger himself; and soon afterwards followed the rupture mentioned in the Third Period, because Beethoven would not subscribe to the scale of prices in Mr. Haslinger's handwriting. By such inaccurate statements sent forth to the world, not without some object, as I suppose, I am induced to subjoin that list of prices.* From the remarks annexed,

* INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

	Ducats.
Symphonies for the whole orchestra,	60-80
Overtures,	20-30

FOR THE VIOLIN.

Concertos for violin, with orchestral accompaniments,	50
Ottettes for various instruments,	60
Septettes " "	60
Sextettes " "	60

How, then, could Beethoven have put a finishing hand to his works for the benefit of that calligraphic copy, since he himself projected an edition of them, and had so many important points not yet settled in his own mind to decide upon? And though he may have subsequently corrected a few wrong notes (of which there are unluckily too many in his works) for Mr. Haslinger's undertaking, this cannot by any means be called "putting the finishing hand to a work." It were indeed to be wished that Beethoven had done so in this instance, and that his intentions were to be found there. How many and what great works has Beethoven written after the rupture with that house, which have been introduced into the calligraphic copy! Is it to be supposed that he put the finishing hand to these also for the benefit of that undertaking? If so, look, above all, at the Quartette No. 13, and others of the latest quartettes, and discover, if you can, the remarks and explanations to them which Beethoven sent to Prince Nicholas von Galitzen, to St. Petersburg (as I have mentioned at pp. 111-113 of the present volume), and which he designed to append in a more explicit form to a second edition, in order to render those works more intelligible; and then those "hieroglyphics," as they are called, will be all at once deciphered for the whole world, and bright sunshine pervade them, as it does his Quartette No. 1.

When Beethoven was informed that Mr. Haslinger was in treaty with the Archduke Rudolph for the sale of the calligraphic works, and that the price demanded for them was said (if I recollect rightly) to be forty thousand florins, — the "*Journal des Débats*" says that they cost the archduke upwards of ninety thousand florins (two hundred and twenty-three thousand francs), — the great master was again indifferent, and merely muttered to himself something about "a poor devil," and that "such he was, and such he should ever remain, while others contrived to suck out his marrow, and fatten upon it." But I was accustomed to such exclamations, or freaks of fancy: they had nothing alarming, but much that grieved; for, when the beloved friend had vented his spleen in this manner, he would take up the pen, and again fall to writing what he used punningly to call *Noten in Nöthen*, — notes in emergency.

II.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS AND PECULIARITIES OF BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven's Religious Principles. — His Dislike of giving Lessons. — His Frankness, and, at the same Time, Dexterity in evading Questions. — Vindication of Him from the Charge of Discourtesy to Brother Artists. — Proofs, that, though a Rigid, he was a Just Critic. — Kind Encouragement afforded by him to Professional Merit. — His Modest Appreciation of Himself. — His Extempore Playing. — His Every-day Occupations. — Propensity for dabbling in Water. — Pension. — Certificates. — Beethoven erroneously compared with Jean Paul Richter. — Mortifying Trick played by Him at the Instigation of a Friend. — Motivo of a Movement in one of his Quartettes. — His Peculiar Habits in Eating and Drinking. — Extent of his Knowledge of Languages. — Comments on Statements of M. von Seyfried relative to Beethoven's Domestic Habits. — Spurious MSS. attributed to Him. — His Person. — Portraits of Him.

BEETHOVEN was educated in the Catholic religion; and that he was truly religious, the whole tenor of his life sufficiently proves. It was, however, a remarkable peculiarity in his character, that he never conversed on religion, or expressed any opinion on the creeds of different Christian sects. If my observation entitles me to form an opinion on the subject, I should say he inclined to Deism, in so far as that term may be understood to imply natural religion. He had written with his own hand two inscriptions, said to be taken from a temple of Isis. These inscriptions, which were framed, and for many years constantly lay before him on his writing-table, were as follows: —

I. "I AM THAT WHICH IS. — I AM ALL THAT IS, ALL THAT WAS, AND ALL THAT SHALL BE. — NO MORTAL MAN HATH MY VEIL UPLIFTED!"

II. "HE IS ONE, SELF-EXISTENT, AND TO THAT ONE ALL THINGS OWE THEIR EXISTENCE."*

I shall carefully watch over the preservation of these pious relics of my friend, who regarded them as an epitome of the loftiest and purest religion. They were to him dearly-prized treasures.

I have already, in the biographical part of this work, alluded to Beethoven's repugnance to giving lessons. I

* See Beethoven's fac-simile in the original German, of which the above is a translation. No. I.

may now add, that his distaste for tuition was experienced by the "*dames de prédilection*" who could boast of being his pupils. Even these ladies found themselves sometimes forgotten by him for weeks at a time; and, when at length he presented himself, he was generally received with looks of displeasure, which, however, made but little impression on him. With respect to his mode of conveying instruction, the following particulars may interest the reader.

Those who wished to obtain from Beethoven that valuable information which he was so capable of communicating, could not succeed in that object unless they had the opportunity of being near him at every hour of the day; for nothing could induce him to give himself up to any business at a fixed time. Now and then he would speak readily and entertainingly on the various branches of knowledge with which he was familiar; he would even give direct instruction; but how few had opportunity to profit by these communicative intervals! They frequently occurred at meal-times, and during his walks, or, to speak more properly, runs; and, on these occasions, he would often suddenly break off the conversation if he found his companion unable to keep pace with him. In his philosophic discussions, there were only two topics which Beethoven never touched upon, and which, indeed, he carefully avoided, — namely, thorough-bass and religion. Both, he declared, were exhausted subjects, which admitted of no further discussion.

If candor be the type of nobleness of mind, that virtue was fully possessed by Beethoven. He gave expression to his feelings without any reserve; and the propriety of repressing offensive remarks was a thing that never entered his thoughts. On the other hand, it was no easy matter to get him to pronounce an opinion or judgment on music and musicians; and it was only after an attentive observation of his expressions, sometimes for the space of several days, that any thing decided or consistent could be gained from him. With the witty, satirical, and sarcastic remarks which were always ready at his tongue's end, he endeavored to evade questions to which he did not wish to give direct answers; and he usually succeeded in discouraging inquirers, who got something like a reply, but nothing to the

purpose.* It was seldom, either at meal-time or during his walks, that he was, to use his own expression, "quite unbuttoned." When he was, he wielded the rod of satire without mercy; and emperor, king, and artist were all alike subject to his critical lash. Beethoven had to pay an annual impost, called a class-tax, amounting to twenty-one florins. These twenty-one florins furnished him yearly with a subject for twenty-one thousand sarcasms, of which, in return, his diversified talent never failed to make a repartition and re-assessment, which produced, as usual, a result in the highest degree humorous.

Beethoven has too frequently been accused of a discourteous bluntness of manner towards his brother artists, which had a discouraging effect on the efforts of young beginners. Even M. Ries, in his "Notizen," plainly shows that he thought this charge against Beethoven not without foundation. In allusion to this subject, a friend of Beethoven's has thus expressed himself: "These people cannot separate the man oppressed by fate from the caprice and irritability which are caused by that fate; they cannot see the noble side of his disposition. Nevertheless, it is a melancholy fact, that, to his unhappy state of existence, we are in a great measure indebted for his wonderful musical fancy and susceptibility."

M. Moscheles will remember the amiable reception he experienced when he presented to Beethoven the Sonata in E which he had dedicated to him. He will likewise recollect the patient attention with which Beethoven corrected his piano-forte arrangement of "Fidelio," published by D. Artaria; and how kindly he encouraged his labors, until they were brought to a satisfactory conclusion. He even persuaded Moscheles to introduce an arrangement of one

* I remember, after having been for some time resident in England, in the course of a conversation with Beethoven, at his house in Vienna (in November, 1823), asking him in writing (then the only mode of communication with him), "How is the Archduke Rudolph?" He answered abruptly, "He is quietly tending his sheep at Olmütz" (*Er hütet seine Schafe in Olmütz*), — an allusion to the archduke's cardinalship.

The same conversation was remarkably interesting to me, as affording me many proofs of the extreme interest Beethoven took in the diffusion of his works in England, and the fondness with which he cherished the idea of himself directing their performance, and witnessing their popularity in that country. He asked me many minute questions about the state of the orchestras, and the organization of the different musical societies of London. — ED.

piece from the opera which Hummel had prepared for Artaria, and which Beethoven had condemned, or, to speak the truth, contemptuously torn up, not knowing at the time that it was the work of Hummel. At the end of every piece he arranged from the opera, Moscheles, probably under the apprehension of being treated with as little ceremony as Hummel, wrote the words, "*Fine, with God's help,*" and Beethoven wrote underneath, "O man, help thyself!"

Beethoven's kindness will, no doubt, be borne in mind by that esteemed composer, M. Anton Helm, when he arranged the grand Fugue for the piano-forte. This fugue had previously formed the fourth movement of the Quartette in B (No. 13), which Beethoven, at the request of the publisher (Math. Artaria), converted into a distinct work (Op. 133). He then composed a new fourth movement for the quartette; and it is worthy of remark, that this movement was positively Beethoven's last work. He completed it in November, 1826. Czerny had arranged the fugue above alluded to, before Haln; but his production met with no more approval than Hummel's movement from "Fidelio."*

The above facts show, that if Beethoven was a rigid, he was likewise a just critic: that he was rigid in exactions upon himself more than upon others, is obvious from the scores of all his works. His critical judgment on musical compositions was frequently accompanied by violent ebullitions of temper. A remarkable instance of this occurred

* With respect to most of the arrangements of Beethoven's works for two or four hands, especially his symphonies, it is curious to imagine the destruction which the great master would have dealt among them, had he lived to see them. He would have waged war against them with fire and sword, and none would have been spared except those of Watts and Hummel. These Beethoven pronounced to be the best piano-forte arrangements of his works. As to the other arrangers, one of them has copied half of the score, and by this means burdened the performer with difficulties, which on the piano-forte, owing to the homogeneous tone of the instrument, are useless, and frequently undistinguishable, whilst they obstruct the free flow of the melody, and, by fatiguing both the eyes and fingers of the player, render him incapable of following the spirit and soul of the music. Another of such arrangers, or, to speak more correctly, derangers, deserves to have his knuckles rapped for the liberty he has taken in making essential omissions and additions, with the view of improving Beethoven's music. M. Simrock would render a gratifying tribute to the memory of Beethoven, by engaging M. Watts to arrange all the symphonies. By his arrangement of the Fourth and Sixth Symphonies, Watts has shown that he is more capable than any other of executing that difficult task in a spirit congenial with the composer's intention.

after he had examined Ries's concerto, entitled "Farewell to London." Beethoven was so singularly displeased with this work, that he addressed a fulminating letter to the editor of the Leipzig "*Musikalische Zeitung*," wherein he enjoins Ries no longer to call himself his pupil. Kanne and Schuppanzigh, whom I acquainted with this affair, joined me in persuading the enraged master to refrain from any further demonstration of displeasure. But, in the mean time, Ries had received his reprimand; and that for several years afterwards he smarted under the heavy rebuke of his old master is, I think, evident from a passage in his "Notizen." Why did not Ries insert Beethoven's letter in that publication? It would have been in many respects interesting, and, at the same time, a real example of the great master's peculiarities.*

Franz Lachner, T. Horzalka, and Leopoldine Blahetka, all experienced from Beethoven a kind reception, and an acknowledgment of their eminent talents. It was in consequence of the encouragement, and indeed the assistance, of Beethoven, in her education, that Mademoiselle Blahetka was destined by her father to the musical profession.

How greatly did Beethoven admire the genius of Franz Schubert! But it was not until he was on his death-bed that he had a complete perception of that talent, which the representations of certain persons had previously caused him to underrate. When I made him acquainted with Schubert's "*Ossians Gesänge*," "*Die Bürgschaft*," "*Die Junge Nonne*," "*Grenzen der Menschheit*," and some other productions of the same composer, he exclaimed, with deep emotion, "Truly, Schubert is animated by a spark of heavenly fire!"

I could quote the names of many other artists, who will cherish, as long as they live, a gratifying remembrance of the kindness shown to them by Beethoven. That our great master was not disposed to treat with undue courtesy artistic presumption, which sometimes, in his latter years, boldly raised its head before him, may naturally be sup-

* Beethoven did not receive Rossini, though the latter called on him no less than four times. I shall make no comment on this fact, further than to observe that I wish Beethoven had not thus acted.

posed. *Exempla sunt odiosa.* But on such aberrations Beethoven's high mind looked down with compassion.

I will close this chapter with the following remarks:—

Beethoven possessed too much genuine religious feeling to believe that Nature had created him to be a model for future ages, as many of his worshippers, not unfrequently actuated by interested motives, would fain have persuaded him. A stranger to the business of this world, and living, as it were, in another, Beethoven was like a child, to whom every external influence gives a new impulse; and who, in like manner, does not turn an unwilling ear to flattery, because incapable of estimating the purpose for which the adulation is bestowed. This ignorance of the world; this lofty or puerile feeling, whichever it may be termed,—was in Beethoven only transitory, and he soon recovered his manly tone of mind. Beethoven well knew and always respected the motto, *Palmas qui meruit ferat!* His upright, impartial mind led him to bestow, unsolicited, the most unequivocal approbation on foreign talent, often as he found that approbation lessened, or discovered that it had been altogether cast away upon certain “backsliding men,” as he termed them. Beethoven always bore in mind that a Mozart had preceded him, and that another might follow him. He ever cherished high expectations of the future; for he fervently believed in the omnipotence of the Creator, and the inexhaustibility of nature. Oh, how great was Beethoven as a man! Who ever learned to know him on that side, and was capable of comprehending and judging, not only of his mighty genius, but also of his noble heart, will not fail to place the moral man, if not above the great composer, at least on the same level with him.

Beethoven was very fond, especially in the dusk of the evening, of seating himself at the piano to improvise; or he would frequently take up the violin or viola, for which purpose these two instruments were always left lying on the piano. In the latter years of his life, his playing at such times was more painful than agreeable to those who heard it. The inward mind alone was active, but the outward sense no longer co-operated with it; consequently the outpourings of his fancy became scarcely intelligible.

Sometimes he would lay his left hand flat upon the keyboard, and thus drown, in discordant noise, the music to which his right was feelingly giving utterance. It is well known that Beethoven, in his early years, did not perform his own compositions purely; for no other reason, however, than his want of time to keep the mechanical power of his fingers in practice: but his improvisations, when he was free from the restraint of reading notes, were the finest effusions of the kind imaginable. The imperial court piano-forte-maker, Conrad Graf, made for Beethoven a sound-conductor, which, being placed on the piano-forte, helped to convey the tone more distinctly to his ear; but, though this contrivance was ingenious, it afforded no assistance in Beethoven's case of extreme deafness. The most painful thing of all was to hear him improvise on stringed instruments, owing to his incapability of tuning them. The music which he thus produced was frightful, though in his mind it was pure and harmonious.

In winter, as well as in summer, it was Beethoven's practice to rise at daybreak, and immediately to sit down to his writing-table. There he would labor till two or three o'clock, his usual dinner-time. Meanwhile, he would go out once or twice in the open air, where, to use M. Saphir's phrase, he would work and walk. Then, after the lapse of half an hour or an hour, he would return home, to note down the ideas which he had collected. As the bee gathers honey from the flowers of the meadows, so Beethoven often collected his most sublime ideas while roaming about in the open fields. The habit of going abroad suddenly, and as unexpectedly returning, just as the whim happened to strike him, was practised by Beethoven alike at all seasons of the year: cold or heat, rain or sunshine, were all alike to him. In the autumn, he used to return to town as sunburnt as though he had been sharing the daily toil of the reapers and gleaners. Winter restored his somewhat yellow complexion. In No. 2, of the Appendix will be found a fac-simile of some of his first ideas, noted down with pencil, immediately as they were conceived amidst the inspiring scenery of nature.

The use of the bath was as much a necessity to Beet-

hoven as to a Turk; and he was in the habit of submitting himself to frequent ablutions. When it happened that he did not walk out of doors to collect his ideas, he would not unfrequently, in a fit of the most complete abstraction, go to his wash-hand basin, and pour several jugs of water upon his hands, all the while humming and roaring, for sing he could not. After dabbling in the water till his clothes were wet through, he would pace up and down the room, with a vacant expression of countenance, and his eyes frightfully distended; the singularity of his aspect being often increased by an unshaven beard. Then he would seat himself at his table and write; and afterwards get up again to the wash-hand basin, and dabble and hum as before. Ludicrous as were these scenes, no one dared venture to notice them, or to disturb him while engaged in his inspiring ablutions; for these were his moments, or I should rather say his hours, of profoundest meditation. It will be readily believed, that the people in whose houses he lodged were not very well pleased when they found the water trickling through the floor to the ceiling below, as sometimes happened; and Beethoven's change of lodgings was often the consequence of these occurrences. On such occasions, comical scenes sometimes ensued.

At every quarterly payment of his pension, Beethoven was required, before he could receive the money, to procure from the curate of the district in which he resided a certificate to prove that he was actually living. When he happened to be in the country, he used to get me or some other friend to draw up this certificate; and, whenever he wrote to make this request, it was always in some humorous or jesting manner. On one of these occasions, he addressed to me a note, containing merely the following words, unaccompanied by any explanation; he, of course, knew very well that I should understand their import:—

“ Certificate.

“ The fish is alive.

“ Vidi,

“ Pastor ROMUALDUS ”

It has been so much the custom to compare Beethoven with Jean Paul Richter, that the correctness of the comparison seems to be taken for granted: nevertheless, it appears to me to be very unjust. Jean Paul was not his favorite author. If Beethoven ever looked into his works, he cannot be said to have read them: they were too aphoristic and enigmatical for his taste. To imagine that there exists any general resemblance between our great composer and Jean Paul Richter is a great mistake. That writer, it is true, occasionally makes excursions into the region of dreamy and sentimental life; but, as a painter of feelings, he is not to be placed on a level with Beethoven. A comparison with Shakspeare or Michael Angelo might be more correct. Shakspeare was Beethoven's favorite poet.

Though Beethoven was throughout his whole life a prey to misfortune and disappointment, yet there were moments in which he did not scruple to inflict pain and disappointment on others. Nevertheless, it must be observed, that, in most cases of this kind, he acted under some other influence than that of his own feelings. The following circumstance occurred in the latter years of his life.

The wife of M. H——m, an esteemed piano-forte player and composer, residing in Vienna, was a great admirer of Beethoven; and she earnestly wished to possess a lock of his hair. Her husband, anxious to gratify her, applied to a gentleman who was very intimate with Beethoven, and who had rendered him some service. At the instigation of this person, Beethoven was induced to send the lady a lock of hair cut from a goat's beard; and, Beethoven's own hair being very gray and harsh, there was no reason to fear that the hoax would be very readily detected. The lady was overjoyed at possessing this supposed memorial of her saint, proudly showing it to all her acquaintance; but, when her happiness was at its height, some one, who happened to know the secret, made her acquainted with the deception that had been practised on her. In a letter addressed to Beethoven, her husband warmly expressed his feelings on the subject of the discovery that had been made. Convinced of the mortification which the trick must have inflicted on the lady, Beethoven deter-

mined to make atonement for it. He immediately cut off a lock of his hair, and enclosed it in a note, in which he requested the lady's forgiveness of what had occurred. The respect which Beethoven previously entertained for the instigator of this unfeeling trick was now converted into hatred; and he would never afterwards receive a visit from him.

This is not the only instance that could be mentioned, in which our great master was influenced by vulgar-minded persons to do things unworthy of himself.

Questions have frequently been addressed to me respecting the motivo of the last movement of the Quartette in F, Op. 135; to which Beethoven affixed as a superscription the words, "*Der schwer-gefasste Entschluss. Un effort d'inspiration. 'Muss es sein?' 'Es muss sein?'*"* Between Beethoven and the people in whose houses he at different times lodged, the most ludicrous scenes arose whenever the period arrived for demanding payment of the rent. The keeper of the house was obliged to go to him, almanac in hand, to prove that the week was expired, and that the money must be paid. Even in his last illness, he sang with the most comical seriousness to his landlady the interrogatory motivo of the quartette above mentioned. The woman understood his meaning; and, entering into his jocular humor, she stamped her foot, and emphatically answered, "*Es muss sein?*" There is another version of the story relative to this motivo. It refers to a publisher of music, and does not differ very much from the anecdote I have just related. Both turn upon the article money, and are merely jokes. But what a poetic palace has Beethoven built on this very prosaic foundation!

Great men, as well as their inferiors, are subject to certain natural wants, such as eating and drinking. Some of Beethoven's peculiarities in these matters, which will not be uninteresting to many of his admirers, deserve at the same time to be ranked among the curiosities of housekeeping.

* The resolution thus hesitatingly formed. An effort of inspiration. "Must it be?" "It must be."

For his breakfast, he usually took coffee, which he frequently prepared himself; for in this beverage he had an Oriental fastidiousness of taste. He allowed sixty beans for each cup; and, lest his measure should mislead him to the amount of a bean or two, he made it a rule to count over the sixty for each cup, especially when he had visitors. He performed this task with as much care as others of greater importance. At dinner, his favorite dish was macaroni, with Parmesan cheese, which must have been very bad before he pronounced it to be so; but that it was not always very good may be inferred from the uncertainty of the time he occupied in writing, and consequently of the hour for his meals. He was, likewise, very fond of every kind of fish; and consequently fast-days imposed no sacrifice on him. To certain guests, he only gave invitations on Fridays; for then his table was always adorned with a fine *schill** and potatoes. Supper was not a meal which he cared much about. A plate of soup, or something left from dinner, was all he partook of; and he was in bed by ten o'clock. He never wrote in the afternoon, and but very seldom in the evening. He disliked to correct what he had written. This he always felt an irksome task. He preferred making a fresh copy of his notes.

Beethoven's favorite beverage was fresh spring-water, of which he often drank copiously from morning to night. He preferred the wine of the heights around Buda to every other. But, as he was no judge of wine, he could not distinguish the adulterated from the pure: and, by drinking the former, he frequently caused great derangement to his weak stomach; but no warning of this kind had any effect upon him. Among his enjoyments may also be numbered a glass of good beer, and a pipe of tobacco, in the evening. To these may be added the perusal of the political journals, especially the "Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung." This sort of reading engrossed a great deal of his time.

He frequently visited taverns and coffee-houses, even in the latter years of his life; but he usually had some favorite one, which was provided with a back door, at which he

* A kind of fish resembling the haddock, caught in the Danube.

could go in and out. Strangers, who wished to get a sight of Beethoven, used to go to the coffee-house he was in the habit of frequenting; for thither he would repair, to a certainty, once or twice a week, not for the purpose of conversing, but of reading the journals. When he had glanced over the last paper, he would hurry away, making his exit by the back door.

M. Ignaz von Seyfried, in his account of Beethoven,* states that he was a perfect master of the Latin, French, and Italian languages. In as far as relates to the first-mentioned language, Dr. Wegeler mentions, in his work, (p. 9), that Beethoven "learned something of Latin at Bonn." But, in proof of his very slight acquaintance with that language, I need only mention the fact, that, on the first occasion of composing a mass, he was obliged, not only to get the words translated, but also the quantities of the different syllables explained to him. How far he was conversant with the French language may be seen from the style of his letter to Cherubini (in the Third Period); and other examples of the same kind might be quoted. That he was better acquainted with it in his earlier days, before his deafness rendered him incapable of joining in conversation, may be readily presumed. As to Italian, he could only read it. Beethoven greatly admired the classic writers of antiquity, and perused their works in the best translations, of all of which he possessed copies. This industrious reading, combined with his vast musical labors, left him little time for the study of languages. He had, however, as intimate a knowledge of the translated works of some of the Greek authors as he had of his own scores. With Shakspeare, also, he was equally well acquainted. In his friends, he required the same extent of reading. otherwise, their society became wearisome to him.

I feel bound to notice some observations made by M. von Seyfried, on the subject of Beethoven's housekeeping. At page 16 of his publication, he states, that "Beethoven used to go himself to market; and after bargaining and buying, not at the best price, he would return home and

* Beethoven Studien, p. 26.

cook, with his own hands, the articles he had purchased," &c. O M. Seyfried! "Quosque tandem?" Is it not usual for persons in the most respectable conditions of life to purchase rare vegetables or fruit for the table? Beethoven did so: but, when he wished to furnish his table with some rarities for his guests, his housekeeper accompanied him, and carried home what he purchased; and he always purchased the best. His old housekeeper, on the contrary, was not so nice in her selection. Had M. von Seyfried ever been Beethoven's guest, he might have persuaded himself that his table was not ill provided. But that Beethoven should have been so far the victim of suspicion as to be induced, by an absurd distrust of others, to cook his own food, is a circumstance which I never heard of; and other friends of the great composer, to whom I have applied for information, disclaim, in like manner, all knowledge of the fact. However, as Beethoven was very fond of a joke, it is not impossible that he may have got up this cookery farce, for the sake of mystifying some of his guests. Nevertheless, thus much is certain, that, in his latter days, he carried his suspicious feeling to such an extreme, that he would trust nobody to pay the most trifling bills for him, and would often doubt the authenticity of a receipt. This suspicion extended even to his trustworthy old housekeeper. M. von Seyfried must pardon this comment on his statements. The exaggeration was, doubtless, on his part, unintentional: he wrote from hearsay, a medium through which facts are frequently altered and perverted. In the year 1805, he was, as he mentions, on a footing of intimate intercourse with Beethoven; but that intimacy did not extend, either to a previous or a subsequent period. However, the suspension of personal communication had not the effect of diminishing the respect entertained for Beethoven by M. von Seyfried: that able artist did not regard our great composer with the jaundiced eye with which he was regarded by certain *hommes de metier*. M. von Seyfried is one of the few who understood and appreciated Beethoven's inward worth, without being misled by outward appearances. (See p. 27, of his work).

The doubts respecting the genuineness of many manu-

scripts attributed to Beethoven, which have come to light since his death, are worthy of consideration.* A great deal of imposition has already been practised, and will probably be carried still further; consequently, only Beethoven's handwriting, or his attestation to the authenticity of the manuscripts, can remove doubts on the subject.

I will mention one instance out of many, to show how far unblushing effrontery has already been carried on this point. In the year 1827, a few months after Beethoven's death, a certain M. E—— offered for sale to the Messrs. Schott, in Mainz, an opera, alleged to be composed by Beethoven. Those publishers, having consulted me on the business, I advised them to demand a sight of the work in Beethoven's handwriting, adding, that there existed no authentic manuscript opera by Beethoven. The particulars of this not unimportant affair were published in 1828, in the 7th volume of the *Cæcilia*.

It is a positive fact, that Beethoven never wrote any scientific work, either on music or any other subject. Whatever works, therefore, may have been published under his name cannot be authenticated upon autographic evidence.

I will wind up these biographical particulars with a description of the great master's personal appearance, together with a few remarks on the best portraits of him with which I am acquainted.

Beethoven's height scarcely exceeded five feet four inches, Vienna measure. His figure was compact, strong, and muscular. His head, which was unusually large, was covered with long, bushy, gray hair, which, being always in a state of disorder, gave a certain wildness to his appearance. This wildness was not a little heightened when he suffered his beard to grow to a great length, as he frequently did. His forehead was high and expanded; and he had small brown eyes, which, when he laughed, seemed to be nearly sunk in his head; but, on the other hand, they were suddenly distended to an unusually large size when one of his musical ideas took possession of his mind.

* Ries, in his *Notizen*, p. 124, sets forth at length the reasons for these doubts.

On such occasions, he would look upwards, his eyes rolling and flashing brightly, or straight forward, with his eye-balls fixed and motionless. His whole personal appearance then underwent a sudden and striking change. There was an air of inspiration and dignity in his aspect; and his diminutive figure seemed to tower to the gigantic proportions of his mind. These fits of sudden inspiration frequently came upon Beethoven when he was in company, and even when he was in the street, where he naturally excited the marked attention of every passer-by. Every thought that arose in his mind was expressed in his animated countenance. He never gesticulated, either with his head or his hands, except when he was standing before the orchestra. His mouth was well formed; his under lip (at least, in his younger years) protruded a little, and his nose was rather broad. His smile diffused an exceedingly amiable and animated expression over his countenance, which, when he was in conversation with strangers, had a peculiarly pleasing and encouraging effect. But, though his smile was agreeable, his laugh was otherwise. It was too loud, and distorted his intelligent and strongly-marked features. When he laughed, his large head seemed to grow larger, his face became broader, and he might not inaptly have been likened to a grinning ape; but, fortunately, his fits of laughter were of very transient duration. His chin was marked in the middle, and on each side, with a long furrow, which imparted a striking peculiarity to that part of his countenance. His complexion was of a yellowish tint, which, however, went off in the summer season, when he was accustomed to be much out in the open air. His plump cheeks were then suffused with fresh hues of red and brown.

Under this latter aspect, full of health and vigor, and during one of his intervals of inspiration, the painter, H. Schimon (now in Munich), took his likeness. The picture is a bust size, in oil. At the time it was painted, Beethoven was forty-nine years old. The engraving prefixed to this work is taken from it. Some years after this picture was painted, another was executed by Stieler, the portrait-painter to the court of Munich. This is a half-length; and

the composer is represented, with a pen in his hand, writing on a piece of music-paper the words, "Missa Solennis." This picture is excellent, and the likeness faithful; but it has not the air of vigor and animation portrayed in that of Schimon, the absence of which may be easily accounted for, Beethoven having suffered a fit of illness of two years' duration. But he remained as Stieler's portrait represents him until his death, which took place five years after the picture was painted. Beethoven's family possess a portrait of him, which was painted at an earlier period than either of those I have described. It is a half-length, and represents him in a sitting posture.

These three pictures are the only ones which can be relied on, as likenesses of the great composer, and as worthy of the attention of his admirers. The few others which are here and there to be seen are valueless, having been painted merely from the imagination of the artists.

The same remark is applicable to most of the copperplate and lithographic portraits of Beethoven. Excepting the copperplate engraving by Letronne, and the lithographic drawing after Stieler's picture (however, only those published by Trentschensky, late Artaria, in Vienna), I know of no print which conveys an accurate idea of the countenance of my beloved friend and master, — that countenance which I fancy I still behold, living and before me.

[The author of this Biography adds here an Appendix, which I have omitted, as having too little relation with the object of this work, and by his own authorization to the publisher. It suffices to mention, that it treats of the state of music at Münster and Aix-la-Chapelle. In the first town, M. Schindler lived three years as director of a musical institute, and since 1835 he has been music-director at Aix-la-Chapelle. In both these towns he has endeavored, more or less successfully, to exalt the taste for classical music. He bears testimony, also, against the eccentricity and degeneracy of the modern style of piano-forte playing, particularly in reference to the manner of performing Beethoven's music, and draws the attention of the musical world to a most promising talent, a Mdlle. Hansemann, in Aix-la-Chapelle, his pupil. This lady, according to his expectations, will develop, in her style of playing, the true spirit of Beethoven. — ED.]

SUPPLEMENT.

No. I.

*Letters from Beethoven to Kappell-meister Hofmeister and C. F. Peters, Music Publishers, relative to the Sale of Some of his Compositions.**

The many attacks which have recently been made on the copyright of works by L. van Beethoven, which are my property, induce me to give a list of the compositions purchased from that author, which are the legitimate property of my house ; namely : —

Concerto pour le Piano-forte avec Orch.	Op: 19
Septuor pour Violon., Alto, Clar., Cor., Basson, Violoncelle, et Contrebasse	“ 20
Première gr. Sinfonie pour Orchestre	“ 21
Gr. Sonate pour le Piano-forte	“ 22
Deux Préludes dans tous les 12 tons majeurs pour le Piano-forte ou l'Orgue	“ 39
Romance pour Violon avec Orchestre	“ 40
Sérénade pour le Pfte. et Flûte (ou Violon)	“ 41
Notturmo pour Pianof. et Alto	“ 42
Ouverture de Prometheus, pour Orchestre	“ 43
Quatorze Variations pour le Piano, Vln., et Violoncelle	“ 44

Respecting the works Op. 20 and 21, which have lately been invaded without my consent, by arrangements by other hands, I find myself obliged to communicate the letters written on the subject by Beethoven in the years 1800 and 1801, which incontestably prove on the one hand my exclusive property in these compositions (as also in Op. 19 and 22), and furnish, on the other, a highly interesting illustration of the individuality of the great

* These letters are addressed to the Kappell-meister Hofmeister, who, under the firm of Hofmeister and Kühnel, Bureau de Musique, commenced the correspondence in the year 1800 with his friend Beethoven. That firm afterwards changed its designation, though retaining all its copyrights, to A. Kühnel, Bureau de Musique: the business was next transferred, with the same proviso, to C. F. Peters, of whose heirs it was purchased by me in 1828, likewise with all the copyrights.—C. G. S. Böhme.

composer, then in the flower of his age. I keep back the evidence in regard to the other six works, Op. 39-44, till a similar attack, which I hope will not occur, shall be made upon them.

C. G. S. BÖHME,

of the firm of C. F. Peters, Bureau de Musique.

NEUE ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR-MUSIK, LEIPSIK, March 7, 1837.

Letters from Beethoven.

1.

VIENNA, Dec. 15, 1800.

My dearest Brother in the Art,—I have many times thought of answering your inquiries, but am a dreadfully lazy correspondent ; and thus I am an age making up my mind to form the dead letter instead of the musical note ; but at length I have done violence to myself in order to comply with your request.

Pro primo, you are to hear of my regret, dearest brother in the art, at your not having applied to me sooner, so that you might have purchased my Quartettes, as well as many other things which I have now disposed of ; but if you, my good brother, are as conscientious as many other honest engravers, who sting* us poor composers to death, you will know how to make a profit by them when they come out.

I will therefore briefly state what my good brother may have of me.

1stly. A Septette per il Violino, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabasso, Clarinetto, Corno, Fagotto — tutti obligati (I cannot write anything inobligato, because I came into the world with an obligato accompaniment). This Septette has been highly approved.

2dly. A Grand Symphony for the orchestra.

3dly. A Concerto for the Piano-forte, which, it is true, I do not assert to be one of my best, any more than another, which will be published here by Mollo (a hint for the Leipzig reviewers), since I reserve the better ones for my own use, in case I should make a musical tour ; yet it would not disgrace you to publish it.

4thly. A Grand Solo Sonata.

This is all that I have to part with at this moment. By and by

* The German word *stechen* signifies both to engrave and to sting : hence arises in the original a pun which cannot possibly be conveyed in the translation

you may have a quintette for stringed instruments, perhaps quartettes too, and other things which I have not by me just now. In your answer, you may fix your own prices; and as you are neither a Jew nor an Italian, and as I do not belong to either nation, we shall not disagree.

Fare you well, my dearest brother, and be assured of the esteem of

Your brother,

L. V. BEETHOVEN.

2.

VIENNA, the 15th (or some such day) of January, 1801.

I have read your letter, my dearest brother and friend, with great pleasure. I thank you heartily for the good opinion which you have formed of me and of my works, and sincerely wish that I may deserve it; and to M. K. (Kühnel) also I am in duty bound to express my thanks for the civility and friendship which he has shown me. Your doings give me much satisfaction; and I hope, that, if there be any good to be gained for the art by my works, it may fall to the share of a genuine artist like you, and not to that of common traders.

Your intention to publish the works of Sebastian Bach is particularly gratifying to me, since I am all alive to the merits of those sublime productions: truly, Bach was the patriarch of harmony. May the sale of his works flourish! As soon as golden peace is proclaimed, and you receive the names of subscribers, I hope to be able to do much to forward it myself.

As to our own affairs, since you will have it so, I offer you the following things: Septette (about which I have already written to you), 20 duc.; * Symphony, 20 duc.; Concerto, 10 duc.; Grand Solo, — Sonata, Allegro, Adagio, Minuetto, Rondo, 20 duc. This sonata (in B flat) is of the true mettle, most beloved brother.

Now let me explain. You will perhaps be surprised that I make no difference between the sonata, the septette, and the symphony, because I find that a septette or a symphony has not so large a sale as a sonata; that is the reason why I do so, though a symphony is incontestably of greater value. (N. B. The septette consists of a short introductory adagio, an allegro, adagio, minuetto, andante with variations, minuetto, another short adagio leading to a presto.) The concerto I set down at 10 duc., because, though well written, I do not consider it one of my best. Altogether I cannot think that this will appear exorbitant to you; at

* A ducat is about ten shillings English money. — Ed.

any rate, I have endeavored to make the charges as moderate as possible. As for the bill, since you leave it to my option, let it be drawn on Geimüller or Schüller. The whole sum, then, for all four works, would be 70 ducats. I understand no other coin than Vienna ducats : how many dollars in gold that makes with you, I know nothing about, because I am really no man of business or accountant.

And thus the tiresome business is settled : I call it so, because I heartily wish one could do without it in this world. There ought to be but one magazine of art, where the artist should have but to deliver his productions and to receive what he wants ; but, as it is, one ought to be half a tradesman, and how is that to be borne ? — Gracious God ! — that is what I call tiresome. As for the L—— O——, let her talk : they will certainly not make anybody immortal by their tattle, nor will they rob *him* of immortality to whom Apollo has assigned it.

Now, may heaven preserve you and your colleague ! I have been unwell for some time ; so that I find it rather difficult to write even notes, much more letters. I hope we shall often have occasion to assure one another how much you are my friends, and how much I am

Your brother and friend,

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

A speedy answer. Adieu.

3.

VIENNA, April 22, 1801.

You have reason to complain of me, and not a little. My excuse is this : I have been ill, and had, besides, a great deal to do, so that it was scarcely possible for me to think of what I had to send you. Then, again, perhaps the only thing like genius about me is, that my things are not always in the best of order, and yet nobody is capable of putting them to rights but myself. Thus, for instance, I had, according to my practice, omitted writing the piano-forte part in the score of my concerto ; and I have but just written it ; and therefore, for the sake of despatch, I send it in my own not over-and-above legible manuscript.

In order to let the works follow as nearly as possible in their proper order, I remark to you that you may put

To the Solo Sonata	.	.	.	Op. 22
" Symphony	.	.	.	" 21
" Septette	.	.	.	" 20
" Concerto	.	.	.	" 19

The titles I will send you very soon.

Set me down as a subscriber to Johann Sebastian Bach's works, and also Prince Lichnowsky. The arrangement of Mozart's sonatas as quartettes will do you credit, and assuredly be profitable. I wish I could be of more service in such matters; but I am an irregular man, and, with the best will, forget every thing. But I have here and there mentioned the subject, and find that the plan is everywhere approved. It would be a capital thing if my good brother, besides publishing the septette as it is, would arrange it for the flute also as a quintette. This would be a treat for the lovers of the flute, who have already applied to me for this, and who would then swarm about it like insects, and feast upon it. As for myself, I have composed a ballet, but the ballet-master did not manage the business well. Prince L—— has given us a new production, which does not come up to the ideas which the papers gave us of his genius,—a fresh proof of their judgment. The Prince seems to have taken Mr. M——* of the Kasperle Theatre for his model, but without equalling even him.

Such are the pretty prospects with which we poor fellows here have to fight our way in the world.

My dear brother, now make haste to lay the work before the eyes of the world, and write to me soon, that I may know whether I have lost your confidence by my neglect.

To your partner Kühnel every thing civil and kind. In future, you shall have every thing without delay; and herewith fare you well, and continue to regard

Your friend and brother.

BEETHOVEN.

4.

VIENNA, June 1801.

I am really somewhat surprised at the communication made to me by your agent in this place; nay, I am almost angry that you should think me capable of such a scurvy trick.

It would be a different thing if I had bargained for my things with shopkeepers, intent only on gain, and had then clandestinely made another good speculation; but, between artist and artist, it is rather too bad to impute such conduct to me. The whole appears to me to be either an invention to try me, or mere conjecture; at any rate, I confess, that, before you received the septette from me, I had sent it to London to M. Salomon (merely out of friendship, to be performed at his concert), expressly desiring him to take care not to let it get into other hands, as I meant to have it engraved in Germany; and you can make inquiry of him concerning this matter, if you think fit.

* Wenzel Müller.

But, to give you a further proof of my honesty, I hereby assure you that I have not sold the septette, the concerto, the symphony, and the sonata to any other person in the world but to you, Messrs. Hofmeister and Kühnel, and that you may formally consider them as your exclusive property, for which I pledge my honor. At any rate, you may make what use you please of this assurance.

For the rest, I can no more believe that Salomon is capable of so base a trick as to publish the septette than I am to have sold it to him. I am so conscientious, that I have refused several publishers the piano-forte arrangement of the septette, for which they have applied to me; * and yet I do not even know whether you intend to make use of it in this manner.

Here follow the long-promised titles of my works.

In the titles, there will be much to alter and improve: that I leave to you. I expect a letter from you immediately, and very soon the works, which I wish to see engraved, since others are already published, and coming out with numbers relating to these.

I have written to Salomon; but considering your statement as a mere rumor which you have taken up rather too credulously, or as a conjecture which may have forced itself upon you, because you may accidentally have heard that I had sent it to Salomon, it only remains for me to add, that I feel somewhat chilled towards friends so easy of belief, and as such sign myself,

Your friend,

L. V. BEETHOVEN.

5.

VIENNA, April 8, 1802.

Does the Devil then ride you all together, gentlemen, to propose to me to make such a sonata?

During the revolutionary fever, well and good, such a thing might have been done; but now, when every thing is getting into the old track, when Bonaparte has concluded a concordat with the Pope, — such a sonata!

Were it a “Missa pro Sancta Maria,” a tre voci, or a vesper, why then I would immediately take up the pencil, and write in huge semi-breves a credo in unum; but, gracious God! such a sonata in these new-fangled Christian times! Ho, ho! leave me alone — that won’t do.

* It is remarkable that Beethoven, even at that time, should manifest in these lines so correct a notion of musical copyright. Though no man of business, he perceived that the purchaser of the original melody must at the same time have a right of property of all arrangements, if copyright is to be maintained in violate.

Now my answer in the quickest *tempo*. The lady can have a sonata by me, and I will follow her general design as far as æsthetic goes, but without following the prescribed keys,—price five ducats, for which she shall have the use of it a year, and in that time neither she nor I shall have the right to publish it. After the expiration of this year, the sonata is again mine: that is, I can and will publish it; and she can, certainly, if she thinks that it will be any honor, request me to dedicate it to her.

Now, God preserve you, gentlemen.

My sonata is beautifully engraved, but it has been a confounded long while a-doing. Do send my septette a little quicker into the world, because the P—— is waiting for it, and you know the Empress has it; and — so that I cannot answer for what may happen, therefore look sharp.

Mr. — has lately republished my quartettes, in large and small size, full of blunders and errata. They swarm in them like fish in water, that is, to infinity, — *questo è un piacere per un autore* that I call stinging* to some purpose. My skin is covered with stings and scratches with these charming editions of my quartettes.

Now farewell, and think of me as I do of you. Till death
your faithful

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

6.

VIENNA, Sept. 22, 1803.

Hereby, then, I declare all the works about which you have written, as your property. Another copy shall be made of the list of them, and sent to you with my signature as your acknowledged property; and the offer of fifty ducats I accept. Are you satisfied now?

Perhaps, instead of the variations with violoncello and violin, I can give you variations on the piano-forte, for two performers, on a song by me, the poetry of which, by Göthe, must likewise be engraved, as I have written these variations as a souvenir in an album, and consider them better than the others. Are you satisfied?

The arrangements† are not by me, but I have revised and improved them in part, so don't pretend to say that I have arranged, as that would be a lie, and I could not find either time or patience for such things. Are you satisfied?

* The same pun with the word *stechen* that has been remarked before.

† This alludes either to the Italian and German Songs (four numbers) published by me, or the Italian and German Ariettes, Op. 82.

Now farewell. I can but wish you to thrive in every way. Gladly would I make you a present of the whole, if I could get through the world in that way; but only consider: all about me get appointments, and have something certain to live upon; but, gracious God! how can a *parvum talentum* com ego look for an appointment at the Imperial court?

Your friend,
L. V. BEETHOVEN.

The following are extracts from letters written at a later and less cheerful period of life, and addressed to M. C. F. Peters of Leipsic:—

7.

VIENNA, July 26, 1822.

I write to you merely to say that you shall have the mass,* together with a piano-forte arrangement, for the sum of one thousand florins, Vienna currency. By the end of July you shall receive it, fairly copied in score, perhaps a few days later, as I am exceedingly busy, and have been, for five months, ailing; as one must go through works very carefully, if they are to go abroad, this is a matter that proceeds rather more slowly with me. — shall in no case have any thing more from me, as he has played me a Jewish trick: besides, he is not one of those to whom I would have sold the mass. The competition for my works is at present very strong, for which I thank the Almighty, for I have lost a great deal.

I am, moreover, the foster-father of my brother's child, who is left wholly unprovided for. As this boy, now fifteen years old, shows a great capacity for the sciences, not only do his education and maintenance cost me a great deal of money at present, but I am obliged to think about the future, as we are neither Indians nor Cherokees, who, as you know, leave every thing to God Almighty; and a pauper has but a melancholy existence of it.

I assure you, upon my honor, which, next to God, is the most sacred thing with me, that I have never asked any one to take commissions for me. I have always made it a particular point not to offer myself to any publisher, not out of pride, but because I wished to know how far the territory of my humble talent extends. . . .

I conclude for to-day, wishing you all prosperity, and am, with esteem,
Your most obedient,

L. V. BEETHOVEN

* This probably means the *Missa Solemnis* (Op. 123), afterwards published by the brothers Schott; for that brought out by Breitkopf and Härtel (Op. 86) had appeared long before the date of this letter.

8.

VIENNA, Aug. 3, 1822.

I wrote to you lately about my health, which is not yet quite restored : I am obliged to take baths, mineral waters, and at times medicine.

I am therefore rather at sixes and sevens, especially as I am obliged at the same time to write; and then corrections run away with time. In respect to the songs, and the other marches and trifles, I have not yet made up my mind as to the choice; but I shall be able to furnish every thing by the 15th of this month. I wait your determination about it, and shall make no use of your bill. As soon as I know that the money for the mass and for the other works is here, all can be supplied by the 15th instant; but, after the 15th, I must go to a neighboring bathing-place. I am therefore desirous to have no engagements on my hands for a while.

About all other matters, some day when I am not so pressed. Only do not take an unhandsome advantage of me : it pains me when I am obliged to bargain.

In haste, with respect,

Your most obedient,

BEETHOVEN.

9.

VIENNA, Nov. 22, 1822.

In reply to your letter of the 9th of November, in which I fancied you meant to reproach me for my apparent neglect, — and the money paid too, and yet nothing sent to you, — unhandsome as this seems, I am sure you would be reconciled with me in a few minutes if we were together.

Your things are all done, except the selection of the Songs : they contain one more than was agreed upon.

Of Bagatelles, I can send you more than the four determined upon : there are nine or ten others; and, if you write immediately, I could send them, or as many as you wish to have, along with the other things.

My health is not indeed completely restored by my baths, but I am better upon the whole : but another evil has now come upon me, since a person has taken me a lodging that does not suit me; and this is difficult to conquer, and has hindered me not a little, as I cannot yet get myself to rights here.

In regard to the mass, the matter stands thus : I have one that

has long been completely finished, but another that is not; *tattle* is what such as we are always liable to, and so you have been led into a mistake by it. Which of the two you should have, I know not yet: harassed on all sides, I should be forced almost to attest the contrary of the axiom, "The mind weighs nothing." I salute you cordially, and hope that the future will suffer an advantageous, and for me not dishonorable, connection to subsist between us.

BEETHOVEN.

10

VIENNA, Dec. 20, 1822.

Having a leisure moment, I answer your letter to-day. Out of all that belongs to you, there is nothing that is not ready; but precious time is wanting to explain all the details that have prevented the copying and sending.

I recollect to have offered you in my last letter some more *Bagatelles*, but do not insist on your taking them. If you will not have more than the four, so be it; only in that case I must make a different choice. Mr. — has not yet got any thing from me. Mr. — merely begged me to make him a present of the songs in the "*Mode Zeitung*" ("*Journal of Fashion*"), which I never composed exactly for pay, but it is impossible for me to deal in all cases by per cents: it is difficult for me to reckon by them oftener than I am forced to do; besides, my situation is not so brilliant as you imagine.

It is impossible to give ear at once to all these solicitations; they are too numerous: but many things are not to be refused. Not always is that which people ask for suitable to the wish of the author. Had I any thing in the shape of a salary, I would write nothing but grand symphonies, church music, and besides, perhaps, quartettes.

Of smaller works, you might have, "*Variations*" for two oboes and one English horn on the theme in *Don Giovanni*, "*La ci darem la mano*;" a "*Minuet of Congratulation*" for a whole orchestra.* I should like to have your opinion, too, respecting the publication of the collected works. In the greatest haste,

Your most obedient,

BEETHOVEN.

* The compositions mentioned above by Beethoven have, as far as we know never appeared in print, and were probably disposed of at the sale of his effects

11.

VIENNA, March 29, 1823.

It is only to-day that the other three marches can be sent off; we missed the post this day week. Irregular as I have been with you on this occasion, it would not appear unnatural if you were here, and acquainted with my situation, a description of which would be too tedious for you as well as myself.

Respecting what has been sent off, I have this remark yet to make: in the Grand March, which requires so many performers, several regimental bands may unite; where this is not the case, and one regimental band is not strong enough, the Kapell-meister of such a band may easily help himself by the omission of some of the parts.

You will meet with some one in Leipzig who can show you how this can be managed with fewer performers, though I should be sorry if it were not to be published exactly as it stands.

I must beg you to forgive the many corrections in what you have received: my old copyist cannot see, and the younger must first be trained; but at least the whole is free from errors.

With a violin and a piano-forte quartette, it is impossible to supply you immediately; but if you write to me betimes, in case you wish for both works, I will do all that lies in my power. Only I must add, that for a violin quartette I cannot take less than fifty ducats; for a piano-forte quartette seventy ducats, or I should be a loser: nay, I have been offered more than fifty ducats a piece for violin quartettes; but I never like to charge too high, and shall therefore expect no more than fifty ducats from you, which, in fact, is now the usual price. The other commission is really an extraordinary one, and I naturally accept that too; only I must beg you to let me know soon, if you wish to have it, otherwise, willingly as I give you the preference, it might become almost impossible. You know I have already written to you that precisely quartettes have risen more in price than any thing else; so that, in the case of a great work, this makes one quite ashamed of one's self. My circumstances, however, require that I should be more or less guided by profit. It is another affair with the work itself: there, thank God, I never think of profit, but only *how I write*.

There are two persons besides yourself who have each wished to have a mass, since I intend to write at least three: the first has long been completed, the second is not, and the third is not yet begun. But in regard to you, I must have a certainty, that I may be insured against all events.

More another day do not remit the money for the whole

together till you receive advice from me that the work is ready to be sent off. I must conclude. I hope that your vexation is now at least somewhat abated.

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

No. II.

Letter on the First Appearance of Beethoven's "Fidelio."

HOFRATH BREUNING TO DR. AND MADAME WEGELER.

VIENNA, June 2, 1806.

Dear Sister, and dear Wegeler, —

As far as I remember, I promised in my last letter to write to you about Beethoven's opera, "Fidelio." I know how interested you are about it, and I will fulfil my promise. The music is among the finest and most perfect that can be heard; the subject interesting, for it represents the liberation of a captive through his faithful and intrepid wife: but, in spite of all this, no work has occasioned Beethoven more trouble than this; and posterity alone will know how to value it. In the first place, it was given at a most unfavorable period, — seven days after the entry of the French troops. The theatres were necessarily empty; and Beethoven, who at the same time found fault with some arrangement in the libretto, withdrew it after the third representation. Peace having been restored, he and I took it up again. I altered the whole of the libretto for him, which made it act better, less tiresomely, and quicker; and it was then given three times, with the greatest applause. Then his enemies about the theatre rose; and he having given offence to many, particularly at the second representation, they have succeeded in preventing the further appearance of the work on the stage. Many difficulties had ere this been put in his way: one instance will suffice. He could not, at the second representation, obtain the reprinting of the bills with the altered title of "Fidelio," so named in the French original, and published thus after the above-mentioned alterations.

Contrary to promise and expectation, the first title of "Leonora" was retained in the bills. Beethoven is the more hurt by this intrigue, as the non-performance of the opera, for which he is to be paid by a percentage at its production, throws him back considerably in his pecuniary arrangements; whilst the unworthy

treatment has robbed him of so great a share of his zeal and love for the work that he will recover himself but slowly. I think I have on this occasion given him the most pleasure by writing and distributing in the theatre some lines on the opera, both in November, and at the production about the end of March. I will copy them here for Wegeler, knowing of old that he sets much value upon these things; and, having once made verses to celebrate his becoming Rector magnificus celeberrimæ universitatis Bonnensis, he may now see by comparison whether I am improved as a poet.

[Here follow two German poems.]

This copy has tired me out so completely, that I may fairly close this long epistle. I must only tell you that Lichnowsky has just sent the opera to the Queen of Prussia, and that I hope the Viennese will learn the value of what they possess, from its production at Berlin.

BREUNING.

No. III.

Beethoven's Letters to Madame Bettine von Arnim.

[As I knew that my friend, Mr. H. F. Chorley, was in possession of copies of letters written by Beethoven to Madame Bettine von Arnim, I requested her permission to publish these highly-interesting documents, and received the following answer.—ED.]

BERLIN, July 6, 1840.

Dear Mr. Moscheles,—You delight me beyond measure by asking me to consent to that, which of all earthly things I like best,—namely, to be brought in contact with such of my cotemporaries as have become celebrated in literature and in the fine arts. How happy, then, must I feel at becoming instrumental in the fulfilment of any wish of yours! Truly, there was no need of asking: I could not but feel honored to be included in this memorial of Beethoven, and by a brother-spirit in the art too. I feel truly grateful, that, while you are tracing the noblest features of Beethoven's glorious career, you will commemorate the happiness bestowed upon me by the greatest genius of his time. Misplaced, indeed, were that modesty, which could forbid my appearing in such a noble place, and under such distinguished auspices; and I confess that you are doing me a kindness in publishing the letters in ques-

tion. Could I but render you some service in return ! And pray let Mr. Chorley have his share of my gratitude for having made such a happy use of my communication.

Yours, &c.,
BETTINE ARNIM.

1.

BEETHOVEN TO MADAME VON ARNIM.

VIENNA, Aug. 11, 1810.

Dearest Bettine,—Never was a fairer spring than this year's : this I say, and feel too, as in it I made your acquaintance. You must indeed have yourself seen, that in society I was like a fish cast on the sand, that writhes and struggles, and cannot escape, until some benevolent Galatea helps it back again into the mighty sea : in very truth, I was fairly aground. Dearest Bettine, unexpectedly I met you, and at a moment when chagrin had completely overcome me ; but truly your aspect put it to flight. I was aware in an instant that you belong to a totally different world from this absurd one, to which, even with the best wish to be tolerant, it is impossible to open one's ears. I am myself a poor creature, and yet complain of others ! this you will, however, forgive, with the kindly heart that looks out from your eyes, and with the intelligence that dwells in your ears : at least, your ears know how to flatter when they listen. Mine, alas ! are a barrier through which I can have hardly any friendly intercourse with mankind, else, perhaps, I might have acquired a still more entire confidence in you. As it was, I could only comprehend the full expressive glance of your eyes ; and this has so moved me that I shall never forget it. Divine Bettine, dearest girl !—Art ! who comprehends the meaning of this word ? with whom may I speak of this great divinity ? how I love the recollections of the few days when we used to chat with each other, or rather correspond. I have preserved every one of the little scraps of paper on which your intelligent, precious, most precious, replies were given. Thus, at least, may I thank my worthless ears that the best portion of our fugitive discourse is retained in writing.

Since you went, I have had many uncomfortable hours, in which the power to do any thing is lost. After you had gone away, I rambled about for some three hours in the Museum at Schönbrunn ; but no good angel met me there, to chide me into good humor, as an angel like you might have done. Forgive, sweetest Bettine, this transition from the funlamental key ; but I must have such

intervals, to vent my feelings. And you have written of me to Göthe, have you not? saying that I would fain pack up my head in a cask, where I should see nothing, and hear nothing, of what passes in the world, since you, dearest angel, meet me here no longer. But surely I shall at least have a letter from you. Hope supports me: she is indeed the nursing mother of half the world, and she has been my close friend all my life long. What would have become of me else? I send with this, written in my own hand, "*Kennst du das Land?*" as a memorial of the time when I first became acquainted with you: also I send another, which I have composed since I took leave of you, dear, dearest heart!

"Heart, my heart, what change comes o'er thee?
What wrings thee thus with pain?
What a strange sour world's before thee!
I know thee scarce again!"

Yes, dearest Bettine, answer me this question: write, and tell me what shall become of me since my heart has become such a rebel. Write to your truest friend,

BEETHOVEN.

2.

VIENNA, Feb. 10, 1811.

My dear beloved Bettine! — I have now had two letters from you, and learn from your letter to Antonia that you continue to think, and indeed far too favorably, of me. Your first letter I carried about with me all the summer through, and it has often made me happy. Although I do not often write to you, and you may hear nothing from me, yet, in thought, I write to you a thousand thousands of letters. How you feel yourself in the presence of all this world's rubbish I could have fancied, even had I not read it in your letters. — this haranguing and gossiping about art, without any thing done! The best delineation of this, that I know, is found in Schiller's poem "*Die Flüsse*," where the Spree* is made to speak. You are going to be married, dear Bettine, or are married already, and I have not been able to see you once more before this. May every blessing which marriage can bestow flow upon you and your husband! What can I say to you of myself? "*Pity my fate!*" I exclaim with poor Johanna.† If I can but obtain a few more years of life, I will still thank for this, as for all other weal and woe, the most High, the all-embracing Power. When

* The river which waters Berlin.

† Göthe's poem, Johanna Sebus.

ever you write of me to Göthe, select any expression that you can use, so as to convey to him the most fully my profound respect and admiration. I am, however, purposing to write to him myself, concerning "Egmont," which I have set to music: and this solely from love for his poetry, which makes me happy; but, indeed, who can be sufficiently grateful to a great poet, the most precious jewel that a nation can possess? And now I must end, dear, good Bettine. I returned this morning as late as four o'clock from a Bacchanalian revel, at which I was even made to laugh heartily, and for which I am now tempted to weep nearly as much. Up-roarious mirth often has the effect of casting me violently back upon myself. I owe Clemens* many thanks for his attention. As respects the cantata, the subject is not of sufficient importance for us here: in Berlin it is a different matter. As regards our affection, his sister has so much of mine, that not much will remain for the brother's portion: will he be contented with this? And now farewell, my dear Bettine. I kiss you on the forehead, and therewith impress on it as with a seal all my thoughts for you. Write soon, write often, to your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

8.

TOPLITZ, — 1812.

Dearest, good Bettine,—Kings and princes can, indeed, create professors and privy councillors, and bedeck them with titles and orders; but they cannot make great men,—spirits that rise above the world's rubbish: these they must not attempt to create; and therefore must these be held in honor. When two such come together as I and Göthe, these great lords must note what it is that passes for greatness with such as we. Yesterday, as we were returning homewards, we met the whole imperial family. We saw them coming at some distance, whereupon Göthe disengaged himself from my arm, in order that he might stand aside: in spite of all I could say, I could not bring him a step forwards. I crushed my hat more furiously on my head, buttoned up my top-coat, and walked with my arms folded behind me, right through the thickest of the crowd. Princes and officials made a lane for me; Archduke Rudolph took off his hat; the Empress saluted me the first: *these great people know me!* It was the greatest fun in the world to me, to see the procession file past Göthe. He stood aside, with his hat *ff*, bending his head down as low as possible. For this I

* Clemens Brentano, the poet, Bettine's brother.

afterwards called him over the coals properly and without mercy, and brought up against him all his sins, especially those against you, dearest Bettine! We had just been speaking of you. Good God! could I have lived with you for so long a time as *he* did, believe me, I should have produced far, far more great works than I have! A musician is also a poet: a pair of eyes more suddenly transport him, too, into a fairer world, where mighty spirits meet and play with him, and give him weighty tasks to fulfil. What a variety of things came into my imagination when I first became acquainted with you, during that delicious May-shower in the Usser Observatory, and which to me also was a fertilizing one! The most delightful themes stole from your image into my heart; and they shall survive, and still delight the world, long after Beethoven has ceased to *direct*. If God bestows on me a year or two more of life, I must again see you, dearest, dear Bettine; for the voice within me, which always will be obeyed, says that I must. Love can exist between mind and mind, and I shall now be a wooer of yours. Your praise is dearer to me than all other in this world. I expressed to Göthe my opinion as to the manner in which praise affects those like us; and that by those that resemble us we desire to be heard with *understanding*: emotion belongs to women only (pardon me for saying it!); the effect of music on a man should be to strike fire from his soul. Oh, my dearest girl! how long have I known that we are of one mind in all things! The only good is to have near us some fair, pure spirit, which we can at all times rely upon, and before which no concealment is needed. *He who will seem to be somewhat must really be what he would seem.* The world must acknowledge him; it is not forever unjust: although this concerns me in nowise, for I have a higher aim than this. I hope to find at Vienna a letter from you: write to me soon, very soon, and very fervently. I shall be there in a week from hence. The court departs to-morrow: there is another performance to-day. The Empress has thoroughly learned her part: the Archduke and the Emperor wished me to perform again some of my own music. I refused them both: they have both fallen in love with *Chinese porcelain*. This is a case for compassion only, as reason has lost its control; but I will not be piper to such absurd dancing. I will not be comrade in such absurd performances with the fine folks, who are ever sinning in that fashion. Adieu! adieu! dearest: your last letter lay all night on my heart and refreshed me. Musicians take all sorts of liberties! *Good Heaven! how I love you!*

Your truest friend, and deaf brother,

BEETHOVEN

No. IV.

*Letter of Madame Bettine von Arnim to Göthe.**

VIENNA, May 28, 1810.

. . . And now I am going to speak to you of one who made me forget all the world besides. The world vanishes when recollections spring up, — indeed it vanishes. It is Beethoven who made it vanish before me, and of whom I would fain speak to you. It is true I am not of age; yet I would boldly assert that he has far outstepped our generation, — too far, perhaps, to be come up with: (shall I be understood or believed in this assertion?) No matter. May he but live until the great and mighty problem of his mind has ripened into maturity; may he but attain his own noble aim, — and he will carry us on to loftier regions, to bliss more perfect, than is yet known to us. Let me own it to you, dear Göthe, I do believe in a spell, — not of this world, the element of our spiritual nature; and it is this that Beethoven calls around us by his art. If you would understand him, you must enter into his own magic circle; you must follow him to his exalted position, and occupy with him that high station which he alone can claim for a basis in this sublunary world. You will, I know, guess at my meaning, and extract truth from it. When could such a mind be reproduced? — when equalled? As to other men, their doings are but mechanical clock-work compared to his: he alone freely creates, and his creations are unthought of. What, indeed, could the intercourse with this world be to him, who before sunrise is at his holy work, who after sunset scarcely looks up from it, who forgets his bodily food, and, carried past the shallow banks of every-day life, is borne along the current of enthusiasm? He said himself, “When I lift up mine eyes I must sigh, for that which I behold is against my creed; and I must despise the world, because it knows not that music is a higher revelation than science or philosophy. Music is like wine, inflaming men’s minds to new achievements; and I am the Bacchus serving it out to them, even unto intoxication. When they are sobered down again, they shall find themselves possessed of a spiritual draught such as shall remain with them even on dry land. I have no friend, — I must live all to myself; yet I know that God is nearer to me than to my brothers in the art. I hold converse with him, and fear not, for I have always known and understood him. Nor do I fear for my works:

* See Göthe’s Correspondence with a Child.

no evil can befall them; and whosoever shall understand them, he shall be freed from all such misery as burthens mankind."

All this did Beethoven say to me the first time I saw him. A feeling of reverence came over me as I heard him speak his mind with such unbounded frankness, and that to me, who must have been wholly insignificant to him; and I was perhaps the more struck with his openness, having often heard of his extreme reserve, and of his utter dislike to converse with any one. Thus it was that I could not get any one to introduce me to him; but I found him out alone. He has three sets of apartments, in which he alternately secretes himself, — one in the country, one in town, and a third on the ramparts (Bastei). It was there I found him, in the third floor. I entered unannounced. He was seated at the piano. I gave my name. He was most friendly, and asked me if I would hear a song which he had just been composing; and sang, with a shrill and piercing voice, that made the hearer thrill with wofulness, "Know'st thou the land?" "Is it not beautiful?" said he enthusiastically; "exquisitely beautiful! I will sing it again." He was pleased with my cheerful praise. "Most people are moved on hearing music, but these have not musicians' souls: true musicians are too *fiery* to weep." He then sang another song of yours, which he had lately been composing: "Dry not, ye tears of eternal love." He accompanied me home; and it was during our walk that he said all these fine things on the art, — talking so loud all the while, and standing still so often, that it required some courage to listen to him in the street. He, however, spoke so passionately, and all that he uttered startled me to such a degree, as made me forget even the street. They were all not a little surprised at home on seeing me enter the room with him, in the midst of a large dinner-party. After dinner he sat down to the instrument and played, unasked, wonderfully, and at great length. His pride and his genius were working *that* out together which to any mind but his would have been inconceivable, — to any fingers but his, impossible of execution.

He comes daily ever since; if not, I go to him: and thus I miss all sorts of gayeties, theatres, picture-galleries, and even the mounting of St. Stephen's church-steeple. Beethoven says, "Never mind seeing these things: I shall call for you, and towards evening we shall walk together in the *Schönbrunn* avenues." Yesterday, as we were walking in a lovely garden, every thing in full bloom, and the open hot-houses almost intoxicating one's senses with their perfumes, he suddenly stopped in the oppressive heat of the sun, saying, "Göthe's poems exercise a great sway over me, not only by their meaning, but by their rhythm also. It is a language that urges me on to composition, that builds up its own lofty standard, containing in itself all the mysteries of harmony, so

that I have but to follow up the radiations of that centre from which melodies evolve spontaneously. I pursue them eagerly, overtake them, then again see them flying before me, vanish in the multitude of my impressions, until I seize them anew with increased vigor, no more to be parted from them. It is then that my transports give them every diversity of modulation: it is I who triumph over the first of these musical thoughts, and the shape I give it, I call symphony. Yes, Bettina, music is the link between intellectual and sensual life. Would I could speak to Göthe on this subject, to see whether he could understand me! Melody gives a sensible existence to poetry; for does not the meaning of a poem become embodied in melody? Does not Mignon's song breathe all her feelings through its melody, and must not these very feelings be reproductive in their turn? The mind would embrace all thoughts, both high and low, and embody them into one stream of sensations, all sprung from simple melody, and without the aid of its charms doomed to die in oblivion. This is the unity which lives in my symphonies, — numberless streamlets meandering on, in endless variety of shape, but all diverging into one common bed. Thus it is I feel that there is an indefinite something, an eternal, an infinite, to be attained; and although I look upon my works with a foretaste of success, yet I cannot help wishing, like a child, to begin my task anew, at the very moment that my thundering appeal to my hearers seems to have forced my musical creed upon them, and thus to have exhausted the insatiable cravings of my soul after my 'beau idéal!'

"Speak of me to Göthe: tell him to hear my symphonies, and he will agree with me that music alone ushers man into the portal of an intellectual world, ready to encompass *him*, but which *he* may never encompass. *That* mind alone whose every thought is rhythm can embody music, can comprehend its mysteries, its divine inspirations, and can alone speak to the senses of its intellectual revelations. Although spirits may feed upon it as we do upon air, yet it may not nourish all mortal men; and those privileged few alone, who have drawn from its heavenly source, may aspire to hold spiritual converse with it. How few are these! for like the thousands who marry for love, and who profess love, whilst Love will single out but one amongst them, so also will thousands court Music, whilst she turns a deaf ear to all but the chosen few. She too, like her sister-arts, is based upon morality, — that fountain-head of genuine invention. And would you know the true principle on which the arts *may* be won? It is to bow to their immutable terms, to lay all passion, and vexation of spirit, prostrate at their feet, and to approach their divine presence with a mind so calm, and so void of littleness, as to be ready to receive the dictates of Fantasy and the revelations of Truth. Thus the art becomes

a divinity, man approaches her with religious feelings, his inspirations are God's divine gifts, and his aim fixed by the same hand from above, which helps him to attain it.

"We know not whence our knowledge is derived. The seeds which lie dormant in us require the dew, the warmth, and the electricity of the soil, to spring up, to ripen into thought, and to break forth. Music is the electrical soil in which the mind thrives, thinks, and invents, whilst philosophy damps its ardor in an attempt to reduce it to a fixed principle.

"Although the mind can scarcely call its own that which it produces through inspiration, yet it feasts upon these productions, and feels that in them alone lies its independence, its power, its approximation to the Deity, its intercourse with man; and that these, more than all, bear witness of a beneficent Providence.

"Music herself teaches us harmony; for *one* musical thought bears upon the whole kindred of ideas, and each is linked to the other, closely and indissolubly, by the ties of harmony.

"The mind creates more readily when touched by the electrical spark: my whole nature is electric. But let me cease with my unfathomable wisdom, or I might miss the rehearsal. Write of me to Göthe, — that is, if you have understood me; but mark me, I am not answerable for any thing, although ready to be taught by him."

I promised to write to you as best I could. He took me to a grand rehearsal with full orchestra. There I sat quite alone in a box, in the vast unlit space. Single gleams of light stole through crevices and knot-holes in the walls, dancing like a stream of glittering sparks. There I saw this great genius exercise his sovereignty. O Göthe! no emperor or king feels so entirely his power, and that all might proceeds from himself, as this Beethoven, who but just now in the garden was at a loss to find from whom it *did* come. He stood there with such firm decision: his gestures, his countenance, expressed the completion of his creation. He prevented every error, every misconception. Not a breath but was under command. All were set in the most sedulous activity by the majestic presence of his mind. One might prophesy that a spirit like this might, in a future state of perfection, re-appear as the ruler of a world.

I put all this down last night, and this morning read it to him. He said, "Did I say this? Well, then, I have had my *raptus*." He read it again most attentively, erased the above, and wrote between the lines; for he wishes, above all, that you should understand him.

BETTINE

GÖTHE TO BETTINE.

Say every thing that is kind for me to Beethoven, and that I would willingly bring a sacrifice to make his acquaintance, when a mutual interchange of ideas would certainly lead to the most beneficial results. Maybe you could persuade him to visit Karlsbad and meet me there on my annual tour; for then I should have leisure to hear and be tutored by him. As to his being taught by me, that would be a sacrilege indeed, even in those more competent than I am; for surely his genius enlightens him, and will often dart flashes of brightness around him, whilst we are groping in the dark, scarcely sensible of the approaching dawn. I should be delighted if Beethoven would send me my two songs which he has composed, but clearly written. I am most anxious to hear them, since nothing gives me greater pleasure, and lays a firmer hold on my gratitude, than the finding such poems of a former period embodied and sensualized anew by music, as Beethoven justly calls it.

GÖTHE.

BETTINE TO GÖTHE.

Dearest Friend, — I have shown Beethoven your beautiful letter, as far as it concerned him. He was overjoyed, and cried, "If any one can brighten him up about music, it is I." He was most enthusiastic about your proposal of meeting him at Karlsbad, struck his forehead, and said, "Might I not have done this before? But i' faith, I did think of it, and was restrained by timidity: that *will* sometimes worry me as though I were not a man of the right mettle; but I am no more afraid of Göthe now. Make sure, therefore, of my seeing him next year."

No. V.

A DAY WITH BEETHOVEN.*

[Extract of a letter from Vienna to a friend in London.]

I now fulfil the promise I made on my departure for Germany last summer, of giving you, from time to time, an account of what

* From *The Harmonicon*, January, 1824.

ever might appear interesting in the fine arts, particularly in music; and, as I then told you that I should not confine myself to any order of time and place, I commence at once with Vienna. This is the city, which, speaking of music, must be called, by way of eminence, the capital of Germany. As to the sciences, it is quite otherwise; it being generally considered as one of the most inferior of the German universities. The north of Germany has at all times possessed the best theorists, — the Bachs, Marpurg, Kirnberger, Schwenke, Türk; but the men most celebrated for composition were always more numerous in the south, above all in Vienna. Here Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, M. von Weber, Spohr, &c., not only received their musical education, but most of them produced the works which have acquired them the greatest celebrity; and, even at the present period, Vienna abounds with eminent musicians, — C. Kreutzer, Stadler, Mayseder, C. Czerny, Pixis, and that young prodigy on the piano-forte, Liszt. To give you a succinct account only of the present state of music in Vienna would exceed the limits of a letter. I will therefore rather devote the remainder of this to one who is still the brightest ornament of that imperial city, — to Beethoven. You must not, however, expect from me now any thing like a biography: that I shall reserve for a future communication. I wish now to give you only a short account of a single day's visit to the great man; and if, in my narration, I should appear to dwell on trifling points, you will be good enough to attribute it to my veneration for Beethoven, which leads me to consider every thing highly interesting that is in the slightest degree connected with so distinguished a character.

The 28th of September, 1823, will be ever recollected by me as a *dies faustus*; in truth, I do not know that I ever spent a happier day. Early in the morning, I went, in company with two Vienna gentlemen, one of whom, Mr. H., is known as the very intimate friend of Beethoven, to the beautifully situated village of Baden,* about twelve miles from Vienna, where the latter usually resides during the summer months. Being with Mr. H., I had not to encounter any difficulty in being admitted into his presence. He looked very sternly at me at first; but he immediately after shook me heartily by the hand, as if an old acquaintance; for he then clearly recollected my first visit to him in 1816, though it had been but of a very short duration, — a proof of his excellent memory.

I found, to my sincere regret, a considerable alteration in his appearance; and it immediately struck me that he looked very unhappy. The complaints he afterwards made to Mr. H. confirmed my apprehensions. I feared that he would not be able to under-

* A neat little walled town of Austria, famous for its hot baths, seated on the River Schwocha. This must not be confounded with the more celebrated towns of the same name in Switzerland.

stand one word of what I said : in this, however, I rejoice to say, I was much deceived ; for he made out very well all that I addressed to him slowly and in a loud tone. From his answers, it was clear that not a particle of what Mr. H. uttered had been lost, though neither the latter nor myself used a machine. From this, you will justly conclude that the accounts respecting his deafness lately spread in London are much exaggerated. I should mention, though, that, when he plays on the piano-forte, it is generally at the expense of some twenty or thirty strings, he strikes the keys with so much force. Nothing can possibly be more lively, more animated, and, to use an epithet that so well characterizes his own symphonies, more energetic, than his conversation, when you have once succeeded in getting him into good humor ; but one unlucky question, one ill-judged piece of advice,— for instance, concerning the cure of his deafness, — is quite sufficient to estrange him from you forever.

He was desirous of ascertaining, for a particular composition he was then about, the highest possible note of the trombone, and questioned Mr. H. accordingly, but did not seem satisfied with his answers. He then told me that he had in general taken care to inform himself, through the different artists themselves, concerning the construction, character, and compass of all the principal instruments. He introduced his nephew to me, — a fine young man of about eighteen, who is the only relation with whom he lives on terms of friendship, saying, “ You may propose to him an enigma in Greek, if you like ; ” meaning, I was informed, to acquaint me with the young man’s knowledge of that language. The history of this relative reflects the highest credit on Beethoven’s goodness of heart : the most affectionate father could not have made greater sacrifices on his behalf than he has made.

After we had been more than an hour with him, we agreed to meet at dinner, at one o’clock, in that most romantic and beautiful valley called *das Helenenthal*, about two miles from Baden. After having seen the baths and other curiosities of the town, we called again at his house about twelve o’clock ; and, as we found him already waiting for us, we immediately set out on our walk for the valley. Beethoven is a famous pedestrian, and delights in walks of many hours, particularly through wild and romantic scenery : nay, I was told that he sometimes passes whole nights on such excursions, and is frequently missed at home for several days. On our way to the valley, he often stopped short, and pointed out to me its most beautiful spots, or noticed the defects of the new buildings. At other times, he seemed quite lost in himself, and only hummed in an unintelligible manner. I understood, however, that this was the way he composed ; and I also learnt that he never

writes one note down till he has formed a clear design for the whole piece.

The day being remarkably fine, we dined in the open air; and what seemed to please Beethoven extremely was, that we were the only visitors in the hotel, and quite by ourselves during the whole day. The Viennese repasts are famous all over Europe; and that ordered for us was so luxurious, that Beethoven could not help making remarks on the profusion which it displayed. "Why such a variety of dishes!" he exclaimed: "man is but little above other animals, if his chief pleasure is confined to a dinner-table." This and similar reflections he made during our meal. The only thing he likes in the way of food is fish, of which trout is his favorite. He is a great enemy to all *gêne*, and I believe that there is not another individual in Vienna who speaks with so little restraint on all kinds of subjects, even political ones, as Beethoven. He hears badly, but he speaks remarkably well; and his observations are as characteristic and as original as his compositions.

In the whole course of our table-talk, there was nothing so interesting as what he said about Handel. I sat close by him, and heard him assert very distinctly in German, "Handel is the greatest composer that ever lived."* I cannot describe to you with what pathos, and, I am inclined to say, with what sublimity of language, he spoke of the Messiah of this immortal genius. Every one of us was moved when he said, "I would uncover my head, and kneel down on his tomb!" H. and I tried repeatedly to turn the conversation to Mozart, but without effect. I only heard him say, "In a monarchy we know who is the first;" which might, or might not, apply to the subject. Mr. C. Czerny, who, by the by, knows every note of Beethoven's by heart, though he does not play one single composition of his own without the music before him, told me, however, that Beethoven was sometimes inexhaustible in his praise of Mozart. It is worthy of remark, that this great musician cannot bear to hear his own earlier works praised; and I was apprised that a sure way to make him angry is to say something complimentary of his septettes, trios, &c. His latest productions, which are so little relished in London, but much admired by the young artists of Vienna, are his favorites: his Second Mass he looks upon as his best work, I understood.

He is at present engaged in writing a new opera, called "*Melusine*," the words by the famous but unfortunate poet Grillparzer. He concerns himself very little about the newest productions of living composers, inasmuch, that, when asked about the "*Freischütz*," he

* Mozart expressed himself in a similar manner; and Haydn, when at a performance of the Messiah in Westminster Abbey, was nearly overpowered by its sublime strains, and wept like a child.

replied, "I believe *one* Weber has written it." You will be pleased to hear that he is a great admirer of the ancients. Homer, particularly his "Odyssey," and Plutarch, he prefers to all the rest; and, of the native poets, he studies Schiller and Göthe, in preference to any other: this latter is his personal friend. He appears uniformly to entertain the most favorable opinion of the British nation. "I like," said he, "the noble simplicity of the English manners," and added other praises. It seemed to me as if he had yet some hopes of visiting this country, together with his nephew. I should not forget to mention, that I heard a MS. trio of his, for the piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, which I thought very beautiful, and is, I understood, to appear shortly in London. The portrait you see of him in the music-shops is not now like him, but may have been so eight or ten years back. I could tell you many things more of this extraordinary man, who, from what I have seen and learnt of him, has inspired me with the deepest veneration; but I fear I have taken up your time already too much. The friendly and hearty manner in which he treated me, and bade me farewell, has left an impression on my mind which will remain for life. Adieu.

Σ.

No. VI.

A VISIT TO BEETHOVEN.*

[Extract from a letter written by an English lady, dated Vienna, October, 1825.]

The imperial library is the finest room I ever saw, and the librarian very agreeable and obliging. What will you say when I tell you, that, after taking an infinity of trouble, he succeeded in obtaining for me an introduction to BEETHOVEN, who is exceedingly difficult of access; but, in answer to the note requesting that I might be allowed to visit him, wrote,—

"Avec le plus grand plaisir je recevrai une fille de. . . .
BEETHOVEN."

We went to *Baden*, a pretty little town in the Archduchy of Austria, about fifteen miles south-west of Vienna, much frequented for its hot baths (whence it derives its name, similarly to our Bath), where *the giant of living composers*, as Mr. — always pleases me by calling him, retires during the summer months.

The people seemed surprised at our taking so much trouble; for

* From *The Harmonicon*, December, 1825.

unaccountable as it may seem to those who have any knowledge of or taste for music, his reign in Vienna is over, except in the hearts of a chosen few, with whom, by the by, I have not yet met . . . and I was even taught to expect a rough, unceremonious reception. When we arrived, he had just returned home, through a shower of rain, and was changing his coat. I almost began to be alarmed, after all that I had heard of his *brusquerie*, lest he should not receive us very cordially, when he came forth from the sanctum with a hurried step and apparently very nervous; but he addressed us in so gentle, so courteous, so sweet a manner, and with such a truth in his sweetness, that I only know Mr. — with whom he can be compared, whom he much resembles in features, person, address, and also in opinions. He is very short, extremely thin, and sufficiently attentive to personal appearance. He observed that . . . was very fond of Handel, that he himself also *loved* him, and proceeded for some time eulogizing that great composer. I conversed with him in writing, for I found it impossible to render myself audible; and, though this was a very clumsy mode of communicating, it did not much signify, as he talked on, freely and willingly, and did not wait for questions, or seem to expect long replies. I ventured to express my admiration of his compositions, and, among others, praised his “Adelaide” in terms by no means too strong for my sense of its beauties. He very modestly remarked that the poetry was beautiful.

Beethoven speaks good French, at least by comparison with most other Germans, and conversed a little with . . . in Latin. He told us that he should have *spoken* English, but that his deafness had prevented his acquiring more of our language than the power of reading it. He said that he preferred English to French writers, because “*ils sont plus vrais*.” Thomson is his favorite author, but his admiration for Shakspeare is very great indeed.

When we were about to retire, he desired us to stop. “*Je veux vous donner un souvenir de moi*.” He then went to a table in an adjoining room, and wrote two lines of music,—a little fugue for the piano-forte,—and presented it to me in a most amiable manner. He afterwards desired that I would spell my name to him, that he might inscribe his impromptu to me correctly. He now took my arm, and led me into the room where he had written, that I might see the whole of his apartment, which was quite that of an author, but perfectly clean; and, though indicating nothing like superfluity of wealth, did not show any want of either useful furniture, or neatness in arrangement. It must be recollected however, that this is his country residence, and that the Viennese are not so costly or particular in their domestic details as we English. I led him back very gently to a room on the other side, in which was placed his grand piano-forte, by Broadwood; but he

looked, I thought, melancholy at the sight of it, and said that it was very much out of order, for the country tuner was exceedingly bad. He struck some notes to convince me; nevertheless, I placed on the desk the page of MS. music which he had just given me; and he played it through quite simply, but prefaced it by three or four chords,—such handfuls of notes,—that would have gone to Mr. ——'s heart. He then stopped, and I would not on any account ask for more, as I found that he played without any satisfaction to himself.

We took leave of each other in a tone, of what in France would be called confirmed friendship; and he said, quite voluntarily, that, if he came to England, he would certainly pay us a visit.

No. VII.

Beethoven's Letters to Mlle. von Breuning, Wegeler, and Ries.

1.

TO MLLE. VON BREUNING.

VIENNA, Nov. 2, 1793.

Charming Eleonora, — my dearest Friend, — A year has elapsed since my stay in this capital, and this is the first letter you receive from me; yet rest assured you have ever lived in my recollection. I have often conversed with you and yours, although not with that peace of mind which I could have desired; for the late wretched altercation was hovering before me, showing me my own despicable conduct. But so it was; and what would I not give, could I obliterate from the page of my life this past action, so degrading to my character, and so unlike my usual proceedings? * It is true, there were many circumstances widening the breach between us; and I presume, that in those whisperings, conveying to us our mutual expressions, lay the chief source of the growing evil. We both imagined that we spoke from conviction; and yet it was but in anger, and we were both of us deceived. Your good and noble mind has, I know, long forgiven me; but they say that self-accusation is the surest sign of contrition, and it is thus I wanted to stand before you. Now let us draw a veil over the whole affair; taking

* This fully proves that Beethoven always showed more contrition than his fault could warrant. The cause of the altercation is not mentioned in Wegeler's *Notizen*, from which these letters are extracted. — ED.

a warning by it, that, should a difference arise between friends, they should not have recourse to a mediator, but explain face to face. You receive herewith a dedication from me to you; and I only wish the work were greater and more worthy of you. They wanted me here to publish this little work; and I avail myself of the opportunity to give you, my charming Eleonora, a token of my friendship and esteem, as well as a proof that you and all yours are ever present to my memory. Accept this trifle as coming from a warm admirer. Oh! if it could but give you pleasure, my wishes would be fulfilled.* Let it be a revival of the many blessed hours which I spent at your house: perhaps it may tend to recall me to your mind until I return, which, however, will not be so soon. How we *will* rejoice then, my dear friend: you will find me a more cheerful creature, whose days of trouble have passed away, their furrows smoothed by the lot of better days. Should you see B. Koch,† I beg you will tell her it is not fair that she has not once written to me, whilst I sent her two epistles, to Malchus‡ *three*, and no answer. Tell her, that, if *she* chooses not to write, she should at least make Malchus do so. I venture to conclude with a request that I might be so happy as once more to be put in possession of an Angola waistcoat, knitted by your hand.§ Do excuse the troublesome request of your friend: it originates in a great predilection for all that comes from your hands, and, let me acknowledge the secret, in the gratification of my vanity, at being able to say that I possess something from one of the best and most charming young ladies of Bonn. I have still got the one which you were so kind as to give me at Bonn; but the present fashion has made it look so antiquated, that I can only keep it in my wardrobe as your gift, and as such it will ever be dear to me. You would give me sincere pleasure were you to favor me soon with a letter. Should you like to have any of mine, I promise you I shall await the opportunity to show you in this, as in all other instances, how truly I am

Your friend and admirer,

L. V. BEETHOVEN.

P.S. The Variations will be somewhat difficult to play, particularly the shake in the coda. || But let not that alarm you: it is

* This work was the Variations on Mozart's Figaro, "Se vuol ballare." (Dunst, 4th part, No. 27.) He afterwards dedicated a sonata, or rather sonatina, to her, which appeared in Dunst's edition, 1st part, No. 64.

† Barbara Koch, afterwards Countess Belderbusch, an intimate friend of Madame von Breuning, a lady distinguished alike in all the qualities which can adorn the mind of woman: She was surrounded not only by men of the highest talent, — such as Beethoven, Romberg, Reicha, &c., — but science as well as rank did homage to her brilliant qualities.

‡ Afterwards Count of Marienstadt, and a classical writer.

§ Angola rabbit-, or silk hares.

|| A shake is carried on through several bars with alternate fingers, whilst *three* fingers are employed besides. The fingering is marked.

so managed that you need only do the shake, leaving out the other notes, which occur in the violin part also. I should never have written such a thing, but that I had noticed an individual about Vienna, who, after having heard me extemporize the preceding evening, put down many of my peculiarities the next day, showing them off as his own.* Taking it for granted that such things would shortly appear, I thought it wiser to be the first to publish them. Another reason was to put the piano-forte masters of this place to confusion; for many of them are my deadly enemies, and I thus take my revenge upon them, knowing how they will be asked every now and then to play these Variations, and to how little advantage my gentlemen will appear in them.

BEETHOVEN

2.

SECOND LETTER TO M^{LLE}. V. BREUNING.

I was most agreeably surprised by the beautiful cravat, the work of your hands. It created sensations of sorrow, much as I was pleased by the thing itself. This sorrow was called up by a recollection of former times, and by the shame I felt at your generous conduct. Truly, I did not think you had deemed me worthy of your remembrance. Oh! could you have witnessed my feelings at yesterday's occurrence, you would not deem me guilty of extravagance when I assure you that your remembrance saddened me and called forth many tears. Do pray believe me, little as I may have deserved it, believe me, *my friend* (let me ever call you such), I have suffered much, and still suffer, from the loss of your friendship. Never shall I forget you and your dear mother. You were so kind to me that your loss cannot and will not so soon be made up to me. I know what I had, what I lost, and what you were to me; but I must return to scenes equally painful for you to hear, as for me to relate, were I to fill up this blank.

As a slight return for your kind recollection of me, I take the liberty of sending the Variations and the rondo with violin accompaniments. I am very busy just now, or I would have copied the long-promised sonata for you. It is but a sketch in my manuscript; and even Paraquin, clever as he is, would have had much difficulty in transcribing it. You may have the rondo copied, and return the score; that which I now send is the only thing amongst my works which could be of use to you; and, as you are about

* Beethoven complained to me of this musical espionage. He named to me the Abbe Gelinek, that most fertile writer of Variations, who always quartered himself in his vicinity. This might have been the cause of Beethoven's always choosing lodgings in a square or on the ramparts.

going to Kerpen, I thought these trifles might afford you some pleasure.

Farewell, my friend. I cannot possibly give you any other name : indifferent as I may be to you, I hope you will believe in the assurance of my regard for yourself and your mother. Pray let me know if I have it in my power in any way to contribute to your pleasure ; it is the only remaining means of showing you my gratitude for past kindness. A happy journey to you, and may your dearest mother return home perfectly recovered ! Do not forget

Your still admiring friend,

BEETHOVEN.

3.

BEETHOVEN TO WEGELER.

VIENNA, June 29, 1800.*

My dear and beloved Wegeler, — A thousand thanks to you for your recollection of me. I have not deserved it ; I have not even *tried* to deserve it ; and yet my most unpardonable carelessness cannot check your friendship, which remains pure and unshaken. Do not for a moment think that I could forget you, or any of those once so dear to me : there are times when I long for you, when I sincerely wish to stay with you for a while. My country and the charming place which gave me birth are ever before my eyes, their beauty undimmed as when I left them ; in short, I shall consider that time the happiest which leads me back to you all, once more greeting the Rhine in its patriarchal beauty. I cannot tell you *when* this may be ; but thus much I must say to you all, that you shall not see me until I am much greater, — not greater only in my art, but better and more perfect as a man ; and then, if our country should be more flourishing, I will employ my art for the benefit of the poor only.† O blessed moment ! how happy do I deem myself that I can call thee forth, that I can myself create thee ! . . . You wish me to say something of my circumstances. Why, they are by no means bad. Lichnowsky, who, improbable as it may seem to you, from the little altercations we have had, but which tended only in confirming our friendship ‡, —

* The date of the year is wanting, but it is most probably 1800.

† Bonn had, through the war, lost its prince, the court, the administrative body, — in fact, all its resources. It never had any trade or manufactures.

‡ Beethoven was most easily excited, and consequently very irritable ; but, when the first burst of passion had subsided, he had an open ear and a yielding heart for the reproofs of his friends. He would consequently be much more contrite than the occasion warranted. I have now before me a note of his which I received at Vienna, and which runs thus : " What an abominable picture of myself you have shown me ! Oh ! I feel it : I am not worthy of your friendship,

Lichnowsky, who has always been my warmest patron, has settled upon me the sum of six hundred florins, which I may draw until I find a convenient appointment; my compositions are well paid, and I may say I have more orders than I can well execute, six or seven publishers, and more, being ready to take any of my works. I need no longer submit to being bargained with: I ask my terms, and am paid. You see this is an excellent thing; as, for instance, I see a friend in want, and my purse does not at the moment permit me to assist him: I have but to sit down and write, and my friend is no longer in need. I am grown much more economical too. Should I remain here, I think I may rely upon having a day for a concert once a year. I have already had several. But an evil spirit, in the shape of my bad health, plays me false. My hearing has become weaker and weaker for the last three years; and my constitution has been much weakened by a stomach complaint, fearfully increased during my stay here, which is said to be the cause of this evil. Frank wanted to restore my health by tonics, and my hearing by oil of almonds; but, alack-a-day! this was not to be. My hearing remained impaired, my digestion in its former condition. This continued till last autumn, when I was many a time in despair. A medical practitioner of the genus *ass* advised the cold bath for me; a more rational one ordered me that of the Danube, which is tepid. This did wonders: my general health improved, my hearing continued bad, or became worse. Last winter, I was in a wretched state; every ailment returning with renewed force, until about a month ago I went to Vering, judging that my case might require surgical as well as medical assistance, and having much confidence in his skill. He succeeded in alleviating my sufferings by the use of the tepid bath, into which was poured a strengthening mixture. He gave me no medicine: only four days ago I had some pills, besides a *tea* for my ears; and I may say I feel stronger and better,—but my ears! they are ringing and singing night and day. I do think I spend a wretched life; for the last two years shunning all society, because I cannot bring myself to walk up to people and say, “*I am deaf.*” In any other profession, this might pass; but, in the one I have chosen, it is a wretched plight to be in. Besides, my enemies, who are not few in number, what would they say? To give you a notion of this extraordinary

I did not meditate a base action: it was thoughtlessness which urged me to my unpardonable conduct towards you.” Thus he fills three pages; and this is the end, “But no more. I fly to you, and in an embrace ask for my lost friend; and you will restore him to me,—to your contrite, faithful, and loving friend, BEETHOVEN.” The two letters to Mlle. von Breuning, as above quoted, are of the same tenor. He had quarrelled with Stephen von Breuning (as with what friend did he not quarrel?); but, being made sensible of *his grievous wrong*, he wrote and acted in the same way, upon which the most heartfelt reconciliation took place; and the sincerest friendship subsisted uninterruptedly between them until Beethoven’s death.

deafness, I must tell you that I am forced in a theatre to lean up close to the orchestra in order that I may understand the actor. I do not hear the high notes of instruments or singers at a certain distance; and it is astonishing that there are individuals who never noticed it while conversing with me: from my having been subject to frequent reveries, they attribute my silence to these. I sometimes hear those who speak in a low voice; that is to say, the sounds, but not the words: and yet, if any one begins to bawl out, it annoys me excessively. Heaven knows what it may end in! Vering says I shall certainly be much better, although I may not entirely recover. I have often cursed my existence: Plutarch has won me back to resignation. I will, if possible, defy my fate, although there will be moments when I shall be the most miserable of God's creatures. I beg of you not to mention my affliction to any one — no, not even to Laura. I confide this secret to you only, and should be glad if you would, some day, enter into correspondence upon it with Vering. Should it continue, I shall come to you next spring. You will take a cottage for me in some beautiful spot in the country, and there I shall ruralize for six months: perhaps *that* may work a change. Resignation! what a miserable resource, and yet it is the only one left me. Do excuse my troubling you with my griefs, when you are already in sorrow yourself.

Stephen Breuning is here; and I see him daily, enjoying those recollections which his presence calls back to my mind. He is indeed grown an excellent fellow, as kind and true-hearted as I trust we all are. I have beautiful rooms just now, leading on to the Bastei (ramparts), and of infinite value to me, on account of my health. I believe I shall be able to prevail upon Breuning to come to me. You shall have your Antiochus, and plenty of my music, if you do not think they will put you to too much expense. Honestly speaking, I am truly pleased with your love of the art. Let me but know *how*, and I will send you all my works, which are now become pretty numerous, and daily increasing. I send you in exchange for my grandfather's picture, which I beg you will forward to me by coach, that of his grandson, your ever faithful Beethoven: it has appeared at Artaria's, who, together with many other publishers, solicited me to let them have it. I intend shortly to write to Stephen, for the purpose of lecturing him upon his obstinate mood. I will make his ears ring with our old friendship, and entreat him not to add vexation to your sufficiently saddened circumstances. I shall also write to the amiable Laura. I have never forgotten one of you, dear, kind friends, even when I was most silent; for as to writing, why, that you know never was my forte: the dearest friends have not had letters from me for years. I live entirely in my music; and no sooner is one thing finished

than I begin another: indeed, I now sometimes write three or four things at the same time. Pray let me hear from you oftener, and I will take care to find time for replying to your letters. Kind regards to all, including my dear Mme. v. Breuning: tell her I am still subject to the "raptus." As to K., I am not surprised at the change in her. Fortune's wheel is round, and does not always halt before the best and noblest.

A word about Ries, to whom give my kind regards, and say that I shall further write to you respecting his son, although I believe Paris would be a better place than Vienna to make his fortune in. Vienna is so overstocked, that even those who have great merit stand a bad chance of succeeding. By the autumn or winter, I shall be able to judge what I can do for him, as everybody then hastens back to town. Farewell, my faithful Wegeler. Be ever assured of the love and friendship of

Yours,

BEETHOVEN.

4.

BEETHOVEN TO WEGELER.

VIENNA, Nov. 16, 1801.

My dearest Wegeler, — I am truly obliged for the new marks of your interest in my welfare, the more so as I feel myself unworthy of them. You wish to know how I am, what I am taking; and, much as I dislike conversing upon the subject at all, I would rather do so with you than with any one else. Vering, for the last few months, has applied blisters to both my arms, consisting of a certain bark, known to you, as I suppose.* This is a most disagreeable remedy, as it deprives me of the free use of my arms for two or three days at a time, until the bark has drawn sufficiently, which occasions a good deal of pain. It is true, the ringing in my ears is somewhat less than it was, especially in my left ear, in which the disease began, but my hearing is by no means improved: indeed, I am not sure but that the evil is increased. My health is improved, and the tepid bath always sets me up for eight or ten days. I take but little medicine, and have begun to use the herb-poultice as you prescribed. Vering opposes the shower-bath. I am, upon the whole, much dissatisfied with him: he cares too little about his patients. Were I not to call upon him sometimes, which indeed is but seldom, I should never see him. What do you think

* The bark of *daphne mezereum*.

of Schmidt? * I am not fond of changing; but I think Vering is too much of the practitioner to allow of his gathering fresh thoughts from books. Schmidt seems to differ widely from him in this respect, and might not be so careless. They tell me wonders of galvanism: what is your opinion of it? A medical man told me he had seen a deaf and dumb child recover its hearing (at Berlin), as well as a man who had been deaf for seven years. I hear that your friend Schmidt† makes experiments of this nature.

I have begun to mix in society again, and thus to enjoy my existence rather more than I did. You cannot conceive how deserted and miserable a life I have led these two years; my deafness pursuing me like a spectre, and scaring me from mankind. I must have appeared a perfect misanthrope, whilst I am so far from it. A dear and charming girl has wrought this beneficial change in me. She loves me, as I do her; and this has brought back some happy moments, the first I have enjoyed these two years. It is the first time I feel that marriage could render me happy.‡ She is not, unfortunately, of my station in life, and at present I certainly *could* not marry, for I must be tossed about the world first. Were it not for my hearing, I should have travelled over half the globe: that is what I long for. My greatest enjoyment is to pursue my art and produce in it. Do not think I should be happy with you all about me. In how far could that ameliorate my condition?

* John Adam Schmidt, councillor, &c. &c., oculist, and author of several classical works.

† I lived in close and friendly intimacy with Schmidt and Hunezovsky up to their death. The former wrote under his portrait which he sent me, —

“Cogitare et esse sui, idem est Wegelero suo Schmidt.”

‡ My brother-in-law, Stephen Breuning, Ferdinand Ries, Bernard Romberg, and myself, have been taught by experience that Beethoven was ever a slave to the tender passion, and that in the highest degree. His and Stephen Breuning's first love was Mlle. Jeanette d'Honrath of Cologne, who often spent some weeks at the residence of the Breunings. She was as fair as lively, engaging as amiable, had a beautiful voice, and delighted in music. She often used to sing in derision, to our friend, the well-known song: —

“What! part with thee this very day?
My heart a thousand times says nay.
And yet I know I must not stay.”

The happy rival was Major Greth, of Cologne, who married the fair lady. This attachment of Beethoven's was followed by one for the amiable Mlle. W—; and it is but three years since B. Romberg told me many anecdotes of this Werther-like love. Neither this nor any of the former inclinations left any lasting impression upon his own mind or that of the fair ones. Beethoven was a great favorite at Vienna, and perhaps more so than many an Adonis might be; and I will leave connoisseurs and dilettanti to judge whether Adelaide, Fidelio, and many other things, could have been written if the author had not experienced those feelings which they so admirably depict. But let us take the author's word, for it, as given in this letter, that he *was* swayed by love. To the best of my knowledge, his affections were generally placed in the higher ranks.

Your very anxiety for me would be painfully visible in your looks, and would add to my misery. And that beautiful country of mine, what was my lot in it?—the hope of a happy futurity. This might now be realized if I were freed from my affliction. Oh, freed from that, I should compass the world! I feel it, my youth is but beginning. Have I not hitherto been a sickly creature? My physical powers have for some time been materially increasing, those of my mind likewise: I feel myself nearer and nearer the mark: I feel, but cannot describe it. This alone is the vital principle of your Beethoven. No rest for me: I know of none but sleep, and I grieve at having to sacrifice to it more time than I have hitherto deemed necessary. Take but one half of my disease from me, and I will return to you a matured and accomplished man, renewing the ties of our friendship; for you shall see me as happy as I *may* be in this sublunary world, — not as a sufferer, no, that would be more than I could bear. I will blunt the sword of fate: it shall not utterly destroy me. How beautiful it is to live a thousand lives in one! No, I am not made for a retired life, I feel it. You will write as soon as possible, will you? Take care Stephen make up his mind to take an appointment somewhere in the Teutonic Order. His health will not endure the fatiguing life which he leads here: he is, moreover, so deserted that I do not see how he is to stand it. You know how we get on here. Indeed, I will not assert that society would diminish his exhaustion of nerve, and he is not to be prevailed upon to go anywhere. I had some music at my rooms some time since. Friend Stephen did not appear. Do recommend him more coolness and self-possession. I have not succeeded in enforcing it: without them he cannot recover his health and happiness. Let me know in your next letter whether you don't mind my sending you a great quantity of my music: you can sell that which you do not want, and thus pay your postage, having my likeness into the bargain. My kindest remembrances to Laura, to mamma, also to Christopher. You love me a little, eh? Be assured that I do love you, and remain ever your faithful friend,

BEETHOVEN.

5.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

BADEN, July 24, 1804.

. . . You will have been surprised at the affair with Breuning.* Believe me, my friend, that I had been wrought into this burst

* This alludes to a violent quarrel which arose between the composer and his friend, about some lodgings which the latter had taken for him.

of passion by many an unpleasant circumstance of an earlier date. I have the gift of concealing and restraining my irritability on many subjects; but, if I happen to be touched at a time when I am more than usually susceptible of anger, I burst forth more violently than any one else. Breuning has doubtless most excellent qualities; but he thinks himself utterly without faults, and yet is most open to those for which he blames others. He has a littleness of mind which I have held in contempt since my infancy. My powers of judgment had almost prophesied to me the course which matters would take with Breuning; for we differ too materially in our manner of thinking, acting, and feeling. I fancied late difficulties might have been overcome: experience has taught me otherwise, and now no more friendship for me. I have met with two friends only in this world with whom I never had any altercations; but what men were they! — the one is dead, the other still alive. Although we have not heard from each other these six years, yet I know that I hold the first place in his heart, as he does in mine. The basis of friendship should be the greatest similarity in the minds and feelings of men. I only wish you would read my letter to Breuning and his to me. No: he will never regain the place in my heart which he once held in it. Whoever can attribute so mean a proceeding to his friend, and can himself act so basely towards him, is not worthy of my friendship. Do not forget the matter of my lodgings. Farewell. Do not tailor* too much. Make my respects to the fairest of the fair, and send me a dozen needles. I should never have thought I could be as idle as I am here. Should a fit of industry succeed, I may accomplish something grand. Vale.

BEETHOVEN.

6.

BEETHOVEN TO WEGELER.

VIENNA, May 2, 1810.

My good old Friend, — I can almost fancy these lines creating a surprise in your mind; and yet, although left without epistolary witnesses, you live most vividly in my recollection: indeed, there is among my MSS. one long destined for you, and which you will certainly receive during this summer.† My retired life has ceased these last few years, and I have been forcibly drawn into the world. I have not yet decided for or against this change; but who has not

* Ries then lived at a tailor's, who had beautiful daughters.

† My lot in this particular was that of his pupil Ries. The dedication was made by letter only; but are not such letters of greater value?

felt the storm which is raging around us? I, however, should be happy, perhaps the happiest of men, had not that demon taken possession of my ears. I have read somewhere that man should not wilfully part from this life whilst he could do but one good deed; and, but for this, I should ere now have ceased to exist, and by my own hand too. Oh, life is so charming! but to me it is poisoned.

You will not refuse my request to procure me a copy of my baptismal register. The expenses, whatever they be, could be remitted to you by Stephen Breuning, with whom I know you have a running account; and I will settle with him. Should you think it worth your while to investigate the matter, and should you like to go from Coblentz to Bonn for that purpose, I beg you will put your costs down to me. There is one thing to be considered in the matter, — that I had a brother born before me, likewise named Ludwig, with the second name of Maria, but who died young. The birth of this brother should be ascertained previous to my age being fixed.* I know I have been put down as older than I am, by a mistake arising from this circumstance. Alas! I have lived some time without knowing my own age. I had a family-book; but that has been lost, the Lord knows how! Do not be angry, therefore, if I recommend this to you most warmly, and try to find out the birth of Ludwig Maria, as well as that of the Ludwig who came after him. The sooner you send me the register, the greater my obligation. They tell me you sing a song of mine at your Freemasons' lodge; probably one in E major, which I have not got myself; pray send it to me, and I promise to make you ample amends for it.† Think of me with kindly feelings, little as I apparently deserve it. Embrace your dear wife, kiss your children, and all that are dear to you, in the name of your friend,
BEETHOVEN.

7.

BEETHOVEN TO WEGELER.

VIENNA, Sept. 29, 1816.

I take the opportunity which offers through J. Simrock,‡ to recall myself to your memory. I hope you have received my engrav-

* This alludes to what will appear by and by in Ries's sketches.

† Beethoven was here mistaken. It was not a song of his composition which he no longer possessed, but merely new words put to Matthiisson's Ode. I did the same thing with an early song of Beethoven's. — "Who is a free man?" (*Wer ist ein freier Mann?*) Beethoven wished to have words for the theme of those variations with which the grand Sonata, Op. 26, dedicated to Prince Lichnowsky, commences. My attempt did not, however, satisfy me: thus he never saw it.

‡ Joseph Simrock, music-publisher, the head of the present house.

ing,* and the Bohemian glass. As soon as I shall again wander through Bohemia, you shall have something similar. Farewell. you are husband and father, — so am I, but without a wife.† Love to all yours, — to all *mine*.

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

8.

BEETHOVEN TO WEGELER.

VIENNA, Oct. 7, 1826.

My old and dearest Friend, — I cannot give you an adequate idea of the delight I felt in your and Laura's letter. It is true, my answers should have followed with the swiftness of an arrow; but I am careless in replying to my friends, because I believe those whom I really love know me without my writing to them. I often get an answer ready in my thoughts; but, when I want to put it on paper, I mostly throw away my pen, because I cannot write as I feel. I do remember every kindness you have shown me: for instance, when you had my room whitewashed, and thus made me a most agreeable surprise.‡ I feel the same gratitude towards the Breunings: our separation was the necessary result of the instability of men's lives, — each pursuing his own ends and trying to fulfil destiny, — the principle of all that is unalterably good still finally uniting us. I regret I cannot to-day write you at full length as I should wish, being in bed. I will answer but a few points of your letter. You say that I am mentioned somewhere as a natural son of the deceased King of Prussia. I had heard this long ago; but, from principle, I have never written on myself, or answered any thing that others have said of me: thus I leave you most willingly to vindicate my parents' honor, and especially that of my mother, in the eyes of the world. You speak of your son. I hope it is understood, that, when he comes here, he will find a father and a friend in me, and that I shall serve him with the greatest pleasure wherever I can. I have yet your Laura's *silhouette*, — a proof positive how I still value all that was dear and near to me in my youth. On the subject of my diplomas, I will mention to you, but shortly, that I am an honorary member of the Royal Society of Arts in Sweden, the same in Amsterdam, and an honorary citizen in Vienna. Some time ago a Dr. Spieker took

* "Dessiné par Letronne, et gravé par Hoefel, 1814. For my friend Wegeler, Vienna, March 27, 1815. Ludw. van Beethoven." Our mutual friend, Director Elechhoff, brought it away for me after the congress.

† Beethoven was educating the son of his brother Caspar, who had died the preceding year.

‡ Beethoven was then living at Bonn, in the Wenzel Street.

away with him to Berlin my last great symphony with choruses: it is dedicated to the king, and he made me write the dedication in my own hand. I had previously asked and received permission at the embassy to dedicate the work to the king. On Dr. Spieker's suggestion, I had to send my MS., with my own corrections and improvements, to his Majesty, to be deposited in the royal library. Something has been whispered to me about the order of the Red Eagle of the Second Class. I don't know how it will end, for I never sought a distinction *like* this: in our times, however, it would not be unwelcome to me for many reasons.

My motto is always *Nulla dies sine lineâ*: and, if I give my muse any rest, it is but that she should arise with new vigor. I hope to achieve a few more great works, and then to close my earthly career like an old child amongst some good people. You will receive some music through the brothers Schott, of Mayence. The portrait which I send herewith is a master-piece of art, but not the last likeness which has been taken of me. I have to name another mark of distinction conferred upon me, as I know it gives you pleasure. A medal has been sent me by the late King of France, with the inscription, "Donné par le roi à M. Beethoven," and accompanied by a most obliging letter of the Duc de Chartres, premier gentilhomme du roi.* Thus much to-day. My dearest friend, I am overpowered by the recollections of the past, and this letter reaches you bedewed with my tears. Now that a beginning is made, you shall soon hear from me again; and the more you write, the greater will be my happiness. There can be no question as to our friendship on either side; and so farewell. I beg you will embrace your dear Laura and your children in my name, and think of me. God be with you. With true esteem, ever your faithful friend,

BEETHOVEN.

9

BEETHOVEN TO WEGELER.

VIENNA, Feb. 17, 1827.†

My old and worthy Friend,—I received most fortunately your second letter through Breuning. I am still too weak to answer it, but you may think that its contents are truly welcome to me.‡ My

* The reader may judge hereby what to think of Beethoven's contempt of such distinctions.

† A month before his death.

‡ I had, if my memory serves me, reminded him of Blumauer, who lived many years after having been tapped. I proposed to him to fetch him from the Bohemian baths, take him by a circuitous route to the Upper Rhine, and then down to Coblenz, where he was finally to recover.

convalescence, if such I may call it, goes on slowly. It is to be expected that a fourth operation must take place, although the medical men have not yet pronounced upon this. I take patience, and think: evil sometimes leads to good. But how surprised I felt to find from your last letter, that you had not received any thing. From the letter which you here receive, you will see that I wrote on the 10th of December of last year. It is the same with the portrait, as the date will show when it reaches you.* Stephen insisted upon sending you the things by private hand; but they were left until now, and it was difficult to get them back even at this moment. You will now receive the portrait by post through Messrs. Schott, who also send you the music. I should like to say much to you to-day; but I am too weak, so I can only embrace you and Laura. With true friendship and devotedness to you and yours, believe me, Your old and faithful friend,

BEETHOVEN.

[This letter, too, was written in a strange hand, and signed by Beethoven.]

No. VIII.

BEETHOVEN'S *Correspondence with Mr. C. Neate, of London, and F. Ries (Beethoven's former pupil), concerning the publication of several of his Works. — Their performance at the Philharmonic Concerts. — Beethoven's intended Visit to England.* †

1

BEETHOVEN TO MR. NEATE, AT VIENNA.

VIENNA, December, 1815.

My dear Mr. Neate, — I have received a letter from Mr. Ries, as amanuensis to Salomon (who has had the misfortune to break his right shoulder in a fall from his horse); and he tells me, on the 29th of September, that the three overtures which you took of me

* On the portrait stands, *above* his name, "To my long-tried and much-beloved friend, F. G. Wegeler." There is no date affixed.

† I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Neate for the following correspondence, which succeeded the acquaintance formed between the two at Vienna in the year 1815; and, as will be seen, includes a letter from Mr. Neate in elucidation of a misunderstanding which had arisen between them. Beethoven's letters to Ries I extract from Dr. Wegeler's Notices, &c. — ED.

for the Philharmonic Society* four months ago, had not then reached London. This being the second remembrancer which Mr. Salomon sends me on the subject, I thought I had better let you know. Should you not have sent them off, I should like to revise the Overture in *C major*, as it may be somewhat incorrect. With regard to any written agreement you may like to have about these things for England, that is very much at your service at a moment's notice. I would not have them suppose that I could ever act otherwise than as a *man of honor*. There are dispositions so fickle that they think *one way* to-day and *another way* to-morrow, and fancy others as ready to change their mind; and with such tempers one cannot be positive and mistrustful enough. So fare you well, my dear Mr. Neate.

Yours truly,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

2

BEETHOVEN TO F. RIES.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 22, VIENNA, 1815.

Dear Ries, — I hasten to inform you that I have to-day sent off the piano-forte score of the Symphony in A by post to the house of Thomas Coutts & Co. The court not being here, there are very few, if any, couriers; and this is, moreover, the safest way. The symphony is to be brought out about March. I shall fix the day. It has been so long in doing, that I cannot name an earlier time. The trio in the sonata for violin may come out later, and both will be in London in a few weeks. I beg of you, dear Ries, to look after these things, and to take care I receive the money: the expenses are great ere these things reach you. I want cash: I have had a loss of six hundred florins in my yearly salary. At the time of the bank-notes (*Banco-Zettel*) it was nothing; the reduced paper-money (*Einlösungs-Scheine*) succeeded; and it is through these I lose the six hundred florins, after several years of vexation and entire loss of salary. We are now at a juncture when the *Einlösungs-Scheine* stand lower than ever did the *Banco-Zettel*. I pay one thousand florins rent: figure to yourself the misery which this paper-money causes. My poor unhappy brother (Carl) has just died: he had a bad wife. I may say he was in a consumption for some years; and, to make life bearable to him, I gave him what I may reckon at ten thousand florins (*Wiener Währung*). I own this is not much for an Englishman, but a vast deal for a poor

* Mr. Neate was at the time one of the directors of the Philharmonic Society. — ED.

German or Austrian. The poor fellow was much changed of late years; and I may say I lament him with all my heart, whilst I am truly glad to be able to say to myself, I have not neglected any thing which could contribute to his preservation. Tell Mr. Birchall to repay you and Mr. Salomon for the postage of your letters to me, and mine to you: he may deduct it from the sum which he has to pay me. I am anxious that those who are active for me should suffer the least possible through it.

"Wellington's Victory at the Battle of Vittoria"* must have arrived long ago at Coutts & Co.'s. Mr. Birchall need not pay me till he has got all the works. Do let me know as soon as possible the day which Mr. Birchall fixes for the publication of the piano-forte score. Thus much to-day, with the warmest recommendation of my concerns. I am at your service wherever you may require it. Farewell, dear Ries!

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

3

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, Jan. 20, 1816.

My dear Ries, — The symphony will be dedicated to the Emperess of Russia. The piano-forte score of the Symphony in A must not come out till the month of June: the publisher here cannot be ready before that time. Will you, my dearest Ries, inform Mr. Birchall of this without delay? The sonata, with violin accompaniment, will be sent off by the next post, and may be likewise published in London by the month of May, — the trio somewhat later (you will receive it by the next post too). I shall myself fix the time for its publication.

And now, my dear Ries, take my sincere thanks for all your good offices, and in particular for the correction of the proofs. May Heaven bless you! and may you progress more and more! I shall ever take the most sincere interest in it. My best regards to your wife.

Ever your sincere friend,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

* This is the title on the piano-forte score. (Beethoven's own note.)

4.

Manuscript Agreement, as drawn up by Beethoven for the Philharmonic Society of London, concerning the above-named three MS Overtures.

VIENNA, Feb. 5, 1816.

Mr. Neate has taken of me, in July, 1815, three overtures for the Philharmonic Society of London, and has paid me for them the sum of 75 guineas, for which sum I engage not to have these said overtures printed elsewhere, either in parts or score, always reserving for myself the right to have the said works performed wherever I please, and to publish them in piano-forte arrangement so soon as Mr. Neate shall write me word that they have been performed in London. Besides which, Mr. Neate assures me that he obligingly takes upon himself, after the lapse of one or two years, to obtain the consent of the Society to my publishing these three overtures in parts as well as in score, their consent to that effect being indispensable. Thus I respectfully salute the Philharmonic Society.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

5.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, Feb. 28, 1816.

. . . I have not been well for some time : my brother's death has had its influence upon my mind and my writings. I am truly grieved at Salomon's death. He had a noble mind, and I remember him since my earliest youth. You have become his executor, and I, at the same time, the guardian of my poor brother's child. You will scarcely have had as much vexation as I had at this death ; yet I feel the sweet consolation of having rescued a poor little innocent from the hands of an unworthy mother.

Farewell, dear Ries ! If I can be of the least use whatever to you, pray consider me wholly as your true friend,

BEETHOVEN.

6.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, March 8, 1816.

My answer comes somewhat late ; but I was ill, and had a good deal of work . . . As yet, I have not seen a farthing of the

ten ducats; and I begin to fancy that the English are generous only in foreign countries. The Prince Regent, too, has not even given me the value of the copying expenses for my battle, which I sent him, nor has he vouchsafed a verbal or written acknowledgment. My income amounts to 3,400 florins in paper. I have to pay 1,100 florins rent, and 900 florins to my servant and his wife: now, do you calculate yourself what remains. And, besides this, I have entirely to provide for my little nephew. He is at school at present, which costs about 1,100 florins, and leaves much to desire; so I must go into regular housekeeping to take him home. How much there is required to live here! and yet there is no end to it because — because —. You know what I mean. I should be glad of some commissions from the Philharmonic Society, besides the concert. Above all, my dear pupil Ries should sit down, and dedicate something of sterling worth to me, upon which the master would return measure for measure. How can I send you my portrait? . . . My best wishes for your wife. Alas I have none; and *one* only have I met, but shall never possess her. This does not, however, make me an enemy to the sex.

Your sincere friend,

BEETHOVEN.

7.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, April 3, 1816.

. . . Neate must be in London by this time. He has taken charge of several of my works, and has promised me all his interest for them. The Archduke Rudolph, amongst others, plays your compositions with me, dear Ries, and your “Sogno” pleases me above all the rest. Farewell. I commend me to your well-beloved wife, and to all the fair Englishwomen who will receive my greetings.

Your true friend,

BEETHOVEN.

8.*

BEETHOVEN A MR. NEATE.

VIENNE, le 15 Maj. 1816.

(Adresse Sailerstadt, No. 1055 et 1056, au 3ème étage.)

Mon tres cher ami! — L'amitié de vous envers moi me pardonnera tous les fauts contre la langue francaises, mais la hâte ou

* The reader will perceive that I have given this letter, without attempting to correct its orthography, conceiving it to be one of those cases where the original imperfection rather adds to than diminishes the interest of the document.—
ED.

j'écris la lettre, ce peu d'exercice et dans ce moment même sans dictionnaire français tout cela m'attire sûrement encore moins de critique qu'en ordinairement.

Avant hier on me portoit un extrait d'une gazette anglaise nommée *Morning cronicle*, ou je lisois avec grand plaisir, que la Société philharmonique a donné ma Sinfonie in A \sharp ; c'est une grande satisfaction pour moi, mais je souhais bien d'avoir de vous même des nouvelles, que vous ferez avec tous les compositions, que j'ai vous donnés : vous m'avez promis ici, de donner un concert pour moi, mais ne prenez mal, si je me méfis un peu, quand je pense que le Prince regent d'Angleterre ne me dignoit pas ni d'une réponse ni d'une autre reconnaissance pour la Bataille que j'ai envoyé a son Altesse, et laquelle on a donnée si souvent a Londres, et seulement les gazettes annoncoient le reussir de cet oeuvre et rien d'autre chose — comme j'ai déjà écrit une lettre anglaise à vous mon très cher ami, je trouve bien de finir, je vous ai ici depeignée ma situation fatal ici, pour attendre tout ce de votre amitié, mais hélas, pas une lettre de vous — Ries m'a écrit, mais vous connoissez bien dans ces entretiens entre lui et moi, ce que je vous ne trouve pas nécessaire d'expliquer.

J'espere donc cher ami bientôt une lettre de vous, ou j'espere de trouver de nouvelles de votre santé et aussi de ce que vous avez fait a Londres pour moi — adieu donc, quant à moi je suis et je serai toujours votre

vrai ami,

BEETHOVEN.

9.

BEETHOVEN TO MR. NEATE.

VIENNA, May 18, 1816.*

My dear Neate, — By a letter of Mr. Ries, I am acquainted with your happy arrival at London. I am very well pleased with it, but still better I should be pleased if I had learned it by yourself.

Concerning our business, I know well enough, that for the performance of the greater works, as the Symphony, the Cantate, the Chorus, and the Opera, you want the help of the Philharmonic Society; and I hope your endeavor to my advantage will be successful.

Mr. Ries gave me notice of your intention to give a concert to my benefit. For this triumph of my art at London, I would be indebted to you alone; but an influence still wholesomer on my

* This letter, not written, but signed, in Beethoven's own handwriting, is here given in the original English text.—ED.

almost indigent life would be to have the profit proceeding from this enterprise. You know, that in some regard I am now father to the lovely lad you saw me with me. Hardly can I live alone three months upon my annual salary of 3,400 florins in paper; and now the additional burden of maintaining a poor orphan, — you conceive how welcome lawful means to improve my circumstances must be to me. As for the Quatuor in *F* minor, you may sell it without delay to a publisher, and signify me the day of its publication, as I should wish it to appear here and abroad on the very day. The same you be pleased to do with the two Sonatas, Op. 102, for piano-forte and violoncello; * yet with the latter it needs no haste.

I leave entirely to your judgment to fix the terms for both works; to wit, the Quatuor and the Sonatas, — the more the better.

Be so kind to write to me immediately, for two reasons: 1st, that I may not be obliged to shrink up my shoulders when they ask me if I got letters from you; and, 2dly, that I may know how you do, and if I am in favor with you. Answer me in English if you have to give me happy news (for example, those of giving a concert to my benefit); in French, if they are bad ones.

Perhaps you find some lover of music, to whom the Trio and the Sonata with violin, Mr. Ries had sold to Mr. Birchall, or the Symphony arranged for the piano-forte, might be dedicated, and from whom there might be expected a present. In expectation of your speedy answer, my dear friend and countryman,

I am yours truly,

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

10.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, June 11, 1816.

My dear Ries, — I am sorry again to put you to the expense of postage. Much as I like to serve and assist others, it always hurts me to draw upon them on my own account. The ten ducats are not forthcoming; which leads to the conclusion that in England, as well as here, there are people who promise, but do not perform.

I do not blame *you* in this matter. Not having heard any thing from Neate, I only beg you will ask him whether he has disposed of the Quartette in *F* minor. I am almost ashamed to speak of all the other works intrusted to him, — ashamed to own to myself that I have given them to him with that unbounded confidence which

* These were dedicated by the author to Mr Neate.—ED.

knows of no other conditions than those which his care and friendship would suggest for my benefit.

I have had the translation of a notice in "The Morning Chronicle," on the performance of my Symphony (probably the one in A) given to me. It seems I shall fare with this work, and with all those which Neate has taken, as I did with my battle (of Vittoria). I shall read of their performance in the newspapers, and get nothing else by them.

Yours, &c.,

BEETHOVEN.

Mr. Neate had been intrusted by Beethoven with several MS. works (the two Sonatas, Op. 102, for piano-forte and violoncello, and the piano-forte Trio in B flat, Op. 97), to dispose of them to English publishers, but found great obstacles in so doing from the difficulty of the music, and the unwillingness of some of the principal music-publishers to purchase works so little understood, by an author, too, who, at that time, was more noted for his eccentricities than for any of those noble attributes which in after days have procured for him the admiration of the age. The delays occasioned by these circumstances, as well as by others relating to Mr. Neate's private life, and finally the unsatisfactory results of his negotiations, led Beethoven to the suspicion that his interest had been neglected and his confidence betrayed. This induced Mr. Neate to write the following letter.

11.

MR. NEATE TO BEETHOVEN.

LONDON, Oct. 29, 1816.

My dear Beethoven, — Nothing has ever given me more pain than your letter to Sir George Smart.* I confess that I deserve your censure, that I am greatly in fault; but must say also that I think you have judged too hastily and too harshly of my conduct. The letter I sent you some time since was written at a moment when I was in *such* a state of mind and spirits, that I am sure, had you seen me, or known my sufferings, you would have excused every unsatisfactory passage in it. Thank God! it is now all over, and I was just on the point of writing to you when Sir George Smart called with your letter. I do not know how to begin an answer to it. I have never been called upon to justify myself, because it is the first time that I ever stood accused of dishonor;

* This letter cannot be produced. — ED.

and what makes it the more painful is, "that I should stand accused by the man, who, of all in the world, I most admire and esteem, and one also whom I have never ceased to think of, and wish for his welfare, since I made his acquaintance." But, as the appearance of my conduct has been so unfavorable in your eyes, I must tell you again of the situation I was in previous to my marriage.

. . . I remain in my profession, and with no abatement of my love of Beethoven! During this period, I could not myself do any thing publicly; consequently all your music remained in my drawer, unseen and unheard. I, however, did make a very considerable attempt with the Philharmonic, to acquire for you what I thought you fully entitled to. I offered all your music to them upon condition that they made you a very handsome present. This they said they could not afford, but proposed to see and hear your music, and then offer a price for it. I objected, and replied, "that I should be ashamed that your music should be put up by auction and bid for! — that your name and reputation were too dear to me;" and I quitted the meeting with a determination to give a concert, and take all the trouble myself, rather than that your feelings should be wounded by the chance of their disapproval of your works. I was the more apprehensive of this, from the unfortunate circumstance of your overtures not being well received. They said they had no more to hope for from your other works. I was not a director last season; but I am for the next, and then I shall have a voice, which I shall take care to exert. I have offered your sonatas to several publishers; but they thought them too difficult, and said they would not be salable, and consequently made offers such as I could not accept; but, when I shall have played them to a few professors, their reputation will naturally be increased by their merits, and I hope to have better offers. The symphony you read of in 'The Morning Chronicle,' I believe to be the one in C minor: it certainly was not the one in A, for it has not been played at a concert. I shall insist upon its being played next season, and most probably the first night. I am exceedingly glad that you have chosen Sir George Smart to make your complaints of me to, as he is a man of honor, and very much your friend. Had it been to any one else, your complaint might have been listened to, and I injured all the rest of my life. But I trust I am too respectable to be thought unfavorably of by those who know me. I am, however, quite willing to give up every sheet I have of yours, if you again desire it. Sir George will write by the next post, and will confirm this. I am sorry you say that I did not even *acknowledge* my obligation to you, because I talked of nothing else at Vienna, as every one there who knows

me can testify. I even offered my purse, which you generously always declined. Pray, my dear friend, believe me to remain,

Ever yours, most sincerely,

C. NEATE.

In reply to the above, Mr. Neate received the following letter from Mr. Häring, a private gentleman, and distinguished amateur on the violin, who used to keep up a friendly intercourse with Beethoven at Vienna:—

12.

MR. HÄRING TO MR. C. NEATE,

(At Beethoven's dictation.)

VIENNA, 18th December, 1816.

1005 Seiler-Staette, third story.

My dear Sir,—Both letters to Mr. Beethoven and to me arrived. I shall first answer his, as he has made out some memorandums, and would have written himself, if he was not prevented by a rheumatic, feverish cold. He says, “What can I answer to your warmfelt excuses? Past ills must be forgotten, and I wish you heartily joy that you have safely reached the long-wished-for port of love. Not having heard of you, I could not delay any longer the publication of the Symphony in A which appeared here some few weeks ago. It certainly may last some weeks longer before a copy of this publication appears in London; but unless it is soon performed at the Philharmonic, and something is done for me afterwards by way of benefit, I don’t see in what manner I am to reap any good. The loss of your interest last season with the Philharmonic, when all my works in your hands were unpublished, has done me great harm; but it could not be helped, and at this moment I know not what to say. Your intentions are good, and it is to be hoped that my little fame may yet help. With respect to the two sonatas, Op. 102, for piano-forte and violoncello, I wish to see them sold very soon, as I have several offers for them in Germany, which depend entirely upon me to accept; but I should not wish, by publishing them here, to lose all and every advantage with them in England. I am satisfied with the ten guineas offered for the dedication of the trio; and I beg you to hand the title immediately to Mr. Birchall, who is anxiously waiting for it: you’ll please to use my name with him. I should be flattered to write some new works for the Philharmonic,—I mean symphonies, an

oratorio, or cantatas,* &c. Mr. Birchall wrote as if he wished to purchase my 'Fidelio.' Please to treat with him, unless you have some plan with it for my benefit concert, which, in general, I leave to you and Sir George Smart, who will have the goodness to deliver this to you. The score of the opera 'Fidelio' is not published in Germany or anywhere else. Try what can be done with Mr. Birchall, or as you think best. I was very sorry to hear that the three overtures were not liked in London. I by no means reckon them amongst my best works (which, however, I can boldly say of the Symphony in A); but still they were not disliked here, and in Pesth, where people are not easily satisfied. Was there no fault in the execution? Was there no party-spirit?

"And now I shall close, with the best wishes for your welfare, and that you enjoy all possible felicity in your new situation of life.

"Your true friend,

"LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN."

13.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, July 9, 1817.

Dear Friend,—I feel much flattered by the honorable proposals you make me in your letter of the 9th of June. This comes to show you how I appreciate them; and, were it not for my unlucky affliction, and for the additional attendance this would make me require on a journey and in a strange country, I should *at once* accept the proposal of the Philharmonic Society. Now place yourself in my situation, consider how many more difficulties I have to contend with than any other artist, and then judge whether my demands be unjust. I am going here to subjoin them, and beg you will communicate them to directors of the above-named society.

1. I mean to be in London in the middle of January, 1818, at the latest.

2. The two grand new symphonies are then to be ready, and are to remain the Society's exclusive property.

3. The Society to give me for them three hundred guineas, and allow me one hundred guineas for my travelling expenses, which will much exceed that sum, as I must necessarily take some one with me.

4. As I shall immediately begin the two symphonies, if my proposals be accepted, the Society to send me at once a check of one

* In consequence of this offer, the Philharmonic Society ordered a symphony for one hundred guineas, and he accordingly sent them his Ninth Symphony.—
Ed.

hundred and fifty guineas, that I may provide a carriage and other necessaries for my journey without delay.

5. I accept the conditions relative to my non-appearance in any other public orchestra, to my non-conducting, to my giving the preference to the Philharmonic Society upon equal terms; and in fact, with my sense of honor, all this would have been understood, though not mentioned.

6. I may rely upon the assistance of the Society in one or more benefit concerts, as circumstances may permit. I feel sure of this, from the feelings of friendship of several of the directors of this estimable body, as, indeed, from the kind interest which most of the professional men have shown for my works. This will be an additional spur to my endeavors to fulfil their expectations.

7. I also beg to have the above written out in English, signed by three directors of the Society, and sent over to me.

You may easily imagine how I enjoy the thoughts of becoming acquainted with the worthy Sir George Smart, and of seeing you and Neate again. Would I could fly across to you instead of this letter!

Your sincere admirer and friend,

L. V. BEETHOVEN.

(P.S. in his own hand.)

Dear Ries,—I embrace you with all my heart. I have expressly made use of another hand for the above, that you might read and lay it before the Society with more ease. I have full confidence in your feelings towards me, and hope the Philharmonic Society will accept my proposals. You may rest assured that I shall exert all my powers to fulfil in the worthiest manner possible the honorable call of so distinguished a body of musicians. How strong is your band? how many violins, &c., &c., with single or double wind-instruments? Is the room large? does the music tell in it?

14.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, March 5, 1818.

My dear Ries,—Much as I wished it, I could not possibly manage to get to London this year. I beg you will inform the Philharmonic Society that it was my weak state of health which prevented me. I have some hopes of being effectually cured this spring; and then I shall avail myself, about autumn, of the proposals made to me by the society, fulfilling all their conditions.

Will you ask Neate, in my name, not to make a public use, at least, of such works of mine as he has got, until my arrival: whichever way matters may stand with him, he has given me cause to complain.

Potter called on me several times. He seems to be a good creature, and has much talent for composition. I hope and wish that your circumstances may improve from day to day: I cannot say that mine do. . . . I cannot bear to see want, — I must give; so you may fancy how much more I suffer in this matter. Pray let me hear from you soon. If possible, I shall decamp sooner, to escape my utter ruin, and shall be in London towards the end of winter, at the latest. I know you will assist a distressed friend: had it been in my power, and had I not ever been fettered by circumstances, surely I should have done much more for you. Fare you well! Remember me to Neate, Smart, Cramer, although I understand that the latter moves in contrary motion to you and me. Never mind. I hope I somewhat understand the art of managing such matters, and producing a pleasing harmony at our meeting in London. I embrace you with all my heart.

Your friend,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

My kind regards to your dear, and, as I understand, beautiful wife.

15.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, April 30, 1819.

My dear Ries, — I could not ere this answer your last letter of the 18th of December. Your sympathy does me good. It is impossible to get to London for the present, entangled as I am in various ways; but God will assist my plans of reaching it certainly next winter, when I shall bring the new symphonies. I am in expectation of the text for an oratorio which I am to write for our musical society, and which may likewise serve us in London. Do for me what you can, for I stand in need of it. I should gladly have accepted any orders for the Philharmonic Society. Neate's reports, however, of the all but failure of the three overtures have vexed me: they have not only been successful here, each in its own way, but those in E flat and C have even produced a powerful effect; so that the fate of these compositions in the Philharmonic Society is a riddle to me. You will have received the arrangement of the quintette and the sonata. Pray let them both be engraved immediately, especially the quintette. The sonata may follow a little more at leisure, but that, too, not later than two or three months hence. I had not received your former letter which you mention, and therefore did not scruple to strike a bargain for both these works in this place too; that is to say, only for Germany. It will be three months before the sonata comes out here, but you must hurry with the quintette. As soon as you send me a check

for the money, I shall let you have an agreement for the publisher securing him the property of these works for England, Scotland Ireland, France, &c.

The *tempi* of the sonata, according to Maelzel's metronome will reach you by the next post. The quintette and sonata are gone by De Smidt, courier to Prince Paul Esterhazy. I shall send my portrait by the earliest opportunity, as I understand that you really wish for it. Farewell! Think kindly of your friend.

BEETHOVEN.

My best love to your best love.

16.

VIENNA, Aprii 16, 1819.

Here, dear Ries, are the *tempi* of the Sonata (Op. 106). First *allegro*, *allegro* alone; strike out the *assai*, and add

Maelzel's Metronome $\text{♩}^* = 138$.

Second movement Scherzoso, M. M. $\text{♩} = 80$.

Third movement, M. M. $\text{♩} = 92$.

Observe that another bar should be prefixed to this movement, viz.:—

I have, in my edition of this sonata, marked the time of the first movement 138 of Maelzel's metronome, because Beethoven himself had fixed that number. He, according to Wegeler's Notizen, gives it with a minim; I with a crotchet: but neither of these can, to my mind, be made to suit the character of the movement. The minim increases it to so fearful a prestissimo as Beethoven could never have intended, since he desired the *assai*, originally prefixed to the *allegro*, to be omitted. The crotchet slackens the movement all too much; and although I have, in my edition, allowed Beethoven's numbers to remain, in deference to the great man, yet I would advise the player to hold a middle course, according to the following mark:— $\text{♩} = 116$. — ED.

† Ries gives the following account of this new bar: All the "initiated" must be interested in the striking fact which occurred respecting one of Beethoven's last sonatas (in B major, with the great Fugue, Op. 106),—a sonata which

Fourth movement, *Introduzione largo* M. M. ♩ = 76.

Fifth and last movement, $\frac{3}{4}$ time.



Excuse the mistakes; if you knew my circumstances you would not be surprised at them, but would wonder at what I produce in spite of them. The quintette cannot be delayed any longer, and will shortly appear; not so the sonata, about which I anxiously expect to hear from you, enclosing the terms. The name of the courier through whom you have to receive the quintette and sonata is De Smidt. I beg to have a speedy answer, and shall soon write more at length.

In haste, yours,

BEETHOVEN

17.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, April 19, 1819.

Dear Friend, — Excuse the trouble which I am giving you. I cannot account for the numerous mistakes which have found their way into the copy of the sonata, unless, indeed, they proceed from the circumstance of my not being able any longer to keep a copyist of my own. Events have brought this about; and may the Lord help me until . . . become better off! This will take another twelve-month. It is most shocking how this matter has been brought about, and what has become of my salary; and no

has *forty-one pages of print*. Beethoven had sent it to me to London for sale, that it might appear there at the same time as in Germany. The engraving was completed, and I in daily expectation of the letter naming the day of publication. This arrived at last, but with the extraordinary "request," "Prefix the following two notes, as a first bar, to the beginning of the adagio." This adagio has from nine to ten pages in print. I own the thought struck me involuntarily, that all might not be right with my dear old master, a rumor to that effect having often been spread. What! add *two notes* to a composition already worked out and out, and completed six months ago? But my astonishment was yet to be heightened by the *effect* of these two notes. Never could such be found again, — so striking, so important; no, not even if contemplated at the very beginning of the composition. I would advise every true lover of the art to play this adagio first without, and then *with* these two notes, which now form the first bar, and I have no doubt he will share in my opinion.

* This minim should be a crotchet, — an error which originates either in a misprint in Dr. Wegeler's Notizen, or in Beethoven's own manuscript letter to Ries. — ED.

one can say what may become of it, until the above mentioned twelve-month comes round. Should the Sonata, Op. 106, not do for London, I might send another, or you may leave out the largo, and begin with the fugue of the last movement, or else the first movement, the adagio, and for the third the scherzo and the largo and allegro risoluto. I leave it to you to manage this as you think proper.* This sonata was written in time of need; for it is hard to write almost for one's daily bread: thus far am I reduced. We must correspond further upon my visit to London. It would certainly be the only means of saving me from my miserable and needy condition, which ruins my health, and will never permit my faculties to act as they might under more favorable circumstances.

BEETHOVEN.

18.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, May 25, 1819.

. . . I was all the while oppressed with such cares as I had never known, and all through my excessive benevolence to others. Write on industriously. My dear little Archduke Rudolph and I, we often play your works; and he says the former pupil does his master credit. Now fare you well. I content myself with embracing your wife — who, I understand, is very handsome — in fancy only for the present, but hope to have that pleasure in reality during next winter. Do not forget the quintette and the sonata, and the money, — I meant to say the *honoraire avec ou sans honneur*. I trust to hear from you not only as fast as *allegro*, but *veloce prestissimo*, and good tidings too. This letter reaches you through a right clever Englishman: they are a powerful race for the most part, and I should like to spend some time amongst them in their own country.

Prestissimo — Responsio, il suo amico e maestro.

BEETHOVEN.

19.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, Nov. 10, 1819.

Dear Ries, — I write to let you know that the sonata is out; that is to say, only about a fortnight. And it is about six months

* How numerous his proposals! How much scope he leaves me! Was it in presentiment of the difficulties which would attend its sale? — RIES.

since both were sent to you, — the quintette and the sonata. I shall despatch, in a few days, through a courier who leaves this, the quintette as well as the sonata, so that you will be able to correct both works. Not having heard from you of the receipt of either, I thought the matter had fallen to the ground. Have I not been wrecked once before in this year through Neate? I wish you could try to get me the fifty ducats. I have reckoned upon receiving them, and, indeed, have many ways for my money. Enough for to-day, only let me tell you that I have almost concluded a new mass. Let me know what you could do with it in London: but that soon, very soon; and soon, too, let me have the money for both the works. I will write more fully another day. In haste, your true and sincere friend,

BEETHOVEN.

20.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, April 6, 1822.

My dearest Ries, — I have been ill again for the last six months and more, and thus could never answer your letter. I have received the twenty-six pounds, and am sincerely obliged to you for them; but your symphony dedicated to me has not arrived. My greatest work is a grand mass which I have lately written, &c. &c. Time presses to-day, so I say only the needful: what might the Philharmonic Society offer me for a symphony?

I will think of coming to London, if my health would but permit it, perhaps next spring. You would find in me a master who truly appreciates the pupil, in his turn become a great master; and who knows how, and in what way, the art might be benefited from our acting jointly? I am, as ever, completely devoted to my muses; and this alone can insure me happiness. I act for others, too, as best I may. You have two children: I have one, — my brother's son; but you are married, consequently your two cannot be as expensive as my one.

Now, farewell. Kiss your fair lady until I may perform this solemn act in person.

Your sincere friend,

BEETHOVEN.

P.S. — Be quick in letting me have your dedication, that I may show off in return, which I mean to do as soon as I have received yours.

21.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, Dec. 20, 1822.

My dear Ries, — I have had so much business on hand, that I could not send you a reply to your letter of the 15th of November. I gladly accept the request of the Philharmonic Society to write a new symphony for them; although the terms offered are not what they ought to be, and what the English might afford, in comparison to other nations.

If I *could* but get to London, what would I not write for the Philharmonic Society! for, Heaven be praised, Beethoven *can* write, although he can do nothing else. If it please God to restore my health, which is somewhat improved, I may yet avail myself of the several proposals made to me from the different parts of Europe, and even from North America, and thus I might once more be put in a flourishing state.

Yours &c.,

BEETHOVEN.

22.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

[Extract of a letter, the beginning of which is nowhere to be found.]

. . Do get matters speedily arranged for your poor friend. I expect your travelling plan too.* I can bear up no longer: I am in for it deeper than ever. Should I not go, look you, there is a *crimen læsæ*. Since you seem to wish for a dedication of mine, I am quite ready to gratify you, — much more ready than I should be for any great man; for the greatest, *entre nous*.

The D—l knows where one might fall into their hands. You will receive the new symphony (the Ninth, with choral parts) with the dedication to yourself. I hope at length to get possession of yours to me. “B” is to open the letter to the king (George the Fourth) he took charge of, and he will see what has been written to the king about the “Battle of Vittoria.” The enclosed letter to him† contains the same; but there is no longer a question about

* The plan for Beethoven’s journey.

† The letter, sealed in two places, as also the direction on the cover, were written in Beethoven’s own hand. These were enclosed in a letter to me, and a cover put over the whole. Probably the address seemed so illegible to him self that he put a third cover over it, without removing the second one. — RIES.

the mass. Let our amiable friend B. try and get me at least a battle-axe or a turtle. The printed copy of the score of the battle is, of course, also to be given to the king. This letter puts you to great expense; * pray deduct it from what you have to send me. How much I regret being so troublesome to you! The Lord be with you! Best love to your wife until I come myself. Have a care. You think I am old; I am an old youngster.

Ever yours,

BEETHOVEN.

2

BEETHOVEN TO MR. NEATE.

VIENNA, Feb. 25, 1823.

My dear Friend, — Ries tells me you wish to have three quartettes of me; and I now write to beg you will let me know about what time they are to be ready, as I am fully satisfied with your offer of a hundred guineas for them. Only let me beg of you to send me a check for that sum, upon one of our banking-houses, so soon as I shall let you know that the quartettes are finished; and I will, in my turn, deliver them to the same banker upon the receipt of the hundred guineas. I trust you are enjoying to the full the blessings of a family life. Would I could have the pleasure of becoming an eye-witness to your happiness! I have sent Ries a new overture for the Philharmonic Society, and am only waiting the arrival of a check for the new symphony, to forward him that too, through our Austrian embassy. You will find in the bearer, Mr. A. Bauer, a man equally intelligent and amiable, who can give you a full account of my doings. Should my health improve,† I mean to visit England in 1824. Let me know what you think about it. I should be delighted to write for the Philharmonic Society, to see the country and all its distinguished artists; and as to my pecuniary circumstances, they, too, might be materially benefited by this visit, as I feel that I shall *never* make any thing in Germany. My name on the address of letters is sufficient security for their reaching me. With every kind wish for your welfare, believe me,

Your sincere friend,

BEETHOVEN.

* Seventeen shillings, — ten and a fifth florins. — RIES.

† It has materially suffered during the last three years.

24.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, April 25, 1823.

Dear Ries, — The cardinal (Archduke Rudolph) has been staying here for a whole month; and, as I had to give him two hours and a half's lesson per day, I was robbed of much time, besides feeling, the day after such lessons, scarcely able to think, much less to write.

My distressed circumstances, however, require that I should instantly write that which will procure money, sufficient for the moment. What a sad discovery this must be to you! And, moreover, all my troubles have caused me to be unwell, — have given me sore eyes. But do not be alarmed: you will shortly receive the symphony. Indeed, it is all brought on by these miserable circumstances. You will also receive, a few weeks hence, thirty-three new variations, on a subject (a valse, Op. 120) dedicated to your wife. Bauer (first secretary to the Austrian embassy) has the score of the "Battle of Vittoria," which was dedicated to the then prince-regent, and for which I have still to receive the copying expenses. Now I beg of you, dear friend, to send me, as soon as possible, a draft for the amount of whatever you may be able to get me for it. You and I know the publishers well.

With regard to your tender conjugal point, you will always find me in direct opposition to yourself, and decidedly taking the lady's part.

Ever your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

25.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

HETZENDORF, near VIENNA, July 16, 1823.

My dear Ries, — The receipt of your letter, the day before yesterday, gave me great pleasure. I suppose you have got the variations by this time. I could not write the dedication to your wife, as I do not know her name. Pray make it in the name of your own and your wife's friend, and let her be surprised with it on its coming out. The fair sex is fond of that sort of thing. Between ourselves, the great charm of the *beautiful* lies in its coming upon us unawares.

With regard to the *allegri di bravura*, I shall pardon yours. To say the truth, I am no friend to that species of writing, calculated to promote mechanism all too much, in those at least which

I know. I have not looked at yours yet, but shall inquire for them at —, with whom I beg you will not communicate without great prudence. Might I not be your agent here for many things?

These publishers are certainly acting up to their name by *publishing* your works; but you get nothing by such publicity, which is only a *reprint*. Matters might, perhaps, be differently managed. I shall certainly send you a few choruses, and, if required, produce a few new ones. They are quite my hobby.

Many thanks for the produce of the *bagatelles*. I am quite content with it. Do not give any thing to the King of England. Take whatever you can get for the variations: I shall be satisfied anyhow. But one thing I must stipulate, that I shall positively take no other reward for the dedication to your wife than a kiss, to be received by me in London. You sometimes write guineas, whereas I receive but pounds sterling; and I understand there is a difference.* Do not be angry at this, with a *pauvre musicien autrichien*; but indeed my situation is a difficult one. I am likewise writing a new violin quartette. Might that, too, be offered to the musical or unmusical London Jews? — *en vrai juif*. With the sincerest embrace,
Your old friend,
BEETHOVEN.

26.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES.

VIENNA, Sept. 5, 1823.

My dear good Ries, — I still continue without news of the symphony, yet you may depend upon it . . . will soon reach London. Were I not so poor as to be obliged to live by my pen, I should not take any thing of the Philharmonic Society. As it is, I must certainly wait until my terms for the symphony be made payable here. Wishing, however, to prove my confidence and affection for this society, I have already sent off the new overture. I leave it to the society to settle for it at its own rate. My worthy brother (Johann), who keeps his carriage, thought fit to draw upon me too, and has consequently offered this same overture, unknown to me, to a London publisher, Boosey. Pray tell him my brother was mistaken with regard to the overture. He bought it of me to carry on usury with it, as I perceive. *O frater!* As yet, I have not seen any thing of your symphony dedicated to me. Did I not consider this dedication as a kind of challenge, demanding satisfaction on my side, I should by this time have inscribed some work

* Beethoven received twenty-five guineas in a check of twenty-six pounds and five shillings, while the calculations were made in pounds. — RIES.

to you. As it is, I thought I ought by rights to see your work first, and how I wish I could in any way show you my gratitude! I am deep in your debt for so many proofs of attachment and active kindness.

Should my health improve by a proposed course of bathing, I shall embrace your wife in 1824 in London.

Ever yours,

BEETHOVEN.

[The following three letters are given as originally written in French, not in Beethoven's own hand, but signed by himself]: —

27.

BEETHOVEN À MONSIEUR C. NEATE.

Vienne, le 15 Janvier, 1825.

Ce fut avec le plus grand plaisir que je reçus votre lettre du . . . par laquelle vous avez eu la bonté de m'avertir que la Société Philharmonique distinguée d'artistes m'invite à venir à Londres. Je suis bien content des conditions que me fait la société, seulement je desire de lui proposer de m'envoyer, outre les trois cent guinées qu'elle me promet, encore cent guinées pour faire les dépenses du voyage; car il faudra acheter une voiture; aussi dois-je être accompagné de quelqu'un. Vous voyez bien que cela est nécessaire; d'ailleurs je vous prie de m'indiquer l'auberge où je vous prie de m'indiquer l'auberge où je pourrai descendre à Londres.

Je prendrai un nouveau quatuor avec moi. Quant au bruit dont vous m'écrivez, qu'il existe un exemplaire de la neuvième symphonie à Paris, il n'est point fondé. Il est vrai que cette symphonie sera publiée en Allemagne, mais point avant que l'an soit écoulé, pendant lequel la société en jouira.

Sur ce point il faut encore vous avertir de ne faire que de petites preuves de cette composition, en quatuor par exemple, car c'est la seule manière d'étudier bien une belle œuvre; les chœurs, avant tout, doivent être exercés. Il y a encore quelques erreurs, dont je vous enverrai le catalogue par la poste prochaine.

Il me semble avoir été oublié dans la seconde partie de la symphonie, qu'à la répétition du minor après le Presto il faut commencer de nouveau du signe :S: et continuer sans répétition jusqu'à la Ferma, alors on prend aussitôt la Coda.

Je vous prie de me répondre au plus vite possible, car on demande de moi une grande composition nouvelle, que je ne commencerai cependant pas, sans avoir votre réponse. Il faut que

j'écrive toujours, pas pour me faire des richesses, — seulement pour pourvoir à mes besoins.

Or je dois avoir de la certitude sur ce point. Je serai bien charmé de vous voir, et de connoître la noble nation Anglaise.

Je suis, avec la plus haute considération,

Monsieur,

Votre sincère ami,

LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN.

28.

BEETHOVEN À MONSIEUR NEATE.

VIENNE, le 19 Mars, 1825.

Mon très cher Ami, — Je ne pourrai guère venir à Londres durant le printemps, mois qui sait quel accident m'y conduit peut-être en automne. J'espère que vous vous trouvez bien dans votre famille, et en bonne santé. Quant aux quatuors, dont vous m'écrivez dans vos lettres, j'en ai achevé le premier, et je suis à présent à composer le second, qui, comme le troisième, sera achevé dans peu de temps. Vous m'offrez cent guinées pour trois quatuors, je trouve cette proposition bien généreuse. Il se demande seulement, s'il m'est permis de publier ces quatuors après un an et demie, ou deux ans.* C'est ce qui serait très avantageux pour mes finances. En ce qui concerne la manière de simplifier l'envoiement des quatuors, et de l'argent de votre part, je vous propose de remettre les œuvres à Messrs. Fries & Co., qui témoigneront à vous même, ou à quelque banquier de Londres, d'être possesseurs des quatuors, et qui vous les remettront aussitôt après l'arrivée de l'argent.

Voici une affaire, par laquelle vous pouvez me prouver votre amitié. Je vous prie seulement de me répondre au plus-tôt possible. Je me fie toujours à votre amitié pour moi, et vous assure que vous pouvez faire de même à moi.

Je suis, avec la plus grande considération,

Votre ami,

BEETHOVEN.

29.

BEETHOVEN À MONSIEUR NEATE.

VIENNE, le 25 May, 1825.

Mon ami, — Je crois nécessaire de vous écrire encore une fois. Je vois dans la lettre que vous m'avez écrite il y a deux ans, que

* Mr. Neate did not succeed in disposing of these three quartettes (œuvres posthumes) to a publisher. — ED.

l'honoraire des quatuors est cent livres sterling. Je suis content de cette offre, mais il est nécessaire de vous avertir, que le première quatuor est si cherché par les plus célèbres artistes de Vienne, que je l'ai accordé à quelques uns d'eux pour leur benefice. Je crois tromper votre amitié en ne vous avertissant point de cette circonstance, parceque vous pouvez aussi en faire usage à Londres. Or si vous me repondez que vous êtes content des propositions que je vous ai faites dans ma lettre dernière, je vous enverrai aussitôt le première quatuor; cependant je vous prie d'accélérer votre resolution, puisque les éditeurs desirent vivement de le posséder. Cependant vous n'avez point de remettre l'honoraire qu'après avoir reçu l'assurance de ma part, que les deux autres quatuors sont echevés. Seulement je vous prie d'ajouter à votre lettre l'assurance de votre contentement en ce qui concerne mes offres. Voilà ce que j'ai cru devoir vous dire. Je crois vous avoir fait une complaisance, et je suis certain que vous ferez le même envers moi. Conservez votre amitié pour moi.

Je suis, avec le plus grand estime,

Votre ami sincère,

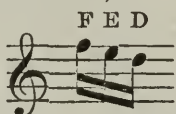

LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN.

30.

BEETHOVEN TO RIES AT BONN.

VIENNA, April 9, 1825.

Dear worthy Ries, — The needful in all haste! In the score of the symphony which I sent you (it is the ninth with choruses), there stands, as far as I remember, in the first oboe in the two hundred and forty-second bar, —

It should be thus :  instead of 

I have looked over the whole of the parts, with the exception of the brass band, — that only in part, — and I trust they must be tolerably correct. I would willingly have sent you the score,* but I have a concert before me, and the only score I possess is my manuscript. The concert, however, depends upon my health; for I must soon set off to the country, where alone I can prosper at this time.

* It was suggested that this symphony should be performed at the musical festival at Aix-la-Chapelle. Beethoven, however, did not send it. The committee had written to him directly, but had received promises only. At last I wrote, and begged, that, knowing him and his scores as well as I did, he would send me the original score, which I should be able to make out. I promised him at the same time (well aware of his constant want of money) another present, which I received for him some time after, to the amount of forty louis-d'ors. — RIES.

You will soon receive the "Opferlied," copied a second time: and I beg you will mark it as corrected by myself, that it might not be used together with the one you have already by you. This song gives you an idea of the miserable copyist I have had ever since Schlemmer's death. There is scarcely a note in which I can trust him. As you have already had all the written parts of the finale of the symphony, I have now sent you the second choral parts. You can easily have these scored from before the beginning of the chorus; and, at the commencement of the vocal, it will be quite easy to have the instrumental parts prefixed to the second vocal ones: it will require a little reflection. It was impossible to write all this at once; and, had we hurried such a copyist, there would have been errors upon errors. I have sent you an overture in C, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, not yet published. The printed parts, too, you will receive by the next post. The "Kyrie" and "Gloria" (two of the principal pieces of the "Messe Solennelle"), in D major, are likewise on their way to you, together with an Italian vocal duet. You will receive, besides these, a grand march with choruses, well fitted for grand musical performances.* Another grand, and as yet unknown, overture might come forth; but I fancy you have enough of these.

Farewell, in the land of the Rhine, ever dear to me.† Every enjoyment of life attend you and your wife. The most friendly remembrances to your father.

From your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

No. IX.

Account of a Concert given by Beethoven at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, Vienna.‡

On the 7th of May, 1824, a grand musical performance took place at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. The leaders of the music were Kapell-meister Umlauf and M. Shuppanzigh; and the great composer himself assisted on the occasion. He took his place at

* Probably belonging to a dramatic piece, The Ruins of Athens, written for a performance at Pesth.

† When I left England, I went to live at Godesberg, near Bonn, one of the most beautiful parts on the Rhine. I had invited Beethoven to come and see me there; and had pressed him to live at once with me, and in his native home, for some little time.—RIES.

‡ From The Harmonicon, October, 1824.

the side of the principal leader, and, with his original score before him, indicated the different movements, and determined the precise manner in which they were to be given; for, unfortunately, the state of his hearing prevented him from doing more. The theatre was crowded to excess; and the sensation caused by the appearance of this great man was of a kind that is more easy to imagine than to describe. The arrangement of the pieces performed was as follows: 1st, Beethoven's Grand Overture in C major; 2d, Three Grand Hymns, with solo and chorus parts, from his New Mass, never before performed; 3d, a Grand New Symphony, with a finale, in which are introduced a solo and chorus part from Schiller's "Lied an die Freude" ("Song of Joy"). This also was performed for the first time, and is Beethoven's last composition. We shall offer a few observations on each of these in the order of their performance.

With respect to the overture, it indisputably belongs to the most finished of his compositions. The introductory andante, is throughout of the most simple, noble, and masterly kind; and the rather lengthened allegro that follows is full of brilliant fancy. It is in the free fugue style, in three parts, each of which is sustained with equal power and effect. It is never monotonous: its form is constantly varying without in any manner sacrificing unity of effect. Without the smallest rest-point, the interest is constantly kept up. It flows along in a stream of harmony always pure and limpid; but it certainly presents an arduous task to the performer. It is thus that Handel would have written, had he had at his disposal the rich orchestra of our times; and it is only a spirit congenial with that of the immortal author of "The Messiah" that could succeed in treading in the footsteps of this giant of the art. The three hymns are principal portions of the new mass which Beethoven has lately composed. The first, which was the "Kyrie Eleison," is in D major, a movement full of fire and deep religious feeling. The "Christe" that followed is in triple time, and full of happy effects of counterpoint; the return to the first measure of the "Kyrie" is managed in a masterly manner; and the whole terminates in harmonics of a very singular and touching character. But, altogether, the effect is not so much that of children supplicating a parent, which is the true intent of the words in the place in which they stand, as the deep and mournful supplications of a people humbled in the dust.

The treatment of the credo that follows is in the highest degree original and uncommon. Both the principal key, B flat major, as well as the time, change perhaps too often; so that the ear is scarcely able to comprehend the suddenness of the effects intended to be produced. At the *consubstantiallem patri*, a short but very powerful figure commences; the *incarnatus est* is a move-

ment of very pathetic effect; and the tender and touching passage, *passus et sepultus est*, with its well-placed dissonances in the violin accompaniment, is not to be described. Well imagined and sustained, the strongly-figured movement at the entrance of the contra-theme is somewhat quickened, but the first *moderato* again returns. The "Amen" opens with a broad and richly ornamented passage: it swells into splendid effect, and terminates in a long dying fall. If it were permitted in a church composition to speak of effect in the same manner as in a secular production, it cannot be denied that this retarding kind of conclusion tends to weaken the powerful impression produced by the preceding bolder results; especially when no reasonable cause can be assigned for such a mode of conclusion, unless it be the determination of a composer to differ from all the rest of the world. Who does not feel himself inspired by those brilliant fugues with which a Naumann, a Haydn, and a Mozart terminate their compositions of this kind, which seem as if on the wings of seraphs to waft the soul towards heaven? The character of the "Agnus Dei," in B minor, is solemn and tender; and the introduction of four French horns tends to heighten the effect in an extraordinary degree. The "Dona" in D major, $\frac{6}{8}$ time, passes into an allegretto movement of feeling, and advances in beautiful imitations, till suddenly the passage changes, and the kettle-drums, like distant thunder, intone the deep *pacem*.* A soprano solo introduces the second "Agnus Dei" in a kind of recitative; and a chorus, strengthened by trumpets, precedes the tremendous "Miserere Nobis." The effect of the latter is singular in the extreme; and, when we reflect upon the sentiments intended to be expressed, we scarcely know whether to praise or blame.

With respect to the new symphony it may, without fear, stand a competition with its eight sister works, by none of which is the fame of its beauty likely to be eclipsed: it is evidently of the same family, though its characteristic features are different—

"Facies non omnibus una
Non diversa tamen, qualem debet esse sororum."—OVID.

The opening passage is a bold allegro in D minor, full of rich invention, and of athletic power; from the first chord till the gradual unfolding of the colossal theme, expectation is constantly kept alive and never disappointed. To give a skeleton of this composition would be scarcely practicable, and, after all, would convey but a very faint idea of the body. We shall therefore only touch upon some of the more prominent features, among which is a scherzo movement (D minor), full of playful gayety, and in

* Most of our readers will concur with us in thinking this a most eccentric mode of coloring musically so gentle a word.

which all the instruments seem to contend with each other in the whim and sportiveness of the passage; and a brilliant march, in the vivid major mode, forms a delightful contrast with the passages by which it is introduced. Whoever has imagined, in hearing the *andante* of the Seventh Symphony, that nothing could ever equal, not to say surpass it, has but to hear the movement of the same kind in the present composition in order to change his sentiments. In truth, the movement is altogether divine, the interchanges and combinations of the motives are surprising, the tasteful conduct of the whole is easy and natural, and, in the midst of the rich exuberance of the subject, the simplicity that prevails throughout is truly admirable. But it is in the finale that the genius of this great master shines forth most conspicuously. We are here, in an ingenious manner, presented with a return of all the subjects in short and brilliant passages, and which, as in a mirror, reflect the features of the whole. After this, a singular kind of recitative by the *contra-basses* introduces a crescendo passage of overwhelming effect, which is answered by a chorus of voices that bursts unexpectedly in, and produces an entirely new and extraordinary result. The passages from Schiller's "*Song of Joy*" are made admirably expressive of the sentiments which the poet intended to convey, and are in perfect keeping with the tone and character of the whole of this wonderful composition. Critics have remarked of the finale, that it requires to be heard frequently in order to be duly appreciated.

At the conclusion of the concert, Beethoven was unanimously called forward. He modestly saluted the audience, and retired amidst the loudest expressions of enthusiasm. Yet the feeling of joy was tempered by a universal regret, to see so gifted an individual laboring under an infliction the most cruel that could befall an artist in that profession for which Nature had destined him. We have no doubt but the master will consider this as one of the proudest days in his existence; and it is to be hoped that the testimony of general feeling which he has witnessed will tend to soothe his spirit, to soften down some of its asperities, and to convince him that he stands upon a pinnacle far above the reach of envy and every malignant passion.

Both singers and instrumental performers acquitted themselves on this interesting occasion in a manner that is deserving of the highest praise. Of the worthy Kapell-meister Umlauf, who undertook the conduct of this great work, and M. Shuppanzigh, a master of known abilities, who led the band, it is but justice to say, that their zeal, knowledge, and talents deservedly obtained them the most conspicuous place and the merited thanks of their brother artists. The impracticability of devoting sufficient time for the number of rehearsals that were necessary, in order to do justice

so music which is at once new and of so lofty a character, made it impossible to give it with that precision, and those delicate shades of forte and piano, which are required to do them justice.

The deep and general feeling which this concert, in honor of the great master of the modern art in Germany, excited, together with the disappointment experienced by many who were unable to obtain admission, induced the director of the theatre to make an offer to the composer of a certain consideration if he would condescend once more to appear in public, and assist at a repetition of the same music. With this request he complied ; and, in addition to the pieces before performed, he offered them a manuscript terzetto, with Italian words, which was accordingly performed, and considered by the numerous Italian amateurs in Vienna as a kind of compliment paid by the composer to themselves. The performance went off with still greater *éclat* than on the former occasion ; and this new composition was hailed by all with no less enthusiasm than the other works.

No. X.

Characteristics of Beethoven, from Wegeler and Ries's "Notizen."

When Beethoven's reputation had attained the highest point at Vienna, his dislike to playing in society was so ungovernable, that he used completely to lose his temper in consequence ; and would often come to see me in the most melancholy mood, complaining that play he *must*, although he felt the blood tingling in his fingers. By degrees, I used to draw him into a conversation of a more cheerful tendency, and always succeeded in ultimately pacifying him. This object attained, I used to drop all discourse, sit down to my writing-desk, and thus oblige Beethoven to take the chair next to me, for the purpose of further conversation ; that chair being the one used at the piano. The vicinity of the instrument soon led him to strike some chords at random, whence sprung the most beautiful melodies. Oh ! why did I not more fully understand him ? Wishing to possess a manuscript of his, I more than once put before him on the desk some music-paper, seemingly without intention. It was always filled ; but, when he had done this, he folded it, and put it into his pocket, leaving me to laugh at my own miscalculation. He never permitted me to say much, if any thing, about his playing on these occasions, and always went away an altered being, ready to come back to me. His antipathy to playing in company, however, remained unshaken, and was frequently

the cause of the greatest quarrels between him and his friends and patrons.

Haydn had been anxious that Beethoven should write on the titles of his early works, "*Pupil of Haydn*." To this, Beethoven objected, saying, that, although he had received some instructions from Haydn, yet *he had never learnt any thing of him*. Beethoven, during his first stay at Vienna, had been Mozart's pupil for a short time, but used to complain of this great master never having played to him. Albrechtsberger gave him instructions in counterpoint, and Salieri in dramatic music. I was well acquainted with these three men: they all agreed in their regard for Beethoven, as well as in their opinion of his mode of learning. Each said Beethoven had always been so obstinate and self-willed, that his own hard-earned experience often had to teach him those things the study of which he would not hear of. This was more especially affirmed by Albrechtsberger and Salieri. The dry rules of the former, and the less important ones of the latter, on dramatic composition (in the old Italian school), would not excite any interest in Beethoven. We may therefore be allowed to doubt Seyfried's "incontrovertible evidence" as given in his *Studies*, that "Beethoven devoted his two years' apprenticeship with Albrechtsberger with unremitting perseverance to his theoretical studies."

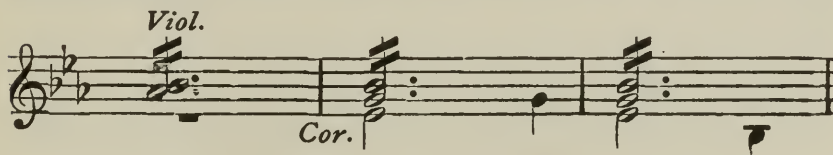
Ries says, in his "Notizen," page 87, Beethoven had promised the three sonatas for piano-forte solo (Op. 31) to Nägeli of Zürich, whilst his brother Carl (Caspar), who, alas! always would interfere in his affairs, wanted to sell them to a Leipzig publisher. The brothers used to have frequent disputes on this subject, Beethoven being determined to keep his promise. At the time of sending off these sonatas, Beethoven lived in Heiligenstadt. He was one day walking with his brother, when a quarrel arose between them on this subject, which actually ended in blows. The next day he gave me the sonatas to be sent off to Zürich without delay. He had at the same time written to his brother, and sent the letter under cover to Stephen Breuning for perusal. I never heard a lecture given more forcibly and more good-naturedly than that which Beethoven here preached to his brother, on his conduct of the preceding day. He began by showing it to him in its true and most despicable light; then forgave him every thing, but warned him, that, if he valued his own future happiness, he must alter his life and conduct altogether. His letter to Breuning on this occasion was no less beautiful than the above-mentioned.

As a proof of Beethoven's extraordinary faculties, it may be here quoted, that, at the first rehearsal of his piano-forte Concerto in C

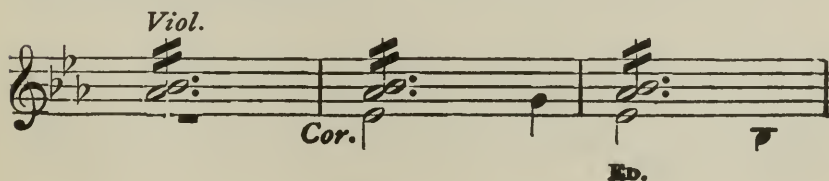
major, which took place at his house, his piano proved to be half a tone lower than the wind instruments. He immediately desired these to tune in B instead of A, whilst he himself played his part in C sharp.

Ries gives us a curious instance of the manner in which the great master showed his originality. He says it is in the first movement of "Sinfonia Eroica" that Beethoven has vented his spleen upon the horn. Previous to the motivo returning in the second part, he has indicated it through the horn, whilst the two violins hold on the chord of the second. Those who are not initiated into this secret of the score must ever think the horn-player had miscounted, and made a wrong entry. At the first rehearsal of this symphony, which was a stormy one, and where the horn-player came in correctly, I stood next to Beethoven; and, taking it for granted that the horn-player was wrong, I said, "Listen to that stupid fellow! Can he not count? It sounds wretchedly!" I think my ears narrowly escaped being boxed, and Beethoven did not for some time forgive me.* He played the same evening his piano-forte quintette with wind instruments. Ram, the celebrated oboe-player of Munich, played also, and accompanied the quintette. At one of the pauses in the last allegro, previously to the subject coming on again, Beethoven of a sudden began to extemporize, taking the rondo for his subject, thus amusing himself and his audience for some time. Not so his wind instruments. These lost their temper, particularly Mr. Ram, who was much incensed. It was indeed ludicrous to see these gentlemen, who were constantly expecting to recommence, putting up their instruments, and as quickly taking them down again. At length, Beethoven was

* This passage has puzzled many a leader and conductor, and many have altered it thus:—



Whilst in the score it is written,—



satisfied, and returned to the rondo, the whole company being in raptures.

The Funeral March of the Grand Sonata (Op. 26,) in a flat minor, dedicated to Prince Lichnowsky, owes its existence to the high encomiums which were bestowed by Beethoven's friends on Paer's Funeral March in his Opera of "Achilles." *

On Steibelt coming from Paris to Vienna, several of Beethoven's friends were afraid lest the great reputation of the former should be injurious to Beethoven. Steibelt did not call upon him; and they first met at Count Fries's, where Beethoven performed his new trio in B major for piano, clarinet, and violin (Op. 11) for the first time. The player not having here an opportunity for display, Steibelt listened with a kind of condescension, and paid Beethoven some every-day compliment, thinking himself secure in his triumph. He played a quintette of his own, and an extempore fantasia, and produced much effect by the novelty of his tremulandos. Beethoven was not to be persuaded into a second performance. At a concert which took place a week later at Count Fries's, Steibelt again played a quintette, with much success, and had, moreover, got up for the occasion (as was palpably felt) a brilliant fantasia, upon the very subject of the variations in Beethoven's trio. This so incensed his admirers and himself that he was made to extemporize. He went up to the instrument in his usual, I may say uncouth manner, being half pushed towards it, took *en passant* the violoncello part of Steibelt's quintette, laid it (intentionally?) upside down on the desk, and drummed a subject, beginning at the first bars with one finger: but, having been excited and offended at the same time, he gave us such a performance as to make Steibelt quit the room ere he had done, declaring he would never meet Beethoven again, and indeed making Beethoven's non-appearance a condition to those who desired to have him.

Beethoven usually put off to the very last moment such compositions as were to be ready at a stated period. Thus he had promised the celebrated horn-player, Ponto, to write a sonata for pianoforte and French horn (Op. 17), and play it with him at Ponto's concert. This had been publicly announced, never having been

* Beethoven being in the box of a much-esteemed lady during the performance of La Molinara, she said, on hearing the well-known Nel cer piu, "I had some variations on this subject, but have lost them." Beethoven, the same night, wrote the six Variations on this subject, and the next morning sent them to the lady, writing upon them, "Variazioni, &c., perdute da —, ritrovate da Luigi v. B." They are so easy that the lady might well have played them at first sight. — WEGELER.

commenced till the day before the concert, and was terminated for the performance.

The celebrated Sonata in A minor (Op. 47), with violin-concerto ante, dedicated to Kreuzer, had originally been written for Bridgetower, an English performer, and much in the same manner, although the first allegro was finished in good time. Bridgetower urged him on to set about it; his concert being announced, and he anxious to study his part. I was suddenly called to Beethoven one morning at half-past four; and he said, "Write out this violin part of the first allegro with all haste" (his usual copyist was already employed). He had but slightly sketched the piano-forte part, and Bridgetower played that lovely subject with variations in F major, from Beethoven's own manuscript, at eight in the morning at his concert in the 'Augarten,' there being no time to copy it. The last allegro $\frac{3}{8}$ A major, had, on the contrary, been beautifully copied both in the violin and piano-forte part, having originally belonged to the first sonata (Op. 30) in A major, dedicated to the Emperor Alexandria. He deemed it too brilliant for this work, and substituted those variations which we still find in it.

Beethoven esteemed Mozart and Handel most of all composers, and next to them S. Bach. If ever I found him with music in his hand, or on his desk, it was sure to be that of one of these mighty men. Haydn rarely escaped without a side cut, partly, perhaps, from a former grudge he bore him, and of which the following may be a cause: Beethoven's three Trios (Op. 1) were to be first ushered into the world of cognoscenti at one of Prince Lichnowsky's soirées. All those distinguished in the art had been invited, and Haydn amongst the number; his judgment being anxiously looked up to. The trios were played, and at once created a great sensation. Haydn, too, expressed himself with much satisfaction to Beethoven, advising him, however, *not* to publish the third in C minor, whilst he, considering this the best,* was much struck by Haydn's advice, leaving him under the impression of being envied, and looked upon rather in jealousy than as a friend.

If, in playing to him, I made a mistake in passages, or if I happened to strike a *wrong* note where he required a particularly accentuated one, he seldom said any thing; but if I showed any want of expression, if I omitted a *crescendo*, &c., or if I did not succeed in rendering the character of the piece, he became incensed: the former, he said, was chance; but the latter, want of knowledge, of feeling, or of attention. Indeed, he himself might

* As it proves to be in our days, where it is always the one most admired.

often be reproached with the former defect, even when playing in public.

In the Second Symphony in D major, the manuscript score of which Beethoven gave me, something very striking occurs, in the *larghetto quasi andante*. This *larghetto* is so beautiful, so clear and bright, and the harmony so pure, that the hearer could not imagine it had ever been altered. The plan had indeed been the same from the beginning; but in the second violin, as well as in many parts of the tenor, there are considerable alterations in the accompaniment; the original thoughts having been so carefully effaced as to render it impossible for me to trace them in spite of all the pains I took to that effect. On questioning Beethoven about it, he dryly retorted, "*It is better thus.*"

During a walk which I took with Beethoven, I was talking to him of two consecutive fifths which occur in one of his earliest violin-quartettes in C *minor*, and which, to my surprise, sound most harmoniously. Beethoven did not know what I meant, and would not believe they *could* be fifths. He soon produced the piece of music-paper which he was in the habit of carrying about with him, and I wrote down the passage with its four parts. When I had thus proved myself to be right, he said, "Well, and who forbids them?" Not knowing what to make of this question, I was silent; and he repeated it several times, until I at length replied, in great amazement, "Why, it is one of the very first rules." He, however, still repeated his question; and I answered, "Marpurg, Kirnberger, Fuchs, &c., &c., — in fact, all theorists." "Well, then, I permit them," was his final answer.

While Beethoven was playing with me at Count Brown's, his three marches for two performers, Op. 45, P — was carrying on a loud and merry conversation with a beautiful young lady seated in the doorway near the anteroom. Beethoven made several attempts to silence them; and, when these proved fruitless, suddenly, and in the midst of playing, lifted my hands off the keys, jumped up, and said, loud enough to be heard by everybody, "I do not play for such swine." All attempts to make him return to the piano proved fruitless, nor did he permit me to play any more. The music ceased accordingly, to the vexation of every person present.

The following was the cause of his breaking with Himmel. They had met one day, and Beethoven sat down to extemporize at Himmel's request, afterwards desiring him to do the same. Himmel was weak enough to consent; and, after having played for a considerable time, Beethoven exclaimed, "Well, when are you

going to begin in good earnest?" Himmel, who had thought wonders of his own performance, started up at these words, and both became rude to each other. Beethoven said to me, "I thought Himmel had just been preluding." They made it up afterwards, and Himmel could forgive but not forget. They even carried on a correspondence for some little time, but at last Himmel played Beethoven a sad trick. The latter always wanted to have the last news from Berlin, which somewhat annoyed Himmel, who at length wrote to him, "The latest piece of news is the invention of a lantern for the blind." Beethoven carried this piece of intelligence abroad, and all the world wished to know how this might possibly be. He immediately wrote to *Himmel*, and reproached him with not having sent a full explanation. The answer received, but which I cannot here impart, was such as finally closed their correspondence. All that was ludicrous in the letter fell to Beethoven's share, and yet he was so imprudent as to show it to several persons.

One of our country excursions led us on so far that we did not return to Döbling (Beethoven's residence) till eight o'clock. He had been humming to himself the whole way, and keeping up a kind of howling, up and down, without articulating any distinct sounds. Upon asking him what he meant by this, he said "I have just thought of a subject for the last movement of the Sonata (in F minor, Op. 57). On entering the room, he ran up to the piano, without taking off his hat. I sat down in a corner, where he soon forgot me; and for the next hour he went on storming over the keys until the finale, such as we now admire it, was struck out. At length he got up, and, surprised at still finding me there, said "I cannot give you a lesson to-day: I must work."

Beethoven once laid down a serious plan for a joint and very extensive tour, where I was to have arranged the concerts, and played all his concertos and other works. He himself would have conducted and extemporized only. The latter was, in fact, the most extraordinary performance that could be witnessed, especially when he was in good spirits, or otherwise excited. I never heard any one come near the height which Beethoven had attained in this branch of execution. The stores of thought which crowded upon him, the caprice by which he was led on, the variety of treatment, and the difficulties, whether accidental or called forth by himself, were inexhaustible.

As we were one day talking of subjects for fugues at the conclusion of a lesson, I sitting at the piano, and he next to me, I began to play the subject of the first fugue of Graun's "Death of

Jesus." Beethoven soon played it after me, first with the left hand, and then, bringing in the right, he worked it up for more than half an hour without the slightest interruption. I am still at a loss to think how he could bear his uncomfortable position; but his inspiration made *him* insensible to external impressions.

On Clementi's coming to Vienna, Beethoven was going to call upon him; but his brother persuaded him that Clementi ought to pay him the first visit. This he would probably have done, although much the older of the two, had there been no gossip about it. As it was, Clementi had been at Vienna for some time before he knew Beethoven even by sight. At one time we used often to dine at the "Swan," at one and the same table, — Clementi with his pupil Klengel, Beethoven with me. We knew each other, but did not speak or even bow, as by so doing we might either of us have forfeited our lessons; for my own part, I know this must have been the case, as Beethoven never held a middle course.

The Sonata in C major (Op. 53), dedicated to his first patron, Count Waldstein, had originally a long andante. A friend of Beethoven's pronounced this sonata to be too long, which brought him a volley of abuse in return; upon quietly weighing the matter, however, my master convinced himself of the truth of this assertion. He then published the Grand Andante in F major, $\frac{3}{8}$ time, separately, and afterwards composed the highly interesting introduction to the rondo, such as it now stands. This andante will ever bring a sad recollection to my mind. When Beethoven played it for the first time to his friend Krumpholz and me, we were so delighted with it, that, by dint of begging, we got him to play it over again. On my return home, as I passed Prince Lichnowsky's door, I went in, to tell him of Beethoven's beautiful new composition, and was now compelled to play the piece as far as I could remember it. As I went on, I remembered more and more of it, so that the prince made me try the whole over again. By this means he too learnt part of it; and, thinking to afford Beethoven a surprise, he walked into his room the next day, saying, "I, too, have composed something which is not bad." Beethoven firmly declared he would not hear it; but, in spite of this, the Prince sat down and played the greater part of the andante, to the amazement of the composer. He was so incensed at this that he vowed he never would play to me again, — no, nor even in my presence, and often required of me to leave the room on that account. One day, as a small party were breakfasting with the prince after the concert at the "Augarten" (at eight in the morning), Beethoven and I being present, it was proposed that we should drive to Beethoven's house to hear his new opera "*Leonora*," which had

never been performed. Upon our arrival, Beethoven desired me to leave; and, as the earnest solicitations of all present were of no avail, I did go, but with tears in my eyes. The whole party noticed it; and Prince Lichnowsky, following my steps, desired I would remain in the anteroom, and he would make up the matter, of which he considered himself to have been the cause. Of this, however, my wounded pride would not hear. I learnt afterwards that Lichnowsky had reproached Beethoven with great violence, as, after all, it was only the prince's love for the great composer's works which brought about the whole occurrence, and consequently Beethoven's wrath too; but all this tended only to make matters worse, as he now declined playing to the company assembled.

The third of his Violin Quartettes in D major (Op. 18) was first composed, and the one in F, now the first, had originally been the third.

Beethoven had scarcely travelled at all. He had in his younger years, towards the close of the century, been to Presburgh, Pesth, and once to Berlin. Although his manner was alike to men, whether of the highest or the lowest conditions, yet he was by no means insensible to the civilities of the former. Whilst at Berlin, he played several times at court (in the reign of King Frederick William II.), and there composed the two sonatas with violoncello obligato (Op. 5) for himself and Duport, first violoncello to the king. Beethoven was presented, on his departure, with a gold snuff-box filled with louis-d'ors; and he used to relate with much complacency, that it was no common box, but such as is usually given to ambassadors.

He used to see a good deal of Himmel, whom he set down as having a pleasing talent, but nothing more. His piano-forte playing he called elegant and agreeable, but said he must not be compared to Prince Louis Ferdinand. He paid the latter, as he thought, a great compliment, by telling him he did not consider him any thing like a royal or princely performer, but a famous piano-forte player.

During Prince Ferdinand's stay at Vienna, the old Countess — gave a musical *soirée* to a few friends, Beethoven amongst the number; but, at supper, there was a table laid for the prince and the highest nobility alone, and no cover for Beethoven. He took fire, uttered some coarse expressions, and took his hat and left the house. A few days later, Prince Louis gave a dinner-party, to which the old countess had been invited. On sitting down, ~~plac~~

were assigned to the countess on one, to Beethoven on the other side of the prince, a distinction which he always talked of with great pleasure.

My father's letter of introduction to Beethoven contained at the same time a credit to a small amount, should I stand in need of it. I never made use of it; but, whenever he found my cash running low, he sent me money unsolicited, and never would allow me to refund it to him. He really loved me; and, in one of his absent fits, gave me a singular proof of it. On my return to Silesia, where I had been as pianist to Prince Lichnowsky upon Beethoven's recommendation, he was in the act of shaving just as I entered his room, soaped up to his very eyes, to which his excessively strong beard extended. On perceiving me, he started up, and embraced me with so much cordiality, that he effectually transferred every particle of the soapy substance from his left cheek to my right. How we did laugh at this!

One evening, on coming to Baden to continue my lessons, I found Beethoven sitting on the sofa, a young and handsome lady beside him. Afraid of intruding my presence, which I judged might be unwelcome, I was going to withdraw; but Beethoven prevented me, saying, "You can play in the mean time." He and the lady remained seated behind me. I had been playing for some time, when Beethoven suddenly exclaimed, "Ries, play us an *"Amoroso;"* shortly after a *"Malinconico;"* then an *"Appassionato,"* &c. From what I heard, I could guess that he had in some way given offence to the lady, and was now trying to make up for it by such whimsical conduct. At last he started up, crying, "Why, that is my own, every bit!" I had all along been playing extracts from his own works, linked together by short transitions, and thus seemed to have pleased him. The lady soon left; and I found, to my utter astonishment, that Beethoven did not know who she was. I learnt that she had come in shortly before me to make his acquaintance. We followed her steps to discover her residence, and thence her rank: we saw her at a distance, the moon shining brightly, but found that she suddenly disappeared. We extended our walk through the lovely valley for the next hour and a half. On leaving him that night, he said, "I *must* find out who she is, and you must help." I met her a long time afterwards at Vienna, when I discovered her to be the mistress of some foreign prince. I communicated the news to Beethoven, but never heard any thing more concerning her, either from him or any one else.

I never saw more of Beethoven than whilst I lodged at a tailor's who had three most beautiful daughters, of irreproachable con-

duct. It is to this he alludes when he thus concludes his letter of July 24, 1804: "Do not tailor too much, make my respects to the fairest of the fair, and send me half a dozen needles."

Beethoven took lessons of Krumpholz, on the violin, at Vienna; and, when first I knew him,* we used to play his sonatas with violin together. This was, however, wretched music; for, in his zealous ecstasy, he did not perceive that he had missed the right fingering of the passages.

Beethoven was most awkward and helpless, and his every movement completely void of grace. He seldom laid his hand upon any thing without breaking it: thus he several times emptied the contents of the inkstand into the neighboring piano. No one piece of furniture was safe with him, and least of all a costly one: he used either to upset, stain, or destroy it. How he ever managed to learn the art of shaving himself still remains a riddle, leaving the frequent cuts visible in his face quite out of the question. He never *could* learn to *dance* in time.

Beethoven's Violin Quintette (Op. 29), in C major, had been sold to a publisher at Leipzig, but was stolen at Vienna, and suddenly appeared at Artaria & Co's. Having been copied in one night, it had innumerable mistakes, and whole bars had been left out. Beethoven behaved on this occasion with a degree of policy of which we in vain look for a second example in his life. He required Artaria to send me fifty printed copies for correction, but desired me at the same time to be so lavish of the ink upon the coarse paper, and to draw my pen so thickly through some of the lines, as to render it impossible for Artaria to sell or use any one of these copies. The corrections applied chiefly to the scherzo. I kept strictly to Beethoven's request; and Artaria, to avoid a lawsuit, was compelled to melt down the plates.

Beethoven was very forgetful in most things. Count Browne having presented him with a beautiful horse, in return for the dedication of the variations in A major (No. 5, on a Russian air), he rode it a few times, but soon forgot it, and, what is worse, its food also. His servant, who became aware of this, began to hire out the horse for his own profit; and, to avoid Beethoven's noticing this, he purposely kept back the bills for provender, until at last a tremendously long one reached him. This at once recalled to his memory both his horse and his forgetfulness.

* Consequently after his hearing had been impaired. — WEGELER.

Beethoven was at times exceedingly passionate. One day, when I dined with him at "The Swan," the waiter brought him a wrong dish. Beethoven had no sooner uttered a few words of reproof (to which the other retorted in no very polite manner), than he took the dish, amply filled with the gravy of the stewed beef it contained, and threw it at the waiter's head. Those who know the dexterity of Viennese waiters in carrying at one and the same time numberless plates full of different viands, will conceive the distress of the poor man, who could not move his arms, while the gravy trickled down his face. Both he and Beethoven swore and shouted, whilst all the parties assembled roared with laughter. At last, Beethoven himself joined the chorus, on looking at the waiter, who was licking in with his tongue the stream of gravy, which, much as he fought against it, hindered him from uttering any more invectives; the evolutions of his tongue causing the most absurd grimaces. The picture was worthy a Hogarth.

Beethoven scarcely knew what money was, which frequently caused unpleasant scenes; for, being suspicious by nature, he would fancy himself deceived without a cause. Irritable as he was, he used to call people cheats, an appellation which had often to be atoned for by a *douceur* to the waiters. At those hotels which he mostly frequented, they became at last so well acquainted with his fits of absence or eccentricity, that they would let him do any thing, and even allow him to leave without having paid his reckoning.

As to Beethoven's posthumous manuscripts, I have my doubts about them. The "*Œuvres Posthumes*" will not be acknowledged as such by me, unless I see them attested in his own handwriting. My reasons are the following:—

Firstly, Because during the time of my stay with him, from the year 1800 until November, 1805, and on my return to Vienna in 1809, there was no one manuscript in his possession. Beethoven was in arrears with works up to his death.

Secondly, All such trifles and things which he never meant to publish, as not considering them worthy of his name, were secretly brought into the world by his brothers. Such were the "*Songs*," published when he had attained the highest degree of fame, composed years before at Bonn, previous to his departure for Vienna; and in like manner other trifles, written for albums, &c., were secretly taken from him and brought out.

Thirdly, As most of his letters addressed to me whilst in England speak of pecuniary distress, why should he not have sent me manuscripts, if possessed of any?

Again: After having succeeded — and that not without

trouble — to get the Philharmonic Society of London to order three overtures of him, as their exclusive property, he sent me three, not one of which we could use. The public was naturally led to anticipate great things from such a name as Beethoven's: he was expected to produce works of no common order for these concerts; and such alone could the Society bring forward. He published the three overtures three years later; and the Society did not think this worth a prosecution. The overture to the "Ruins of Athens" was one of the three. I think it unworthy of him.

Had Beethoven possessed better productions amongst his manuscripts, he would doubtless have sent them to this Society: this his letters clearly prove. His frequent assertion, too, that he could live by his pen, makes me doubt the genuineness of the three posthumous piano-forte quartettes published by Artaria. I never could convince myself that they were his.

Beethoven could not possibly have cobbled together from old themes his gigantic work, the "Three Sonatas," Op. 2, which he dedicated to Haydn, and which at once excited so great a sensation in the musical world, any more than he could in later years have misapplied those themes for flimsy, ill-written quartettes; for, till his death, his genius was incessantly productive of originality.

No. XI.

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERISTICS, TRAITS, AND ANECDOTES OF BEETHOVEN.

[Extracted from Seyfried's Work, "Beethoven Studien," &c.]

BEETHOVEN should by no means be offered as a model for directors of orchestras. The performers under him were obliged cautiously to avoid being led astray by their conductor, who thought only of his composition, and constantly labored to depict the exact expression required by the most varied gesticulations. Thus, when the passage was loud he often beat time downwards, when his hand should have been up. A diminuendo he was in the habit of making by contracting his person, making himself smaller and smaller; and when a pianissimo occurred, he seemed to slink, if the word is allowable, beneath the conductor's desk. As the sounds increased in loudness, so did he gradually rise up, as if out

of an abyss; and when the full force of the united instruments broke upon the ear, raising himself on tiptoe, he looked of gigantic stature, and, with both his arms floating about in undulating motion, seemed as if he would soar to the clouds. He was all motion, no part of him remained inactive, and the entire man could only be compared to a *perpetuum mobile*. When his deafness increased, it was productive of frequent mischief; for the maestro's hand went up when it ought to have descended. He contrived to set himself right again most easily in the piano passages, but of the most powerful fortes he could make nothing. In many cases, however, his eye afforded him assistance; for he watched the movements of the bows, and, thus discovering what was going on, soon corrected himself.

Among his favorite dishes was bread-soup, made in the manner of pap, in which he indulged every Thursday. To compose this, ten eggs were set before him, which he tried before mixing them with the other ingredients; and if it unfortunately happened that any of them were musty, a grand scene ensued; the offending cook was summoned to his presence by a tremendous ejaculation. She, however, well knowing what might occur, took care cautiously to stand on the threshold of the door, prepared to make a precipitate retreat; but, the moment she made her appearance, the attack commenced, and the broken eggs, like bombs from well-directed batteries, flew about her ears, their yellow and white contents covering her with viscous streams.

He never walked in the streets without a note-book, in which he entered whatever occurred to him at the moment. If the conversation accidentally turned upon this habit, he parodied the words of Joan of Arc, "Without my colors I must not come," and with undeviating firmness observed the self-imposed law. But his regularity was confined to this. The most exquisite confusion reigned in his house. Books and music were scattered in all directions, — here the residue of a cold luncheon; there some full, some half-emptied bottles; on the desk the hasty sketch of a new quartette; in another corner the remains of breakfast; on the piano-forte the scribbled hints for a noble symphony, yet little more than in embryo; hard by, a proof-sheet, waiting to be returned; letters from friends, and on business, spread all over the floor; between the windows a goodly Stracchino cheese, and on one side of it ample vestiges of a genuine Verona salai. And, notwithstanding all this confusion, he constantly eulogized, with Ciceronian eloquence, his own neatness and love of order! When, however, for whole hours, days, and often weeks, something mislaid was looked for, and all search had proved fruitless, then he changed

his tone, and bitterly complained that every thing was done to annoy him. But the servants knew the natural goodness of their master. They suffered him to rave; and in a few moments it was all forgotten, till a similar occasion renewed the scene.

He himself often joked about his almost illegible characters, and used to add, by way of excuse, "Life is too short to paint letters or notes, and fairer notes would hardly rescue me from poverty" (punning upon the words *Noten* and *Nöthen*). The whole of the morning, from the earliest dawn till dinner-time, was employed in the mechanical work of writing; the rest of the day was devoted to thought, and the arrangement of his ideas. Scarcely had the last morsel been swallowed, when, if he had no more distant excursion in view, he took his usual walk; that is to say, he ran in double-quick time, as if haunted by bailiffs, twice round the town. Whether it rained, or snowed, or hailed, or the thermometer stood an inch or two below the freezing point, — whether Boreas blew a chilling blast from the Bohemian mountains, or whether the thunder roared and forked lightnings played, — what signified it to the enthusiastic lover of his art, in whose genial mind, perhaps, were budding, at the very moment when the elements were in fiercest conflict, the harmonious feelings of a balmy spring!

Beethoven permitted himself but rarely, even among his intimate friends, to express his opinions of contemporary artists. His own words, however, will attest what he thought of the four following masters: —

"Cherubini is, in my opinion, of all the living composers, the most admirable. Moreover, as regards his conception of the Requiem, my ideas are in perfect accordance with his; and some time or other, if I can but once set about it, I mean to profit by the hints to be found in that work.

"C. M. Weber began to learn too late. The art had not time to develop itself, and his only and very perceptible effort was, to attain the reputation of geniality.

"Mozart's, 'Zauberflöte' will ever remain his greatest work; for in this he showed himself the true German composer. In 'Don Giovanni,' he still retained the complete Italian cut and style; and, moreover, the sacred art should never suffer itself to be degraded to the foolery of so scandalous a subject.

"Handel is the unequalled master of all masters. Go, turn to him, and learn, with few means, how to produce such effects."

"What is Rossini?" he was once asked. He immediately wrote in answer, as, after he became deaf, he spoke but little, "A good scene-painter."

During his last illness, it was found necessary to draw off the water; and, during the operation, he observed, "Rather water from my body than from my pen."

He received a flattering invitation from a musical society to compose a cantata, the request being accompanied by a portion of the sum to be paid for the work. Beethoven accepted it. For a very long time, however, nothing more was heard of him. Then came, couched in the most delicate terms, a letter to remind him of his engagement, signed, in consequence of the absence of the president of the society, by his locum tenens (*Stellvertreter*). The reply was, "I have not forgotten; such things must not be hurried; I shall keep my word. — Beethoven, MP.* (*Selbstvertreter*) se ipsum tenens!"

Alas! he *could not* keep his word.

If he happened not to be in the humor, it required pressing and reiterated entreaties to get him to the piano-forte. Before he began in earnest, he used sportively to strike the keys with the palm of his hand, draw his finger along the key-board from one end to the other, and play all manner of gambols, at which he laughed heartily.

During his summer residence at the seat of a *Mecænas*, he was on one occasion so rudely pressed to exhibit before the stranger guests, that he became quite enraged, and obstinately refused a compliance which he considered would be an act of servility. A threat that he should be confined a prisoner to the house — uttered, no doubt, without the slightest idea of its being carried into execution — so provoked Beethoven, that, night-time as it was, he ran off, upwards of three miles, to the next town, and thence, travelling post, hurried to Vienna. As some satisfaction for the indignity offered him, the bust of his patron became an expiatory sacrifice. It fell, shattered into fragments, from the book-case to the floor.

During one of my visits to Vienna, my brother, who is a resident of Prague, made a journey expressly to see me; and one morning, finding I had an appointment with Beethoven, was exceedingly anxious to get a sight of a man of such celebrity, whom he had never yet had an opportunity of seeing. It was very natural that I should wish to gratify his curiosity; but I told him, that although he was my own brother, yet I knew the peculiarities of the man so well, that nothing could induce me to commit the indiscretion of an introduction. He was, however, too intent

* *Manu propria*, with his own hand.

upon his wish to let the opportunity escape without a further endeavor, and said that, surely, I might allow him to call, as if in furtherance of another appointment which we had mutually made. To this I consented; and off we went to Beethoven's, where I left my brother in the passage below to wait the issue of our arrangement. I remained with Beethoven about half an hour, when taking out my watch, and looking at it, I hastily wrote in his conversation-book that I had a particular appointment at that hour, and that I apprehended my brother was still waiting below to accompany me. Beethoven, who was sitting at the table in his shirt-sleeves, instantly started from his seat, and, quitting the room with precipitation, left me in no little embarrassment, wondering what was to follow. In a minute afterwards back he came, dragging in my brother by the arm, and in a hurried manner forced him into a seat. "And is it possible," said he, "that you, too, could think me such a bear as not to receive your brother with kindness?" My brother, who had before received some vague insinuations that the renowned composer was not at all times in his sober senses, looked as pale as ashes, and only began to regain his self-possession on hearing the question which Beethoven so kindly, yet so reproachfully, asked me; for it appeared that the latter had rushed precipitately down the stairs, and, without saying a word, seized my brother by the arm, and dragged him up stairs as if he had caught hold of a criminal. No sooner was my brother fairly seated than he behaved in the most kind and obliging manner towards him, pressing him to take wine and other refreshments. This simple but abrupt act clearly shows, that, however strange his manners were, he had at heart that kindly and good feeling which ever accompanies genius. If we were to take the external manner for the internal man, what egregious mistakes should we often make!

— Ed.

No. XII.

BEETHOVEN'S LAST MOMENTS.

The Property found after his Death. Correspondence relative to the Gift made to Beethoven by the Philharmonic Society of London.

1.

MR. SCHINDLER TO MR. MOSCHELES.

VIENNA, March 24, 1827.

My dear good Moscheles,—You must not be surprised at the difference of date between these two letters. I wish to retain

Beethoven's for a few days, because, on the day after that letter was written, i.e., the 19th of March, we had every reason to fear that our great master was about to breathe his last. This event, however, has not yet happened; but by the time you read these lines, my good Moscheles, our friend will be no longer among the living. His dissolution approaches with rapid steps; and indeed it is the unanimous wish of us all to see him released from his dreadful sufferings. Nothing else remains to be hoped for. One may indeed say, that, for the last eight days, he has been more like a dead than living man, being able only now and then to muster sufficient strength to ask a question, or to inquire for what he wanted. His condition appears, to all accounts, to be very similar to that which was lately endured by the Duke of York. He is in an almost constant state of insensibility, or rather of stupor; his head hanging down on his chest, and his eyes staringly fixed for hours upon the same spot. He seldom recognizes his most intimate acquaintances, and requires to be told who stands before him. This is dreadful to behold; but only for a few days longer can such a state of things last. Since yesterday all the natural functions of the body have ceased: he will, therefore, please God, soon be released, and we shall no longer have to behold his sufferings.

Crowds of people flock to his abode, to see him for the last time, though none are admitted, except those who are bold and audacious enough to molest the dying man in his last hours.

We have been so fortunate as to arrange every thing respecting his last will, though there is hardly anything left but a few pieces of old furniture and some manuscripts. He had in hand a quintette for stringed instruments, and the Tenth Symphony, of which he makes mention in his letter to you. Of the quintette, there are two movements entirely finished; and it was intended for Diabelli.*

The day immediately succeeding the receipt of your letter, he was in extremely good spirits, and talked much of the plan of the symphony, which was to have proved so much the more grand, as it was intended for the Philharmonic Society. He has frequently spoken of a journey to England as soon as he should recover, and had calculated how he and myself could live most economically on the tour. But, good God! his journey will probably lead him much further than to England. When he found himself a little relieved, he amused himself with reading the ancient Greek authors; also several of Walter Scott's novels. As soon as your consolatory letter had reached him, all his melancholy thoughts, and all his dread of future misery, at once vanished. He cheerfully said, "Now we may again occasionally treat ourselves with a merry day." His funds had been already nearly exhausted; and

* A music-seller at Vienna.

he had consequently been obliged for some time past to retrench his table, which grieved him more than any thing else. He immediately desired to have his favorite dish of fish, even if it were only that he might taste of it. The exaltation of his mind is indeed so great, that he at times borders upon the childish. We were also obliged to procure for him a great arm-chair, which cost fifty florins, on which he rests daily at least for half an hour, whilst his room and bed are arranging. His caprice, or rather obstinacy, are, however, excessive, just as ever; and this falls particularly hard upon me, since he wishes to have absolutely nobody about him but myself. And what remained for me to do in this, but to give up my teaching and my whole business, in order to devote all my time to him? Every thing he eats or drinks I must taste first, to ascertain whether it might not be injurious for him. However willingly I do all this, yet this state of things lasts too long for a poor devil like myself. Whatever there remains of the thousand florins, we intend to apply in defraying the expenses of a respectable interment, which shall be performed without parade in the churchyard near Döbling,* where he ever delighted to roam.

As early as during your last visit to this city,† I stated to you the condition of Beethoven's finances, but did not at that time apprehend that we were to see this excellent man so soon arrive, and thus miserably too, at his last moment.

[Interval of some hours.]

I have just left Beethoven. He is certainly dying: before this letter is beyond the walls of the city, the great light will have become extinct forever. He is still in full possession of his senses. The enclosed lock I have just cut from his head. I hasten to despatch the letter, in order to run to him. God bless you!

Your most sincere friend,

A. SCHINDLER.

2.

MR. RAU TO MR. MOSCHELES.

VIENNA, March 28, 1827.

Dear Friend, — Beethoven is no more. He departed this life, in a most painful struggle and with dreadful sufferings, on the 26th instant, between five and six o'clock, P.M., after having been insensible for the last twenty-four hours.

And now as to the state of his affairs. My last letter to you

* A village in a romantic country, about three miles from Vienna.

† Towards the latter end of 1826.

spoke of nothing but the extreme want and poverty in which he was, according to his own statements; and yet, when an inventory of his effects was taken in my presence, we found, in an old, half-mouldy box, no less than seven bank-shares. Whether Beethoven had hidden these intentionally (for he was naturally mistrustful, and hoped for a speedy recovery), or whether their possession had escaped his own memory, is a problem which I do not venture to solve.

The sum of one thousand florins, as sent by the Philharmonic Society, was found untouched. I laid claim to it in conformity with your instructions, but was obliged to deposit it with the magistrates until further notice from the Society as to its final disposal. I would not consent to their defraying the burial expenses out of this money without the Society's authorization to that effect. Should you have it in your power to dispose of any part of the money, pray let it be done in favor of the two old servants who have attended the patient with the utmost care and devotedness, and who — poor faithful creatures! — have been entirely forgotten in the will, Beethoven's nephew being named his sole heir.* As to the present which Beethoven intended sending to the Philharmonic Society, you will hear of it in due time from Mr. Schindler. Let me know soon and circumstantially what steps I am to take, and you may rely upon my conscientiousness in fulfilling your wishes. Beethoven will be buried on the 29th; and an invitation to attend the funeral has been sent to all professors of the different chapels and theatres. The body will be borne by twenty composers, and as many more will be torch-bearers; Grillparzer has written a most affecting address, to be spoken by Anschutz at the grave: indeed, every thing which could be done to render the solemnity worthy of the deceased seems to be in preparation.

Your friend,
RAU.

3.

Extract of a Letter from

MR. SCHINDLER TO MR. MOSCHELES.

VIENNA, Sept. 14, 1827.

My dear Friend, — I avail myself of the departure for London of Mr. Levisey, the English courier, to write, and also intrust to

* In answer to the above, I informed Mr. Rau, in the name of the Philharmonic Society, that the money having been sent for the express purpose, and on condition that Beethoven himself should make use of it, the Society would, now that the event had taken place before the end in view could be achieved, expect the money to be returned. — ED.

his care a memorial of our friend Beethoven, since in your last you wished for a manuscript of some well-known composition of the great master. Well, here is the end of the scherzo of the last symphony, and along with it one of those memorable sketch-books which Beethoven used mostly to fill in the open air, and afterwards to write his scores from them at home. I was so fortunate as to rescue several of them; and to me they are of the deepest interest, since they are scarcely intelligible to the uninitiated. I must tell you that the one I send contains sketches of one of his last quartettes; and, should you ever hear that work, you will no doubt recognize some of the passages, written down at full length. I believe I cannot better prove you my friendship than by sending you this relic, the first and only one I shall ever part with. Mr. L——r informs me he has already sent you Beethoven's portrait. I trust it is *that* lithograph in which he is represented sitting and writing, as all others are bad: on the sheet of paper before him stands "Missa Solemnis." I meant to send you all this together through Mr. Clementi, whose acquaintance I made at Baden; but he left before I was aware of it.

Most sincerely, your friend,

A. SCHINDLER.

4.

MR. RAU TO MR. MOSCHELES.

VIENNA, Feb. 15, 1828.

Dear Friend, — I send you enclosed a letter from the guardian of Beethoven's nephew, who is named his sole heir, by which you will see that matters are drawing to a close. I was requested, officially, to make a deposition respecting the thousand florins which the Philharmonic Society of London had given to Beethoven; but not having heard from you to that effect, and not wishing to take any responsibility upon myself, I requested a delay sufficient to allow of my writing, and receiving your answer. The guardian's letter will at once show you how matters stand.* And

* The above-mentioned enclosure from the guardian (Mr. Hotschilar, imperial notary) urges still more forcibly all that Mr. Rau hints confidentially, with the request that I would lay before the Philharmonic Society the case of young Beethoven (then under age), and earnestly solicit that body not to reclaim the one thousand florins, but, in honor of the great deceased, allow the small patrimony, which he spared no sacrifice in securing for his nephew, to remain untouched. I complied with Mr. Hotschilar's request; and the Society gave its tacit consent by relinquishing all further proceedings, thus doing homage to the great man even in death.

now between ourselves. If you *could* induce the directors to give up the thousand florins, it would save much trouble, and perhaps a lawsuit. Even Dr. Eltz and Baron Eskeles think it would be most difficult to identify the thousand florins found in Beethoven's possession at his death with those sent by the Society, the more so as Hofrath Breuning, who had been appointed to take the inventory, has died since. Should the money, however, contrary to all expectations, be required back again, it will be necessary for the Philharmonic Society to send Dr. Eltz a legal writ, empowering him to proceed for them, and at their expense: this might indeed eat up the whole sum. Pray write *soon* and *most explicitly*. . . .

Your friend,
RAU.

No. XIII.

FUNERAL HONORS TO BEETHOVEN.

The 29th of March, 1827, was fixed upon for the funeral of the lamented Beethoven. The following fac-simile of the card (on the opposite page), relative to the funeral, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

Translation of the Card.

" INVITATION

TO

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN'S FUNERAL,

Which is to take place on the 29th of March, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

The company will assemble at the lodgings of the deceased, in the Schwarzschanier House, No. 200, on the Glacis, before the Scotch Gate.

The procession will thence go to Trinity Church, at the Fathers' Minorites in Alser Street.

The musical world sustained the irreparable loss of this celebrated composer about six o'clock in the evening of the 26th of March, 1827.

BEETHOVEN died of dropsy, in the 56th year of his age, after receiving the Holy Sacraments.

The day of the exequies will be made known hereafter by

L. VAN BEETHOVEN'S

Admirers and Friends."

Einladung

zu

Ludwig van Beethoven's

Leichenbegängnisse,

welches am 29. März um 3 Uhr Nachmittags Statt finden wird.

Man versammelt sich in der Wohnung des Verstorbenen im Schwarzspanier-Hause, Nr. 200, am Glacis vor dem Schottenthore.

Der Zug begibt sich von da nach der Dreysfaltigkeits-Kirche bey den P. P. Minoriten in der Alsergasse.

Die musikalische Welt erlitt den unerseßlichen Verlust des berühmten Sondichters am 26. März 1827 Abends gegen 6 Uhr. Beethoven starb an den Folgen der Wassersucht, im 56. Jahre seines Alters, nach empfangenen heil. Sacramenten.

Der Tag der Exequien wird nachträglich bekannt gemacht von

L. van Beethoven's

Verehrern und Freunden.

(Diese Karte wird in Tob. Gassinger's Musikalienhandlung vertheilt.)

This card having been largely distributed, all the necessary arrangements for the funeral were made with the utmost zeal and promptitude by Mr. Haslinger, the music-publisher, and Messrs. Schindler and Hart, friends of the deceased. The morning was fine; and at an early hour crowds of people began to assemble on the Glacis of Alservorstadt, the quarter of the town in which Beethoven resided. Towards the middle of the day, the numbers had increased to upwards of twenty thousand persons of all classes; and so great was the pressure round the residence of the deceased, that it was found necessary to close the gates of the court-yard, where, under an awning, stood the coffin raised upon a bier, and surrounded by mourners. At half-past four the procession began to move, the way having been cleared by a body of the military. Eight principal singers of the Opera House,—Eichberger, Schuster, Cramolini, A. Müller, Hoffmann, Rupprecht, Borschitzky, and A. Wranitzky,—had offered to carry the coffin on their shoulders. After the priest had pronounced some prayers, the singers performed a highly impressive Funeral Chant by B. A. Weber, and the whole procession moved forward in the following order:—

1. The cross-bearer; 2. Four trombone-players, — the brothers Böck, Waidl, and Tuschky; 3. The master of the choir, M. Assmayer; and, under his direction, 4 A choir of singers,—M. Tietze, Schnitzer, Gross, Sikora, Frühwald, Geissler, Rathmeyer, Kokrement, Fuchs, Nejebse, Ziegler, Perschl, Leidl, Weinkopf, Pfeiffer, and Seipelt, which, alternately with the trombone quartette, performed the “Miserere.” This walking orchestra was immediately followed by, 5. The high priest; 6. The coffin, borne by the above-mentioned opera-singers, and attended by the chapel-masters,—Eybler, Hummel, Seyfried, and Kreutzer, on the right, and Weigl, Gyrowetz, Gänsbacher, and Würfel, upon the left, as pall-bearers. On both sides, from the beginning of the procession to the coffin, were the torch-bearers, thirty-six in number, consisting of poets, authors, composers, and musicians, among whom were M. Grillparzer, Anschütz, Bernard, Castelli, Mayseder, C. Czerny, J. Böhm, Linke, Hildebrand, Schuppanzigh, Holz, Katter, Krall, Baron Lannoy, J. Merk, F. Schubert, Riotte, Schoberlechner, Steiner, Haslinger, Sig. Lablache, David, Radichi, Mechetti, Meric, Pacini, Meier, Schick, Schmidl, Streicher, Weidman, Wolfmeyer, C. Graf, Raimund, Piringer, Grünbaum, &c.; the whole in full mourning, with white roses and bunches of lilies fastened to the crape on their arms. Next followed Beethoven’s brother, and M. von Breuning (one of the earliest friends of the deceased, and the executor of his last will), the pupils of the Conservatorio, and the scholars of Kapell-meister Drechsler (the thorough-bass teacher of

St. Ann's), all deeply lamenting the loss which the musical world had sustained.

As the procession approached the church, the "Miserere"* was intoned to an original melody of the deceased, with an accompaniment of four trombones. The history of this striking composition is as follows: When Beethoven was, in the autumn of 1812, visiting his brother, at the time an apothecary in Linz, he was requested by M. Glögl, kapell-meister of the cathedral, to compose some movement of a solemn kind for the approaching festival of All Souls. Beethoven willingly undertook the task, and wrote a piece, entitled "Equale a quattro Tromboni," remarkable for the originality of the harmonies, and its faithful imitation of the genuine antique style.†

On the morning of the 26th of March, 1827, when all hope of Beethoven's recovery had been given over, Mr. Haslinger repaired with it to Kapell-meister Seyfried, with a request that he would adapt the words of the "Miserere" to this "Equale," that the body of the prince of musicians might be accompanied to its everlasting rest by his own creations. M. Seyfried, in pursuance of this idea, undertook the work, which was finished the night following Beethoven's death, with infinite judgment and good taste. The movements were arranged for four voices (two tenors and two basses) and four trombones.

On reaching the church, the body was placed on a bier at the foot of the high altar, when, after the usual prayers, was sung the solemn anthem *Libera me Domine, de morte eternâ*, composed by Kapell-meister von Seyfried, in the genuine ecclesiastical style. On quitting the church, the coffin was placed in a hearse drawn by four horses, which proceeded towards the burial-ground at Währing, followed by a line of more than two hundred carriages. On reaching the gates of the cemetery, the following poem, from the pen of Grillparzer, was recited by Anschütz, the tragedian, in a very feeling manner:—

'Tis done! A master-spirit of the age
Has passed away to his eternal rest:
Henceforth his name belongs to history's page,
Enrolled with men the noblest and the best.
Yet, though his name does to all time belong,
Ye lately heard and saw the wondrous man,
Ye heard his living voice, his living song,
And to receive his dying accents ran.
Then deep in mem'ry treasure up his form:
That brow, though stern, with sweetest fancies fraught

* Given in the following pages.—ED.

† The original MS. of this curious production is in the possession of Mr. Haslinger, and prized as a relic of no common kind.—ED.

That eye with inspiration kindling warm;
 That bosom laboring with the force of thought.
 And ye, to whom it was not given to view
 His living lineaments with wond'ring eye,
 May in his tones behold him pictured true,
 In breathing colors that can never die.
 Yes: he could paint, in tones of magic force,
 The moody passions of the varying soul, —
 Now winding round the heart with playful course,
 Now storming all the breast with wild control.
 Forthdrawing from his unexhausted store,
 'Twas his to bid the burdened heart o'erflow:
 Infusing joys it never knew before,
 And melting it with soft, luxurious woe!
 We came his funeral rite to celebrate,
 Obedient to fond love and duty's call;
 But on this moment such proud feelings wait,
 It seems a joyous birthday festival.
 He liveth! It is wrong to say he's dead:
 The sun, though sinking in the fading west,
 Again shall issue from his morning bed,
 Like a young giant vigorous from his rest.
 He lives! for that is truly living, when
 Our fame is a bequest from mind to mind:
 His life is in the breathing hearts of men,
 Transmitted to the latest of his kind.

Baron von Schlechta and M. Castelli read short but eloquent poems to the sorrowing multitude; and, before the grave was closed, M. Haslinger put into the hands of M. Hummel three wreaths of laurel, which were dropped upon the coffin. The mourners waited till the earth was smoothed over the grave. All the visitants in turn took a last farewell of the mortal remains of a great genius, and returned home in silence, the shades of evening having by this time gathered around.

On the 3d of April, 1827, a solemn tribute was paid to the memory of Beethoven at the imperial church of St. Augustine by the performance of Mozart's *requiem*, in which the great singer Lablache sung the bass part in a manner that produced a deep impression, and shows him to be a profound artist: the whole terminated with the solemn "Miserere" and "Libera" of Kapellmeister von Seyfried. On the 5th of April, 1827, was performed, in the Church of St. Charles, the whole of Cherubini's celebrated *requiem*, admirably executed under the direction of Kapellmeister Hummel. A musical performance also took place, by way of opening a subscription for a monument to Beethoven. It commenced with the celebrated pastoral symphony of the lamented master, which was followed by a *kyrie* from his Second Mass in D. From the Abbé Vogler's celebrated "Missa pro Defunctis" were given the "Dies Iræ," the "Sanctus," and "Benedictus." The

whole closed with Catel's "Overture to Semiramis." The selection was admirably performed, and the object proposed adequately fulfilled.

LATIN EPITAPHS
ON
BEETHOVEN'S TOMB.

1.

LUDOVICO . VAN . BEETHOVEN.

Cujus.

Ad . Triste . Mortis . Nuncium.

Omnes . Flevere . Gentes.

Plaudente.

Coelitum . Choro.

2.

IN TUMULUM LUDOVICI VAN BEETHOVEN.
FATO mortalis; VITA bonus; ARTE perennia,
MORTE suum MORIENS eximit ipse decus.

MISERERE.

PERFORMED AT BEETHOVEN'S FUNERAL, AT VIENNA, MARCH 29, 1827.

Andante.
p

Tenore 1mo.

Mi - se - re - re me - - i,

Tenore 2do.

Mi - se - re - re me - - i,

Basso 1mo.

Mi - se - re - re me - - i. mi - se -

Basso 2do.

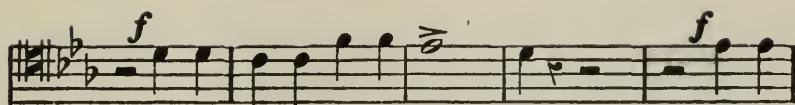
Mi - se - re - re me - - i,

Accompagniment.

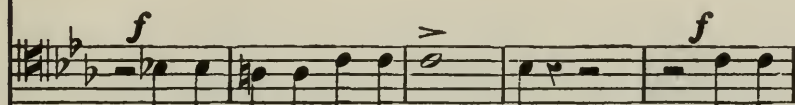
Andante.
p *f*

MISERERE.

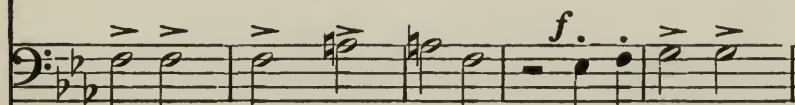
287



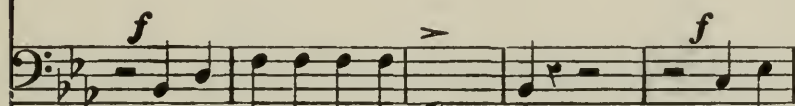
mi-se-re-re me-i De-us, mi-se-



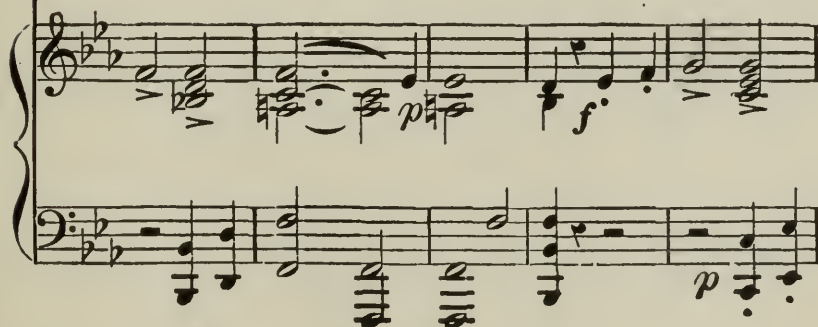
mi-se-re-re me-i De-us, mi-se-



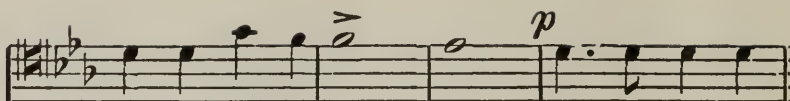
-re-re me-i De-us, mi-se-re-re



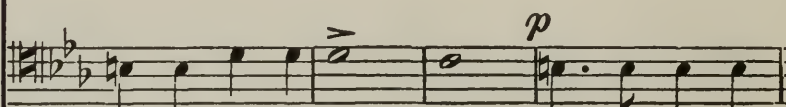
mi-se-re-re me-i De-us, mi-se-



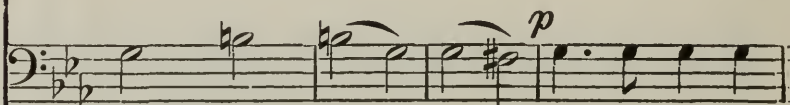
MISERERE.



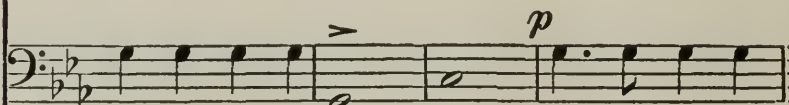
- re - re me - i De - - us, mi - se - re - re



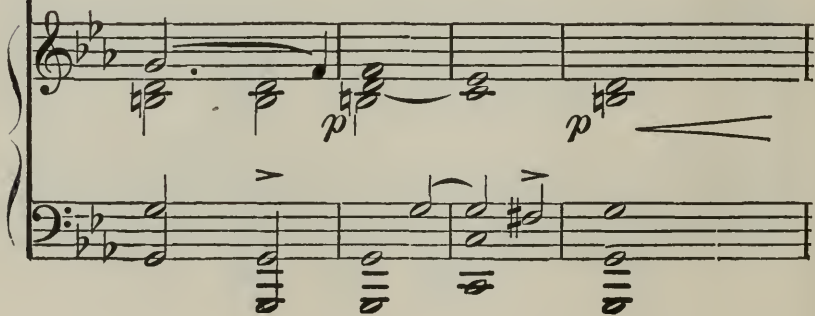
- re - re me - i De - - us, mi - se - re - re



me - - i De - - us, mi - se - re - re

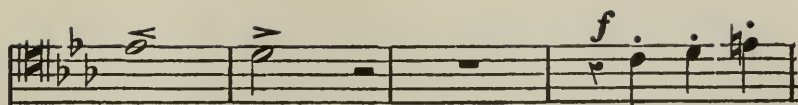


- re - re me - i De - - us, mi - se - re - re



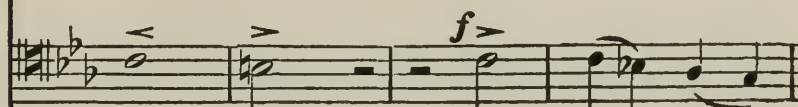
MISERERE.

289



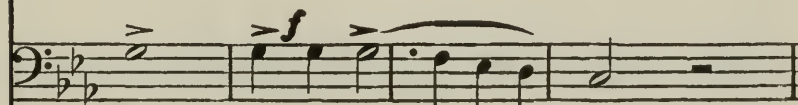
me - - i

se - cun - dum

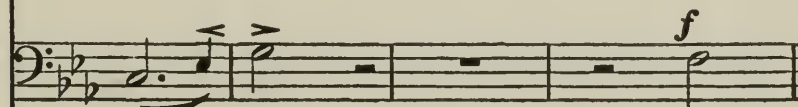


me - - i

se - - cun - dum

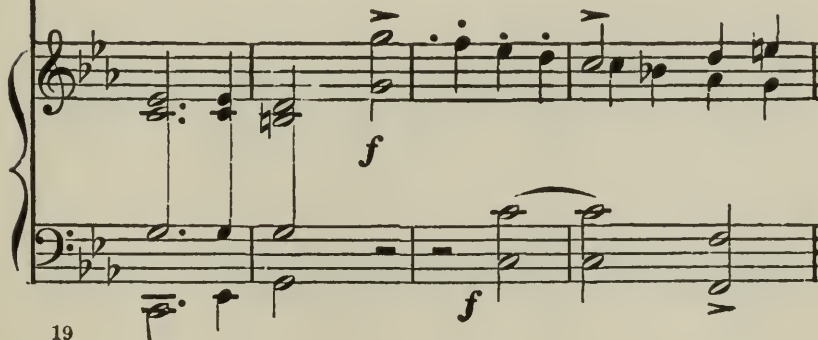


me - - i se - cun - - - - dum



me - - i

se - -



MISERERE.

The musical score is written for a vocal ensemble and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The first four systems each have a vocal line (treble or bass clef) and a corresponding Latin lyric. The fifth system features a piano accompaniment with both treble and bass staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo and meter are not explicitly stated.

mag - - - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am,

mag - - - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am,

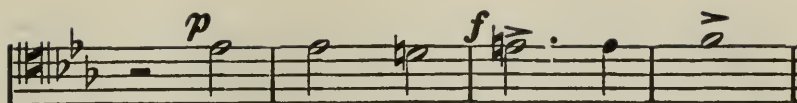
mag - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am,

cun-dum magnam mi - - se - ri - cor - di - am,

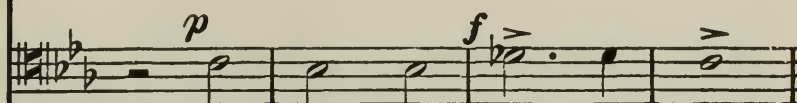
fz

MISERERE.

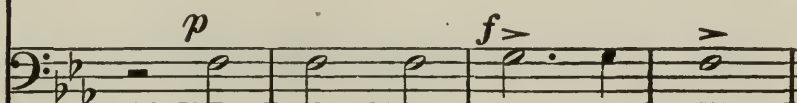
291



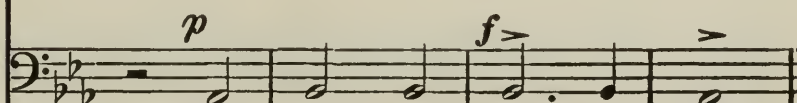
mi - - se - - ri - - cor - - di - - am,



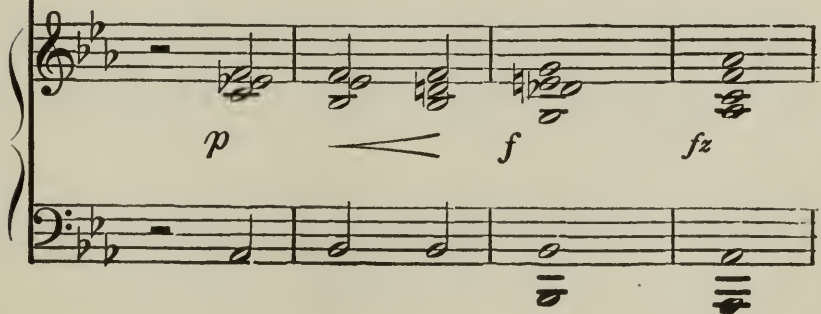
mi - - se - - ri - - cor - - di - - am,



mi - - se - - ri - - cor - - di - - am,



mi - - se - - ri - - cor - - di - - am,



The musical score is arranged in five systems. The first four systems each contain a vocal line (treble or bass clef) and its corresponding lyrics. The fifth system contains the piano accompaniment for the entire piece, with a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - - am,". The piano part features a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The vocal parts are marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and include accents on the final notes of the phrases.

p
mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - - am,

p
mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - - am

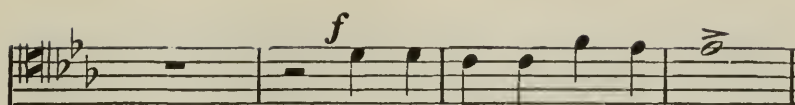
p
mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - - am,

p
mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - - am,

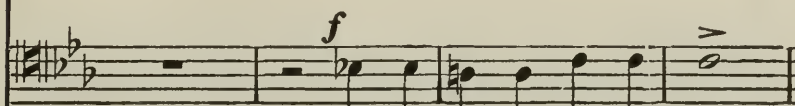
p

MISERERE.

293



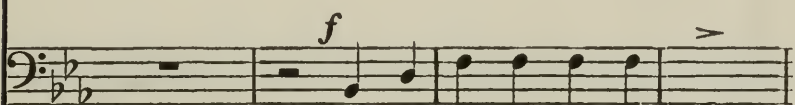
mi - se - re - re me - i De - -



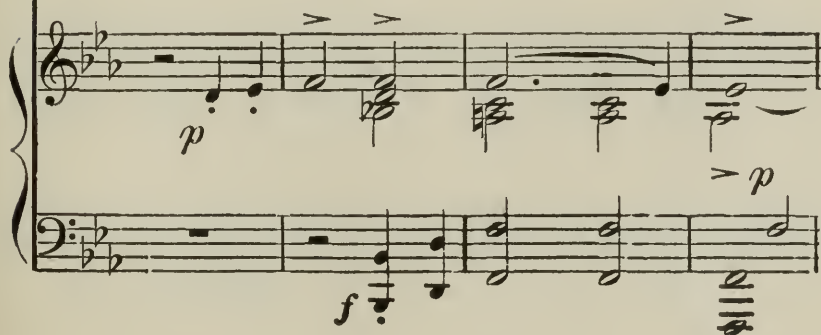
mi - se - re - re me - i De - -



mi - se - re - re me - - i De - -



mi - se - re - re me - i De - -



MISERERE.

us, *f.* mi-se-re-re me-i se-cun-dum

us, mi-se-

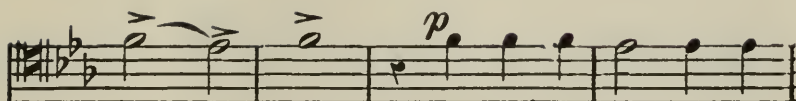
us, *f.* mi-se-re-re me-i se.

us, *f.* mi-se-re-re

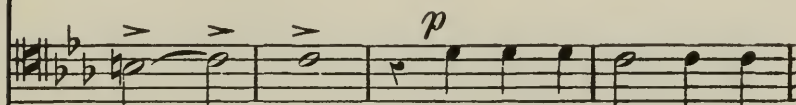
f.

MISERERE.

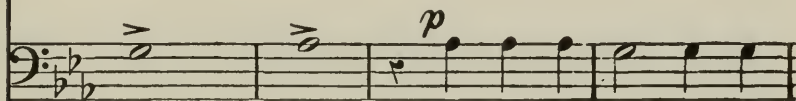
295



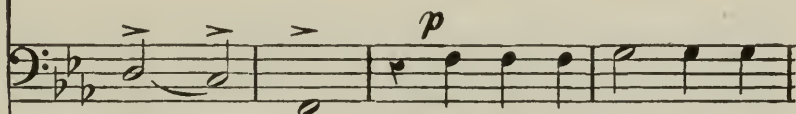
mag - - nam, mi - se - ri - cor - di - am



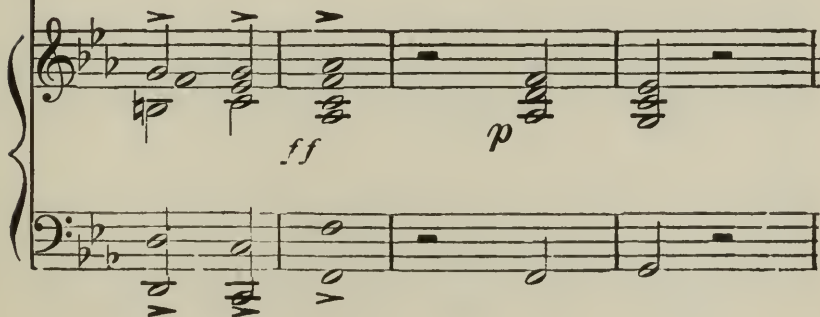
re - - - re, mi - se - ri - cor - di - am



cun - - - dum, mi - se - ri - cor - di - am



me - - - i, mi - se - ri - cor - di - am



tu - - am..... se - - cun - - dum

tu - - am se - - cun - - dum mag - - -

tu - - am se - - cun - - dum mag - - nam

tu - - am..... se - - cun - - dum

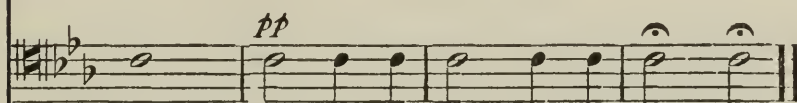
The musical score is written for five systems. The first four systems are for vocal parts, each consisting of a single staff with a treble or bass clef. The fifth system is for piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The lyrics are in Latin: 'tu - - am..... se - - cun - - dum' and 'tu - - am se - - cun - - dum mag - - -' and 'tu - - am se - - cun - - dum mag - - nam' and 'tu - - am..... se - - cun - - dum'. The piano part features chords and melodic lines in both hands, with some measures containing rests.

MISERERE.

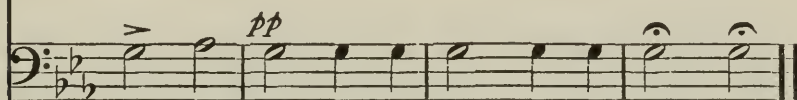
29



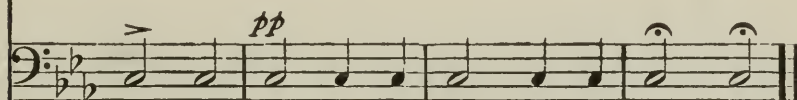
mag - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - am !



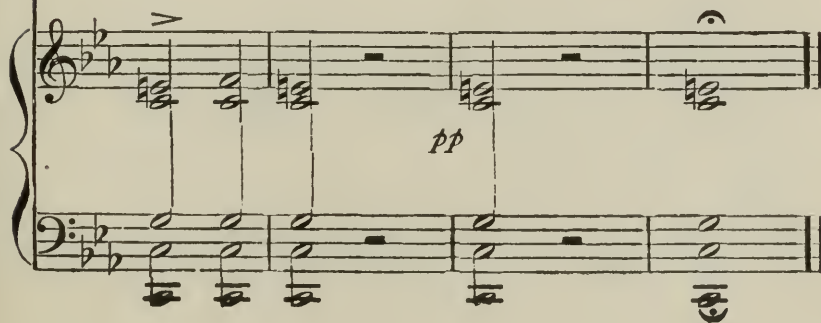
- nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - am !



mag - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - am !



mag - nam mi - se - ri - cor - di - am tu - am !



AMPLIUS.

Poco sostenuto.

p

Tenore 1mo.

Am - pli - us la - va me ab i - ni-qui-ta-te

p

Tenore 2do.

Am - pli - us la - va me ab i - ni-qui-ta-te

p

Basso 1mo.

Am - pli - us la - va me ab i - ni-qui-ta-te

p

Basso 2do.

Am - pli - us la - va me ab i - ni-qui-ta-te

dol.

Poco sostenuto.

Accompagniment.

AMPLIUS.

299

[illegible]

me - - a, et a pec - ca - to

[illegible]

me - - a, et a pec - ca - to

me - - a, et a pec - ca - to

me - - a, et a pec - ca - to

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in common time. The piano part features a prominent bass line with a strong rhythmic pattern, and the voice part has a melody that is simple and easy to sing. The score is arranged in a single system with a repeat sign at the beginning of the piano part.

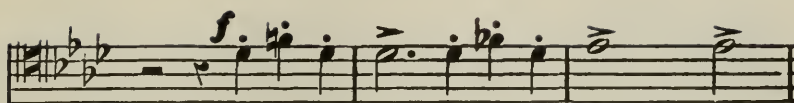
me - o mun - da me

me - o mun - da me

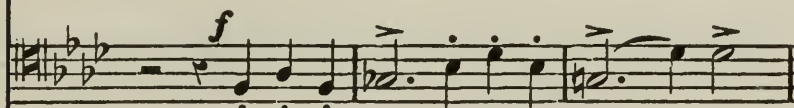
me - - o mun - - da me et a pec -

me - o mun - da me et a pec -

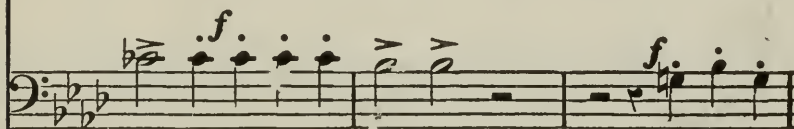
The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) plays chords and single notes, while the left hand (bass clef) plays a more complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed sixteenth notes. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. Dynamics include accents (>) and a forte marking (f).



et a pec - ca - to a pec - ca - - to

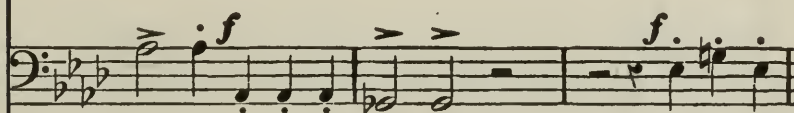


et a pec - ca - to a pec - ca - - to



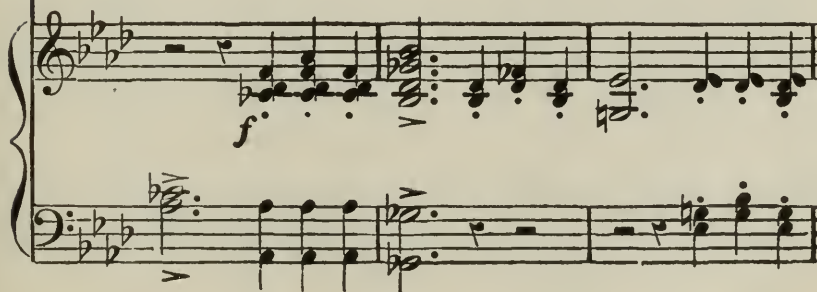
ca - to pec - ca - to me - o

pec - ca - to



ca - to pec - ca - to me - o

pec - ca - to



The musical score is arranged in five systems. Each system contains a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal lines are written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature for the piano part is also three flats. The tempo and dynamics are indicated by markings such as *f*, *pp*, and *ppp*. The lyrics are "me - - o" and "mun - - da me!". The score is written in a style typical of early 20th-century musical notation.

me - - o mun - - da me!

me - - o mun - - da me!

me - - o mun - - da me!

me - - o mun - - da me!

me - - o mun - - da me!

LIBERA.

BY SEYFRIED.

p *fp*

Tenore 1mo.

p *fp*

Tenore 2do.

p *fp*

Basso 1mo.

p *fp*

Basso 2do.

Li - be - ra me Do - mi - ne li - be - ra de mor - te ae -

Li - be - ra me Do - mi - ne li - be - ra de mor - te ae -

Li - be - ra me Do - mi - ne li - be - ra de mor - te ae -

Li - be - ra me Do - mi - ne li - be - ra de mor - te ae -

ter - - na in di - e il - la tre - men - da.

ter - - na in di - e il - la tre - men - da.

ter - - na in di - e il - la tre - men - da.

tes - - na in di - e il - la tre - men - da.

quan-do cœ-li mo-vendi sunt et ter - - - - ra.

quan-do cœ-li mo-vendi sunt et ter - - - - ra.

quan-do cœ-li mo-vendi sunt et ter - - - - ra.

quan-do cœ-li mo-vendi sunt et ter - - - - ra.

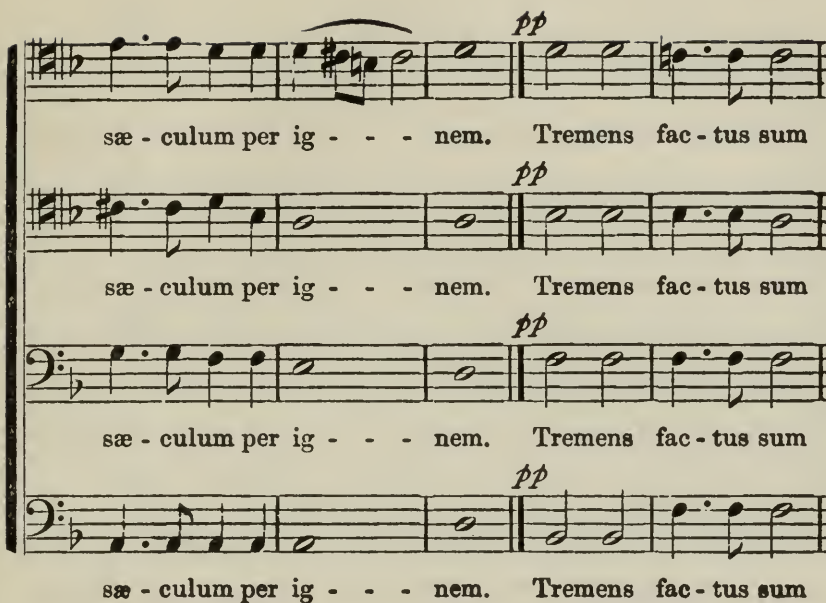
mf dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

mf dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

mf dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

mf dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

pp



sæ - culum per ig - - - nem. Tremens fac - tus sum

pp

sæ - culum per ig - - - nem. Tremens fac - tus sum

pp

sæ - culum per ig - - - nem. Tremens fac - tus sum

pp

sæ - culum per ig - - - nem. Tremens fac - tus sum

e - go et ti - me - o dum dis - cus - si - o ve - ne - rit

e - go et ti - me - o dum dis - cus - si - o ve - ne - rit

e - go et ti - me - o dum dis - cus - si - o ve - ne - rit

20 e - go et ti - me - o dum dis - cus - si - o ve - ne - rit

at - que ven - tu - ra i - - - ra. Quando *p*

at - que ven - tu - ra i - - - ra. Quando *p*

at - que ven - tu - ra i - - - ra. Quando *p*

at - que ven - tu - ra i - - - ra. Quando *p*

coe - li mo - ven-di sunt et ter - - - - - ra.

coe - li mo - ven-di sunt et ter - - - - - ra.

coe - li mo - ven-di sunt et ter - - - - - ra.

coe - li mo ven-di sunt et ter - - - - - ra.

First system of musical notation for 'LIBERA.' It consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a crescendo hairpin, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: Di - es il - la, di - es i - ra ca - la - mi - .

Di - es il - la, di - es i - ra ca - la - mi - .

Di - es il - la, di - es i - ra ca - la - mi - .

Di - es il - la, di - es i - ra ca - la - mi - .

Di - es il - - la, di - es i - - ra ca - la - mi - .

Second system of musical notation for 'LIBERA.' It consists of four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a crescendo hairpin, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are: ta - tis et mi - se - ri - - ae, di - es mag-na, .

ta - tis et mi - se - ri - - ae, di - es mag-na, .

ta - tis et mi - se - ri - - ae, di - es mag-na, .

ta - tis et mi - se - ri - - ae, di - es, di - es mag - na, .

p

mag-na di-es et a-ma-ra val--de.

mag-na di-es et a-ma-ra val--de.

mag-na di-es et a-ma-ra val--de.

mag-na di--es et a-ma-ra val--de.

mf

dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

dum ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

sæ-cu-lum per ig - - - nem. Re - quiem ae -

sæ-cu-lum per ig - - - nem. Re - quiem ae -

sæ-cu-lum per ig - - - nem. Re - quiem ae -

sæ-cu-lum per ig - - - nem. Re - quiem ae -

ter - nam do - na, do - na e - - is Do - mi - ne.

ter - nam do - na, do - na e - - is Do - mi - ne.

ter - nam do - na, do - na e - - is Do - mi - ne.

ter - nam do - na, do - na e - - is Do - mi - ne.

et lux per-pe-tu-a, et lux per-pe-tu-a

et lux per-pe-tu-a, et lux per-pe-tu-a

et lux per-pe-tu-a, et lux per-pe-tu-a

et lux per-pe-tu-a, et lux per-pe-tu-a

lu-ce-at e-is et lux per-pe-tu-a lu-ce-at

lu-ce-at e-is et lux per-pe-tu-a lu-ce-at

lu-ce-at e-is et lux per-pe-tu-a lu-ce-at

lu-ce-at e-is et lux per-pe-tu-a lu-ce-at

p

e - - - - - is. Li - be - ra me Do - mi - ne

p

e - - - - - is. Li - be - ra me Do - mi - ne

p

e - - - - - is. Li - be - ra me Do - mi - ne

p

e - - - - - is. Li - be - ra me Do - mi - ne

fp

li - be - ra de mor - te ae - ter - - na in di - e

fp

li - be - ra de mor - te ae - ter - - na in di - e

fp

li - be - ra de mor - te ae - ter - - na in di - e

fp

li - be - ra de mor - te ae - ter - - na in di - e

il - - la tre - men - da quan - do cœ - li mo -

il - - la tre - men - da quan - do cœ - li mo -

il - - la tre - men - da quan - do cœ - li mo -

il - - la tre - men - da quan - do cœ - li mo -

ven - di sunt et ter - - - - - ra, dum

ven - di sunt et ter - - - - - ra, dum

ven - di sunt et ter - - - - - ra, dum

ven - di sunt et ter - - - - - ra, dum

ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

ve-ne-ris ju-di-ca-re sæ-cu-lum ju-di-ca-re

sæ-cu-lum per ig-nem.

sæ-cu-lum per ig-nem.

sæ-cu-lum per ig-nem.

sæ-cu-lum per ig-nem.

No. XIV.

CONCERT IN AID OF BEETHOVEN'S MONUMENT, AT DRURY
LANE THEATRE, JULY 19, 1837.

It was in the summer of the year 1837, that the citizens of Bonn, who had for the last two years been actively engaged in raising funds for the erection of a monument to Beethoven in his native city, addressed Lord Burghersh, through the Baron von Schlegel, president of their managing committee, in the following letter:—

"My Lord,—Monsieur le Baron de Bulow has encouraged me to address your lordship on behalf of the proposed monument to Ludwig van Beethoven, in his native town of Bonn. This project has been most favorably entertained in Germany: we have received the profits of many concerts given for this purpose in the small as well as large towns, besides private subscriptions; nevertheless, our means are still insufficient for the execution of a monument in all respects worthy of this great genius. Besides, his glory would remain imperfect if we did not obtain for it some conspicuous support from abroad, and especially from London, which has become one of the principal places in Europe in which music is cultivated in the greatest perfection. A public concert, given in that capital, in aid of the monument to Beethoven, would complete our wishes.

"If a connoisseur and patron of talent like your lordship would deign to encourage such an undertaking, distinguished artists will zealously assist, and the numerous admirers of Beethoven will not refuse their aid to do honor to his memory.

"Having had the honor, in former times, of being received by your lordship, and of being present at your brilliant musical entertainments in Florence and in London, I gladly avail myself of this occasion to recall myself to your kind recollection; and I beg you to accept the expression of my devotion and of the great respect with which I have the honor to be,

"My Lord, Your most obedient and humble servant,

"(Signed)

A. W. DE SCHLEGEL.

"Bonn, May 21, 1837."

Lord Burghersh, taking up the matter with the utmost zeal, addressed an appeal to the principal musical institutions of London, which in their turn showed their readiness to promote the object in view.

At a meeting of the professors belonging to the Ancient Concert, the co-operation of the members of that body was unanimously granted; Mr. Knyvett and Mr. Cramer being deputed to act as its

representatives. A like course was adopted by the Philharmonic Society, which nominated Sir George Smart and Mr. Moscheles in a similar capacity; Mr. Mori and Sig. Costa were appointed by the orchestra of the Italian Opera to express the adherence of that body; and Messrs. Potter and C. Lucas, at the suggestion of Lord Burghersh, on the part of the disposable forces of the Royal Academy. Several of the principal English and foreign vocalists then in London offered their co-operation with the utmost willingness and liberality. Mr. Bunn granted the use of Drury Lane Theatre; and on the 19th of July, 1837, under the management of a committee presided over by Lord Burghersh, assisted by the Right Hon. the Earl of Cawdor, and the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., and formed of the members of the musical bodies above specified, a grand concert was given, the following account of which is extracted from the musical journals of the day.

The performance which took place at Drury Lane Theatre on Wednesday evening was but thinly attended, owing to a variety of causes, among which may be noticed the dissolution of parliament and the approaching elections, the lateness of the season, and, we fear, the high terms demanded for admission; namely, half-a-guinea the boxes, seven shillings the pit, and five shillings the gallery. In a musical point of view, it realized the highest expectations that could have been formed of it; for assuredly it was the noblest entertainment of this description that ever was given in England. But, considered with respect to its object, it has unfortunately been a failure; the attendance having been too small to produce any substantial contribution to the fund. This circumstance must have, in some measure, diminished the enjoyment which the admirers of Beethoven derived from the performance of some of his greatest master-pieces. But it did not damp the ardor of the performers. They evidently exerted themselves *con amore*; and we have never heard music performed with greater care, energy, or effect.

Nothing could have surpassed the splendor of the orchestra on this occasion, which was erected upon the stage; and the back of it was as high as the second tier of boxes. The principal singers were arranged in front; the chorus, consisting of a hundred and twelve voices, on each side; the conductor in the centre. The band consisted of fifty violins, twelve violas, twelve violoncellos, eleven double basses, twenty-five wind instruments, &c.; making a total of a hundred and ten instruments, and a grand total of about two hundred and thirty performers. The soli performers were Mesdames Schræder Devrient, Bishop, Knyvett, Birch, Wynham; Messrs. Braham, Bennett, Balfe, Seguin, and H. Phillips

The conductors, Sir George Smart, Mr. Moscheles, and Mr. Knyvett; the leaders, Messrs F. Cramer, Loder, and T. Cooke.

The selection combined: Part I. The Mount of Olives. Part II. The Choral Symphony. Part III. Overture Egmont. Canon from *Fidelio*. Concerto in E flat (piano-forte, Mr. Moscheles). Grand Scena in E; and Finale from *Fidelio*.

The "Mount of Olives," which formed the first act, was given entire for the first time in England. The solo parts were sung by Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Birch, Mr. Braham, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Bennett. Braham was in perfect voice, and had his voice perfectly under his command. He sang, indeed, so well that the principal performers in the orchestra could not refrain from offering him their friendly and hearty congratulations. The band was led by F. Cramer, and conducted by Sir George Smart.

Beethoven's great Choral Symphony formed the second act. It was admirably performed, and received with immense applause. Schröder sang with a power and truth which only the music and a kindred genius could have supported. Mr. Moscheles' performance of the noble concerto, and his conducting the choral symphony, have been already mentioned in these pages. Both were beyond commendation. The choralists in "Here sieze him," and the "Hallelujah," were very effective; the former (which is a similar movement to the pistol scene in the "*Fidelio*") was unanimously encored.

So far the journals. That the pecuniary result of this concert should have fallen short of what might be anticipated from such a cause and such assistance, must have had its cause in the lateness of the season and the recent death of King William the Fourth. The clear profits of this concert, together with some donations, amounted to only a hundred pounds. No doubt that many of Beethoven's admirers in England, who were prevented from attending this solemnity, would have taken a pride in honoring the memory of the great master under more favorable auspices.

As to the proceedings of the committee for the Beethoven monument at Bonn, the following particulars may not be uninteresting. The president of the committee, Baron A. W. von Schlegel, having relinquished his office, owing to an accumulation of private business, Dr. Breidenstein* was elected in his stead. The committee have been most successful in their appeal to the musical world throughout Europe, so that the expenses of the proposed monument are now nearly covered. The sums received are

* This gentleman, who stands in high repute as a professor of music at Bonn, has made himself so meritoriously known as a teacher of harmony and counterpoint, that the honor of instructing H. R. H. Prince Albert, while at the University of Bonn, in that branch of the art, devolved upon him.

the produce of concerts in more than fifty different towns, the receipts of a concert given by those eminent artists Thalberg and de Beriot at Bonn, for the same purpose, and the generous donation of ten thousand francs from Liszt, who joined the committee as an active member. Promises of concerts for the same purpose have been received from Vienna, Paris, Brussels, and other places.

The committee has already issued an address to artists, inviting them to send designs for the monument before the 1st of March, 1841. From among the designs or sketches that shall be received, the three best will be selected by competent judges; and for each of them a premium of twenty Frederics-d'or will be paid, upon condition that the authors of them, if required, will have models made of them, upon a reduced scale, and send them to the committee.

In order to insure perfect impartiality in the selection of the designs, the authors are requested to attach a motto to each, and to enclose the same motto in an envelope, together with the name and the address of the artist. The competition is open to artists of all countries. It is necessary to add the following remarks, as they may have an influence upon the work itself:—

1. It is decided that the monument, or rather the statue, which is to form the most essential part of it, shall be executed, not in marble, but in bronze.

The sum which, at the commencement of next year, we shall have at our disposal, amounts to about thirteen thousand dollars, Prussian currency; in addition to which, contributions are announced, and confidently expected, from several of the most important German and European capitals.—ED.

NO. XV.

SALE OF BEETHOVEN'S MSS. AND MUSICAL LIBRARY.*

VIENNA, March 16, 1828.

The sale of the lamented Beethoven's MSS. and musical library, which lately took place here, excited uncommon interest among the lovers of music, amateurs as well as professional men. The following are the heads under which the articles were arranged in the catalogue:—

1. Fragments from Beethoven's musical portfolio, consisting

* From *The Harmonicon*, April, 1828.

of noted paper, scraps of various themes, &c. 2. Fragments and sketches in a more complete form. 3. Autographs of scores already published. 4. Autographs of unpublished music. 5. Copies of various symphonies, choruses, overtures, masses, &c., corrected by the composer's own hand. 6. Printed music and theoretical works. 7. A small collection of works of general literature. 8. A small collection of musical instruments. The contest for several of the articles was warm and spirited, particularly between the well-known music-sellers, Artaria, Haslinger, and Steiner. More than forty works, unknown to the public, were brought to the hammer, the greater part of which are productions of Beethoven's earlier years. No doubt the present possessors will, ere long, afford the world an opportunity of enjoying these works of the lamented master. We observed that the greater proportion of them became the property of Artaria, after a severe contest with his brother publishers: several fetched extraordinarily high prices. Besides a great many other articles, Beethoven's last work, an unfinished quintette, begun in November, 1826, fell to the lot of Diabelli, who triumphantly bore it away, at a very high price, from a host of competitors. The same gentleman also became possessor of a solo-capriccio, of a rondo for piano-forte and orchestra, and of the English piano-forte which Beethoven had received as a present from the Messrs. Broadwood. The gold medal which the composer had the honor to receive from Louis XVIII., on receiving the copy of one of his grand masses, was bought by some anonymous collector. But by far the most interesting article of the whole sale fell to the lot of M. Haslinger, — the collection of contrapuntic exercises, essays, and finished pieces, which Beethoven wrote while under the tuition of his master, the celebrated Albrechtsberger, all in his own handwriting, with the interlineal corrections of that master, and his remarks on the margin. It is in five thick volumes, which were evidently preserved with great care. The struggle for the possession of this invaluable relic — the fruit of Beethoven's first studies — was long and spirited; but the stamina of M. Haslinger brought him through. After many a fiercely-contested round, he was at length declared the victor, none of his antagonists coming to time. We are happy to be able to state that this collection of studies,* so interesting to the whole musical world, is immediately to be placed in the hands of Kapell-meister Seyfried, who is to prepare it for the press. M. Haslinger also became the fortunate possessor of a piano-forte trio, consisting of an allegro, adagio, finale, and variations, composed while Beethoven filled the place of organist in Cologne; of a short sonata for four hands; of sev-

* This work has indeed been published. — Ed.

eral songs and other vocal pieces; of a small collection entitled "Zapfenstreiche für Türkische Musik; of two violins, with the possessor's seal on each; and lastly, of Beethoven's copy of the works of Handel, Dr. Arnold's edition, in forty volumes folio. The latter, as is well known, was presented to the lamented composer by his friend, M. Stumpff, of London, the possession of which tended so much to soothe Beethoven during his last protracted illness. The mind and talents of Handel were kindred to his own; and he was seen for hours hanging over these volumes in rapture, and forgetting his sufferings. Two other competitors contended warmly for this prize, — M. Gläser of Gotha, and M. Schenk, the well-known composer of "Der Dorfbarbier;" but M. Haslinger still retained his honors as champion of the field.* We must, however, observe, that, warm as the opposition was between these different opponents, the contest was still conducted with becoming respect, not to say with a certain solemnity due to the relics of the mighty dead. Some of the prices given astonished even the most enthusiastic admirers of the composer, and are the most satisfactory proofs of the deep zeal and love for the art pre dominant among us.

* M. Schindler has informed us that this valuable collection was bought by Haslinger for a hundred florins, about ten pounds sterling, — a price which would not seem to bespeak much spirit in the rival bidders; and the writer of the above account of the sale adds, in a note, that the purchaser almost immediately advertised it for sale in the Leipzig Musical Gazette, price four hundred florins, or forty-five pounds. — TRANSLATOR.



THE
LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS
OF
BEETHOVEN.



THE LIFE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.*

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

As a star of the first magnitude in the musical firmament shines the name of a man who opened an entirely new path in the domain of music, and who, by the magic of his melodies, mightily stirred the hearts of his hearers, and drew tears from their eyes. This hero, whom nature had gifted with a rich and inexhaustible imagination, was **LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN**.

He sprang from a musical family. His grandfather, Ludwig van Beethoven, who died Dec. 24, 1773, as kapell-meister and bass-singer in the service of the Elector of Cologne, Max Frederick, had often in his earlier days appeared acceptably upon a national theatre established by his liege. He had particularly distinguished himself in the musical play, "*L'amore Artigiano*," and in the then very favorite opera, "*The Deserter*," by Monsigny. His son, John van Beethoven, also devoted himself to music. He held afterwards a position in the chapel of the elector, residing at Bonn. On the 12th of November, 1767, he married Maria Magdalena Kewerich, the daughter of a head cook of the Elector of Treves, and widow of the electoral chamberlain, Johann Laym. She was born on the 20th of December, 1746, at Ehrenbreitstein, near Coblenz, and died at Bonn on the 17th of July, 1787. Her husband died Dec. 18, 1792.

The second son by this marriage was the great master of tones, **LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN**. He was born at Bonn, on the 17th of December, 1770. His elder brother, Ludwig Maria, had died soon after his birth (April 2, 1769). After him, two younger brothers saw the light, — Caspar Anton Carl, on the 8th of April, 1774; and Nicolaus Johann, on the 2d of October, 1776. The

* Prefixed to the Wolfenbüttele edition of Beethoven's Sonatas, and translated for "*Dwight's Journal of Music*."

former supported himself as a piano-forte teacher: the latter learned the art of an apothecary at Bonn. Both afterwards followed their brother Ludwig to Vienna, where he spent the greatest part of his life.

Reliable accounts indicate, as the spot where Beethoven first saw the light, the "Graus House," situated in the Bonn-gasse, No. 515, the fourth house on the right from the Jew's Lane, afterwards owned by Dr. Schildt. Subsequently his parents hired a habitation of the baker, Fischer, in the Rhein-gasse, No. 934; and this house has often been erroneously taken for Beethoven's birthplace.

The scandal here and there circulated about Beethoven's descent from the king of Prussia, Frederick William II., scarcely needs a refutation; since neither was that monarch in Bonn before Beethoven's birth, nor had the mother ever left that city during her married life. How Beethoven expressed himself concerning it, appears from a letter which he addressed in the latter part of his life, Dec. 7, 1826, to an aged friend. "You write me," said Beethoven, "that I have somewhere been referred to as a natural son of the late king of Prussia. I heard of the story a long time ago. But I have made it a principle never to write any thing about myself, and never to answer any thing that is written about me. I gladly leave it to you, therefore, to make known to the world the honesty of my parents, and particularly of my mother."

The education of Beethoven was not distinguished. Reading, writing, drawing, and a little Latin, he learned at a public school. Among the pupils, the one to whom Beethoven was most deeply attached was Wurzer, afterwards president of the State Tribunal at Coblenz. But little progress was made in his elementary studies. Music soon supplanted in him any interest in other occupations. Already in his fourth year he knew no greater satisfaction than to listen to his father when he was preparing himself for a musical performance on the piano. Then Beethoven hastened away from his playmates, listened with eager attention to the fascinating tones, and begged his father, when about to end, that he would still keep on. His greatest pleasure was when his father took him on his lap, and let him with his little fingers accompany the melody of a song on the piano. Presently he began to attempt a repetition of it all alone. This succeeded so well in his fifth year, that his father was induced to give him instruction in music. But by this means music was well nigh spoiled for him entirely. Often did he shed bitter tears over the hard treatment of his not very morally refined father, who was somewhat given to drink, and in that condition would indulge in an irritability that knew no bounds. This inconsiderate harshness of the father had a still more special ground. His salary scarcely sufficed for the bare necessities of

life. In the want of other resources, he cherished the hope of soon procuring through his oldest son some aid towards the education of the two other sons.

Better instruction than he owed his father, in such circumstances, Beethoven received from a certain Pfeiffer, who was music-director and oboist, and afterwards kapell-meister, to a Bavarian regiment. To this excellent man, who was known as a talented composer, Beethoven was indebted for the greatest part of his musical education. In his later years, he gratefully remembered the instructor of his youth, and, when he found him in needy circumstances, sent him pecuniary aid from Vienna.

Still greater progress did Beethoven make in music, when one of the most distinguished pianists in Bonn, the court organist and chamber-musician, Van der Eden, offered, in consideration of the father's straitened circumstances, to instruct the boy gratuitously. But Van der Eden's duties were so pressing, that the lessons could not be continued as regularly as the teacher, who was much delighted with his pupil's progress, could have wished. Van der Eden received a commission from the Elector Max Franz, whose attention had been called to the talent of the boy, to give him an hour's instruction daily at the royal expense. In his musical development, and especially in the technical handling of the organ, Beethoven made such rapid progress, that he often had to let himself be heard in the chapel and in the private chambers of the elector, and always won applause. Max Franz provided also for the further instruction of the boy after Van der Eden's death. Beethoven's teacher now was the celebrated composer and court organist, Christian Gottlob Neefe, who, after having been for a long time music-director in Grossmann's theatrical company, had been appointed to the place vacanted by Van der Eden's death in the electoral chapel at Bonn.

It was of essential advantage for Beethoven's musical culture, particularly for his taste, that he was made acquainted, through Neefe, with the works of Sebastian Bach, and learned to overcome the difficulties involved in the execution of these compositions. By this means he acquired an uncommon facility of finger, by which his playing was in later years distinguished. In his eleventh year, he already played Sebastian Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord," which consisted of four and twenty preludes and fugues in all the keys, with such wonderful facility, that his performance was compared with that of many a distinguished pianist. In his ninth year he had begun to compose. His attempts were more successful after Neefe had taught him the rules of composition, of which until then he had been entirely ignorant. In his eleventh year, he composed nine variations on a march, three piano sonatas, and some songs, among others the well-known one of

Claudius, "*Wenn jemand eine Reise thut*," &c. He also wrote about this time the music to a chivalric ballet produced by the high nobility in the Carnival season, which for a long time passed for the work of a Count von Waldstein, who with the dancing-master Habich from Aix, had arranged the ballet in question.

Beethoven had found an especial patron, who remained not without influence on the higher culture of his talent, in the above-named Count von Waldstein, who at that time lived at Bonn as knight of the Germanic Order, and afterwards as commander of the order and imperial treasurer at Birnsberg. The count was not merely a connoisseur of music: he engaged in it practically. It was he who first rightly appreciated Beethoven's talent; and through him was developed in the young artist the gift of varying and working out a theme extempore. From him Beethoven received, with the most delicate regard to his sensibility, frequent pecuniary aid, which was for the most part considered a donation from the elector. With him the count stood in high favor, and was almost his inseparable companion. By his mediation, Beethoven, already in his fifteenth year (1785), was appointed organist to the electoral chapel in Bonn, where he alternated with his teacher, Neefe, in the discharge of the not heavy duties. The little organ in the then Court Chapel (now Evangelical Church) required no great dexterity, nor could such have found sphere in an instrument of such limited construction. Neefe was strong and healthful, and not prevented by other business from attending to his duties. From all this it appears, that Beethoven's appointment was simply a kind provision for his support. Beethoven always alludes to his patron, the Count Waldstein, with a feeling of the deepest gratitude, which he expressed in his later years by dedicating to him his great Sonata in C major (opus 53), one of his most celebrated works.

To the musical instruction which he gave in a few families, Beethoven was indebted for an attractive acquaintance, which was of the most favorable influence for his social culture. He made it in the house of the widow of the electoral counsellor Von Breuning. The family consisted of three sons, nearly of Beethoven's own age, and one daughter. Besides the latter, the youngest son also received music-lessons from Beethoven, and was already a distinguished piano-player, when, after completing his medical studies, in 1798, he died. The second son, Stephen, afterwards imperial counsellor in Vienna, where he died a few months after Beethoven (on the 4th of June, 1827), was his friend of many years' standing, devoted to him with the most inviolable constancy. The third son, Christopher, received a position in Berlin, as privy counsellor of revision and cassation. To the daughter, Eleonore, afterwards married to Dr. F. G. Wegeler, in Coblenz, Beethoven dedicated his first Variations for the Piano.

Throughout his life he retained a friendly recollection of the happy days which he had spent in that family. There, too, he had first become acquainted with the German literature, particularly with the best poetical productions. In that house reigned, with all the impulsiveness of youth, an unconstrained fine tone. Christopher and Stephen von Breuning tried their hands, not without success, in little poems. The family lived comfortably; and in their social circles there prevailed a conversation which combined the useful with the agreeable. From several of the later letters of Beethoven, it is evident how contented he felt himself in that family, where he was soon treated as a child of the house. Not only the greatest part of the day, but many a night, he passed there. There he felt free and without any restraint. Many things conspired to make him cheerful, and to further the development of his mind. Especially did the friendly and good-natured lady of the house exert a beneficent influence upon the young man's humors, which occasionally bordered upon stubborn self-will.

In his above-mentioned capacity as court organist, Beethoven first gave accidentally to the orchestra a proof of his talent at a solemnity which took place during Passion week in the Catholic church. There the Lamentations of Jeremiah, consisting, as it is well known, of little sentences of four to five lines, were chanted to a definite rhythm as chorales. The tune consisted of four successive tones, for example, *c, d, e, f*; several words, indeed whole sentences, being always sung upon the third, until a few concluding words led back into the ground tone. As the organ had to be silent during Passion week, the singer was only accompanied *ad libitum* by a pianist. Beethoven, upon whom this office devolved, contrived by his modulations in the accompaniment to throw the very accurate singer Heller so out of time, that he could not find the closing cadence. The Kapellmeister Lucchesi, who was present, was amazed at Beethoven's playing. The latter was complained of by Heller, in the first ebullition of his rage, to the elector, who, although pleased at the youthful waggery of the pianist, commanded a more simple accompaniment.

About this time also Beethoven became chamber musician. One day he was playing *at sight* in a court circle a new tric by Pleyel, together with Franz Ries, the first violinist of the Electoral Chapel, who died in his native city, Bonn, in 1845, and the celebrated Bernhard Romberg, who closed his early career in 1841, at Hamburg. In the second part of the adagio, the artists, if they were not together, did not break down: they played bravely on, and came out happily together. It was found afterwards that there had been two bars left out in the piano part. The elector wondered very much about this work of Pleyel's, and a week afterwards caused it to be repeated, when the mystery was discovered to the satisfaction of the prince.

It was on the first return of the famous Joseph Haydn from England, in July, 1792 that the elector's orchestra surprised him with some music at a breakfast at Godesberg, a summer place of resort near Bonn. Beethoven was very happy when a cantata of his composition, which he submitted to the great master, attracted the especial notice of Haydn, who encouraged the composer to continued studies. The intended performance of this cantata afterwards at Mergentheim, where the elector used to reside as grand master of the Germanic Order, fell through, because several passages for the wind instruments were so difficult, that several musicians declared they could not play them.

According to the judgment of one of his contemporaries, Beethoven's piano-playing, for which he was afterwards so celebrated, had at that time something rough and hard about it: he had never yet heard any excellent pianist, and knew not the fine *nuances* in the treatment of the instrument. Not long afterwards, when he had composed his Variations, dedicated to the Countess von Hatzfeld, upon "Vieni Amoro," a theme of Rhigini, he followed the electoral orchestra to Aschaffenburg. By Ries and the two Rombergs he was presented to the Kapellmeister Sterkel, who died in 1817, in his native city, Würzburg. By repeated entreaties, this then celebrated master was moved to play upon the piano. His performance was very easy and graceful. Beethoven stood by him with the most earnest attention. It was now his turn to play. He only consented to do so because Sterkel had intimated a doubt whether he himself, as the composer of the above-named Variations, could play them readily. Sterkel could not find them. But Beethoven played not only those Variations, so much as he remembered of them, but also several others, which were not less difficult, to the greatest amazement of the listeners, in the same graceful manner, by which he had been so much struck in Sterkel. He thus gave a proof how easy it was for him to learn his manner of piano-playing from another.

At this time, however different it may have been in later years, it cost but little pains to persuade him to a musical performance. It only required a friendly invitation. So much the greater was his aversion to giving lessons, except those in the Von Breuning family. Opposite the house of Madame Von Breuning was the hotel of the Austrian ambassador, Count von Westphal. Beethoven could hardly be induced to continue the often interrupted lessons which he had commenced there. Frequently he turned back before the door of the hotel. Then he would promise Madame von Breuning, that he would give two hours' instruction on the following day, but that day it was impossible. His own rather narrow circumstances did not trouble him; but he was made anxious by the thought of his family, particularly of his mother,

whom he deeply loved. A similar, if not even stronger aversion, to that for giving lessons, was felt by Beethoven in his later years against invitations to play the piano in company.

"Then he came to me," relates one of his friends, "gloomy and out of tune. He complained of their forcing him to play, even if the blood burned under his nails. Gradually a conversation was spun out between us, in the course of which I sought in a friendly way to entertain and quiet him. That end attained, I let the conversation drop. I seated myself at my writing-desk; and Beethoven, if he wanted to speak with me again, had to sit down upon the stool before the piano. Presently with a careless hand, often while turned away from the instrument, he would seize a couple of chords, out of which, by little and little, the loveliest melodies developed themselves. About his playing I must say little or nothing, even in passing. Beethoven now went off in an entirely changed mood, and always liked to come back again. But that repugnance still remained, and frequently became the source for him of the greatest misunderstandings with his friends."

In the year 1792, Beethoven's outward circumstances, which never had been easy, shaped themselves more favorably than before. The Elector Max Franz, with whom he always stood in favor, invited him at his expense to take a journey to Vienna. There he was to improve himself still further in music, especially in composition, under the tuition of the celebrated Haydn. He became more intimately acquainted with Sebastian Bach's works, which he had already studied at an earlier period, his attention being now again directed to that great master by his teacher. At the same time, he diligently studied, with a view to the church style, the compositions of Handel. Haydn had formed himself upon them both, and therefore thought he could not commend better models to his pupil, whose progress he remarked with satisfaction. Haydn also made him acquainted with the works of Mozart, whom he found on his arrival in Vienna no more among the living, he having died the year before. Such models gave Beethoven's taste that distinguished direction to which he remained faithful all his life, thereby winning universal admiration. The instruction he had been receiving was interrupted in 1795, when Haydn made another journey to London. He turned his pupil over to the celebrated contrapuntist, Albrechtsberger, under whose direction Beethoven studied on industriously.

To the first part of his stay in Vienna belongs a letter, which shows his character from a very amiable side, through the good-heartedness with which he openly confessed, and asked pardon for, a hasty act of which he had been guilty. This letter, dated Vienna, Nov. 2, 1793, was addressed to the friend of his youth, Eleonor von Breuning, afterwards the wife of Dr. Wegeler. "A

year has elapsed since my stay in this capital, and this is the first letter you receive from me; yet rest assured you have ever lived in my recollection. I have often conversed with you and yours, although not with that peace of mind which I could have desired; for the late wretched altercation was hovering before me, showing me my own despicable conduct. But so it was; and what would I not give, could I obliterate from the page of my life this past action, so degrading to my character, and so unlike my usual proceedings! It is true, there were many circumstances widening the breach between us; and I presume, that in those whisperings, conveying to us our mutual expressions, lay the chief source of the growing evil. We both imagined that we spoke from conviction; and yet it was but in anger, and we were both of us deceived. Your good and noble mind has, I know, long forgiven me; but they say that self-accusation is the surest sign of contrition, and it is thus I wanted to stand before you. Now let us draw a veil over the whole affair, taking a warning by it, that, should a difference arise between friends, they should not have recourse to a mediator, but explain face to face."

This letter was accompanied by some Variations, composed by Beethoven, upon the aria, "Se Vuol Ballare," from Mozart's "Figaro." Beethoven had dedicated them to his friend. "I could only wish," wrote he, "that the work were greater and more worthy of you. They importuned me here to publish this little work; and I improved this opportunity to give you a proof of my respect and friendship for yourself, and of an ever enduring recollection of your house. Accept the trifle, and think, when you look at it, that it comes from a friend who respects you very highly. If it only gives you pleasure, my wishes are entirely satisfied. Let it be a little revival of the time when I spent so many and such happy hours in your house. Perhaps this work will keep me in your memory until I come again, which, to be sure, will not be so soon. How we will enjoy ourselves then! You will then find a happier man in your friend, from whose brow time and his better fate have smoothed out the furrows of his past refractory conduct. At the close of my letter, I venture one more request. I should like again to be so happy as to possess a waistcoat embroidered with Angora by your own hand. Pardon your friend this presumptuous request. It arose from a great partiality for every thing that is from your hands, and confidentially I can tell you, vanity lies at the bottom of it. — the vanity of being able to say that I possess something from one of the best, most estimable maidens in Bonn. I still have the first waistcoat, which you were so kind as to present to me in Bonn; but through the fashion it has become so unfashionable, that I can only keep it in my clothes-screen as something very dear from you. You would give me

great pleasure if you would soon rejoice me with a letter. Should my letters cause you any satisfaction, I promise so far as possible to gratify you."

In relation to the Variations, which accompanied this letter, Beethoven said, "They will be somewhat difficult to play, especially the trills in the coda. But that need not terrify you. It is so arranged, that you need do nothing but make the trills: the other notes you may leave out, since they occur also in the violin part. I never would have set any thing so; but I had frequently remarked, that there was here and there some one in Vienna, who, when I had been improvising in the evening, would write down many of my peculiarities the next day, and make a show upon them. Foreseeing that such things would soon appear, I determined to anticipate them. Another reason was, to puzzle the resident pianists here. Many among them are my deadly enemies: and I wanted in this way to revenge myself upon them; since I foresaw, that here and there the Variations would be set before them, where the gentlemen would make a poor figure in attempting to perform them."

A letter of Beethoven's, written a few weeks later, described the impression made upon him by a gift from the fair friend of his youth. "I was exceedingly surprised," he says, "by the beautiful necktie, wrought by your hand. Pleasant as the thing was in itself, it awoke in me feelings of sadness. Its effect was the recollection of former times, and shame on my part through your magnanimous conduct towards me. Really, I did not believe that you still held me worthy of your thought. Oh! could you have witnessed my emotions yesterday, you surely could find no exaggeration in what I tell you now, that at the thought of you I wept and was very sad. I beg you will believe me, little as I may deserve faith in your eyes, that I have suffered very much, and do still suffer, through the loss of your friendship. You and your dear mother I shall never forget. You were so kind to me, that your loss cannot and will not be so soon replaced to me. I know what I have lost, and what you were to me; but, were I to fill up this interval, I should have to go back to scenes which would be unpleasant for you to see, and for me to describe. As a slight return for your kind memento to me, I make free to send you a violin rondo. I have a great deal to do, or I would have written off for you the long-promised sonata. In my manuscript, it is hardly more than a mere sketch. You can have the rondo copied off, and then send me back the score. What I here send you is the only one among my things which would be useful to you, and I thought that possibly this trifle might afford you some pleasure. If it is in my power to contribute aught else to your gratification, I beg that you will not pass me by. It is the only means now left

of testifying to you my gratitude for the friendship I have enjoyed."

In the above letter, Beethoven had spoken of having a great deal to do. His tasks were lightened by a young man, with whose father he had stood in friendly relations in Bonn. It was Ferdinand Ries, then a youth of sixteen, who died at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1838, a son of the first violist in the electoral chapel at Bonn, Franz Ries, who closed his earthly career at an advanced age in 1845. By thorough instruction, Ferdinand Ries had become a clever pianist, and made remarkable progress in music. With a letter of introduction from his father he went to Beethoven, whom he found busied about the completion of his oratorio, "Christ on the Mount of Olives," which was to be produced for his benefit at a concert in the theatre. Beethoven read the letter through, and said, "I cannot answer your father now. But write to him, I have not forgotten how my mother died. With that he will be satisfied." It was only some time later that Ries learned, that his father had in every way actively supported the Beethoven family, then in needy circumstances.

In the very first days, Beethoven found that he could use the son of his old friend. On the day of the performance of the above-named oratorio, Beethoven sent for him at five o'clock in the morning. Ries found him still in bed, writing upon single leaves. When he asked what it was, Beethoven replied laconically, "Trombones!" So the trombones were played from those sheets. Possibly they had forgotten to copy those parts. But it was more probably an after-thought, since Beethoven might have had the original sheets, as well as the copied ones. The rehearsal began at eight in the morning. Besides the oratorio, there were also performed for the first time a symphony of Beethoven's in D major (No. 2) and a piano-forte concerto. It was an extremely difficult rehearsal. By half-past two o'clock, all the musicians were exhausted and more or less dissatisfied. The Prince Lichnowsky, who was present from the beginning, ordered bread and butter, cold meat and wine, brought in great baskets. By that means, he re-inspired the players to rehearse the oratorio through once more. It is Beethoven's first work in this kind, said the prince: it must be produced in a manner worthy of him. The concert began about six o'clock, but was so long that a couple of pieces were omitted.

Beethoven had given the score of the above-named symphony in D major, in his own handwriting, to his young friend Ries. The latter remarked upon it some years afterwards, "The score showed something very striking in the *largo* *quasi andante*. Indeed the *largo* was so beautiful, conceived in so pure and friendly a spirit, and the carriage of the voices so natural, that

one could scarcely imagine any thing had been changed in it. The plan, too, was from the beginning the same as in the later editions. But in the second violin, almost in the very first lines, in many passages a very considerable part of the accompaniment, and in some places also in the viola, had been changed; and yet all had been so carefully erased, that I could not with the utmost pains find out the original idea. I asked Beethoven about it, and he answered dryly, 'It is better so.'

Several circumstances conspired to plunge the universally celebrated composer into a sad mood, which often bordered on despondency. It was not merely the cabals of his rivals, who envied him his fame. An essential reason of his melancholy lay in his state of health. An obstinate bowel-complaint, of which the first traces had already shown themselves in the year 1796, induced a train of other disorders for him, among which his increasing hardness of hearing became an unspeakable torment, imbittering all the joys of life. An extended description of his physical sufferings is contained in a letter to Dr. Wegeler, in Bonn, afterwards the husband of his former pupil, Eleonore von Breuning. After an eight years' residence in Vienna, on the 29th of June, 1800, Beethoven wrote this letter, which may serve as a pure transcript of his mode of thinking and of feeling. He opened it with self-reproaches on account of his long silence.

"How much I thank you," says he to his friend, "for thinking about me! So little have I deserved, or tried to deserve, from you, and yet you are so kind, you let yourself be turned away by nothing, not even by my unpardonable neglect, but remain always the faithful, sterling friend. That I could ever forget you, you who were once so dear to me, oh, do not believe that! There are moments when I yearn towards you, nay, when I long to pass some time with you. My fatherland, the beautiful country in which I first saw the light of the world, is still ever beautiful and clear before my eyes, as when I left you; in short, I shall regard that time as one of the happiest events of my life, when I can see you again, and greet our father Rhine. When that will be, I cannot yet determine. So much I will tell you, that you will see me right great. Not greater as an artist, but better and more perfect as a man, shall you find me; and then, should my fortune become somewhat better in my native land, my art shall exhibit itself only for the benefit of the poor. O happy moment! How happy I esteem myself, that I can bring thee near, that I can myself create thee!"

From the above, it appears, that the very straitened circumstances in which Beethoven lived at Bonn had shaped themselves more favorably. "You wish to know," he writes to his friend Wegeler, "something of my situation: it is not so bad. Within

the last year the Prince Lichnowsky, who, if there have been little misunderstandings between us, always was and has remained my warmest friend, has set apart for me a sure sum of six hundred florins, which I can draw so long as I find no suitable position. My compositions bring me in a good deal; and, I can say I have more orders than I can satisfy. For every thing I have six or seven publishers, and even more if I make a point of it. They no longer stipulate with me: I demand, and they pay. You see that is a nice thing. I see, for example, a friend in need, and my purse does not allow me to help him immediately. I have only to set myself to work, and in a short time he is relieved, and then I am more economical than formerly."

Beethoven's contentedness with his condition, and the cheerful mood dependent on it, were, as we have already said, darkened by his uncertain state of health, especially by his increased hardness of hearing, which ended finally in total deafness. He wrote about it in the above-mentioned letter, "That envious demon, my poor health, has thrown a bad stone in my way; to wit, my hearing for the past three years has continually grown weaker: and for this infirmity the first cause must have been furnished by my abdominal troubles, which you know are of long standing, but have here become so much worse that I have been constantly afflicted with diarrhœa, and a consequent extraordinary weakness. My physician, Dr. Frank, wanted to restore tone to my body by strengthening medicine, and to my hearing by almond-oil. But *prosit* (much good may it do!). Nothing came of that. My hearing became worse and worse, and the other trouble still remained. This lasted till last autumn, when I was many times in a state of despair. Then one medical *asinus* prescribed to me the cold bath, and a more cautious one the usual lukewarm Danube bath. That did wonders: my bowels were better; my deafness remained, or grew still worse. This winter again it went wretchedly with me. I had frightful attacks of colic, and I again relapsed into my former condition. And so it remained until about four weeks ago, when I went to Dr. Bering of the medical staff, because I thought that such a case required at once a surgeon: besides, I had always had confidence in him. He succeeded in almost entirely checking the violent diarrhœa. He ordered me the tepid Danube bath, into which I had to pour each time a little flask of strengthening matters, and gave me no medicine except four days ago some pills for the stomach and some tea for the ear; and I can now say, I find myself stronger and better. Only my ears, they hum and roar all day and night long. I must say, I pass my life miserably. For two years, I have avoided nearly all society, because it is not possible for me to say to people, I am deaf. Had I any other profession, I might get on better;

out, in my profession, it is a dreadful situation. And then my enemies, whose number is not small, what will they say to it?

"To give you an idea of this wonderful deafness, let me tell you that I am obliged in the theatre to lean close against the orchestra to understand the players. The high tones of instruments and voices, when I am any ways off, I do not hear. In conversation, it is to be wondered that there are people who never have remarked it. As I was often absent-minded, they set it down to that. Frequently, too, I scarcely hear a person talking in a low voice, -- the tones, to be sure, but not the words; and yet, as soon as one screams, it is unendurable to me. Heaven knows what will come of it. Bering says, it will certainly become better, if not entirely well. Already often have I cursed my existence. Plutarch has brought me back to resignation. I will, if possible, defy my fate; although there will be moments of my life when I shall be the most unhappy creature on God's earth. I beg you say nothing to any one of my condition. Only as a secret do I confide it to you. Should my present state continue, I will come next spring to you: you can hire me a house in some pleasant place in the country, and then I will become a peasant for half a year. Perhaps that will effect a change. Resignation! what a wretched resource! and yet that is all that there is left me."

Of an earlier mentioned friend of his youth, in the time of his life in Bonn, Beethoven wrote, "Stephen Breuning is now here in Vienna, and we are together almost daily. It does me so much good to call up the old feelings again. He has really become a good and noble youth, who knows a little, and has his heart, as we all have more or less, in the right spot. I have very beautiful lodgings now, which look out upon the ramparts, and are of double value for my health. I think I shall make it possible to have Breuning come to me. Your love of art rejoices me much. Only write me how it can be done, and I will send you all my works, which now amount to quite a pretty number, which is increasing day by day. In return for the portrait of my grandfather, which I beg you to send me as soon as possible by the post-wagon, I send you here the portrait of his descendant, your ever kind and heartily loving Beethoven, which has been published here by Artaria, who has often asked me for it. I will write immediately to Christoph Breuning, and read him a bit of a lecture on account of his peevish humors. I will scream the old friendship right into his ear. Never have I forgotten one among you, ye dear and good ones, although I have not let you hear from me. But you know writing never was my forte. Even my best friends have not for years long received any letter from me. I live only in my notes, and one is scarcely down before another is begun. As I now write, I often make three or four things at the same time. Write

to me oftener now. I will take care that I find time to write to you sometimes. One word of Ries, to whom my hearty greeting. As regards his son, I will soon write you, although I believe Paris is a better place than Vienna for him to make his fortune in. Vienna is overrun with people, and even the best merit finds it hard to sustain itself. Until the autumn or the winter, I will see what I can do for him; for then everybody hurries back to the city again."

Beethoven had found a patron and an active furtherer of his talent in the first period of his Vienna life in the Prince Lichnowsky, mentioned in a foregoing letter, who had received him into his house, where he had remained till near the year 1800, alternating, however, with the country. The prince was a great friend and connoisseur of music. He played the piano, and studied diligently Beethoven's works, which he performed with more or less skill, and sought to prove to the young artist, whose attention was often called to the difficulties of his compositions, that he had no need to change any thing in his manner of writing. Every Friday morning, the prince had music at his house. Besides four salaried musicians, Beethoven, too, was present, who willingly listened to the remarks of these gentlemen; as, for instance, once when the celebrated violoncellist Kraft suggested to him to mark a passage of the third trio of a symphony composed by him with a *sulla corda G*, and, in the second part of this trio, to change the 4-4 time, with which Beethoven had marked the finale, into 2-4 time. Beethoven's new compositions were always performed for the first time, so far as they were suitable for that, in the house of Prince Lichnowsky. Several great musical artists were generally present. There, too, was where Beethoven played over to the famous Haydn the three sonatas which he dedicated to him. It is related that Beethoven was there one day invited by the Count Appony to compose a quartette for a stipulated sum. Thus far he had produced nothing in that form. Repeatedly reminded by his friends of this commission, he at length set himself to work. The first attempt, however, resulted in a grand violin trio; the second, in a violin quintette. In the house of Prince Lichnowsky, too, a Hungarian count once laid before him a difficult composition by Bach, in manuscript, which he performed with great readiness at sight. A musician by the name of Förster brought him one day a quartette, which he had only copied out that morning. In the second part of the first movement, the violoncellist got out. Beethoven stood up; and, while he kept on playing his part, he sang the bass accompaniment. To a friend who expressed his wonder at his thorough knowledge, he said, smiling, "So the bass part *had* to be, else the author understood nothing of composition." Whereupon the latter remarked, that he had played the presto, which he

never saw before, so fast that it would have been impossible to see the single notes. "That is not necessary," replied Beethoven. "If you read rapidly, a multitude of misprints may occur: you do not see nor heed them, if you only know the language."

So far Beethoven had progressed in his musical culture, through the fundamental instruction which, as before mentioned, he owed to the contrapuntist Albrechtsberger, and to Haydn, after the return of that great master from England. His fame as a composer had been established in a few years through a succession of works, which did equal honor to the teachers and the scholar. To Vienna, which had been so far to his mind, he found himself tied forever, after the death of the Elector Max Franz in 1801. He could not count with certainty on a support in his native city Bonn, even if he had longed to go there. He had no need to be anxious about the means of subsistence. He had acquired so considerable a fame as a composer that he could sell his compositions to the music-dealers at high prices.

Beethoven loved best to compose in the open air, in the midst of nature, which had always from his boyhood had great charm for him. There he could give himself up undisturbed to his ideas. He fixed them upon paper at once, and went on working upon them by the way and after his return home. We have before intimated that he was quite as great a pianist as he was composer. His virtuosity in the overcoming of great difficulties was wonderful. His most splendid exhibition of himself was in free fantasias. His musical delivery, if not always equally tender, was yet always brilliant. There he possessed an uncommon facility, not only in varying a given theme with the fingers, but in really working it up. In this respect, he came the nearest to Mozart, perhaps, of all the modern musicians.

With his rich earnings, at this time, he might (which was not always the case) have lived free from care. Brought up in straitened circumstances, and constantly kept, if only by his friends, under a sort of guardianship, Beethoven never knew the worth of money, and was any thing but economical. Of this he gave a proof while he still lived in the house of Prince Lichnowsky. The dinner-table was set at four o'clock. Beethoven held it an infringement of his liberty, a burthensome constraint, against which his nature rebelled, to appear there at that time. "There, I must be at home every day at half-past three," said he to a friend; "dress myself better, attend to my beard, &c., &c. It's more than I can bear." The result was, that he often went to a restaurant, where, as in all economical matters, he fared badly, since he neither understood the value of the articles nor that of money.

His peculiar sensitiveness of his character was in striking contrast with his ideal liberality, by which he often precipitated

himself into all sorts of cares and quandaries. This led him into manifold misunderstandings with his patron, Prince Lichnowsky, so long as he was an inmate of his house, and with other friends; although they were for the most part soon healed over. When the first ebullition of rage was past, he lent a willing ear to rational suggestions, and his heart was speedily inclined again to reconciliation. The consequence was, that in such times he begged pardon for far more wrong than he had done. One day he wrote as follows to a friend living in the same city with him, "In what a hideous light you have shown me to myself. Oh, I see it! I do not deserve your friendship. It was no consciously premeditated wickedness in me which made me treat you so: it was my unpardonable thoughtlessness." Beethoven closed the somewhat lengthy letter, full of the bitterest self-reproaches, with the words, "But no more. I will come to you myself, and throw myself into your arms, and beg for the lost friend; and you will give yourself back to me, the repentant, loving thee, never forgetting thee, Beethoven."

This irritability was partly a consequence of the gloomy humor into which he was brought by the weaker and weaker condition of his health. He had been obliged, in obedience to medical advice, to submit to the application of the bark of *Daphne mezereum*. About this and his physical sufferings, as well as about the remedies which had proved so fruitless, he speaks particularly in a letter written at Vienna, on the 16th of November, 1801, to his friend Wegeler.

"You wish to know how I am, and what I take. Little as I like to talk about the matter, I most gladly do so with you. Bering for some months past has ordered blisters continually applied to both arms, consisting, as you know, of a certain bark. This is an extremely disagreeable cure, since it robs me always of the free use of my arms for a couple of days, until the bark has drawn sufficiently, not to speak of the pain. It is true, I cannot deny it, the humming and roaring is somewhat weaker than formerly, especially in the left ear, with which my difficulty first commenced. But my hearing is not at all improved: I dare not determine whether it has not rather become worse. With my abdomen it goes better; especially when I use the lukewarm bath for some days, I find myself for eight or ten days tolerably well. I seldom take any thing strengthening for the stomach. Of plunge-baths Bering will not hear. On the whole, I am very much dissatisfied with him. He has too little care and consideration for such an infirmity. If I had not first gone to him, and that, too, with much difficulty, I would never see him. What think you of Prof. Schmidt? I do not like to change; but it seems to me Bering is too much a man of practical routine to get hold of many new ideas

through reading. Schmidt seems to me, in this regard, a wholly different man, and perhaps would not be so careless. They relate wonders of galvanism. What do you say to that? A physician told me he had seen a deaf and dumb child restored to hearing in Berlin, and also a man who had been deaf for seven years."

Only for moments did a more tranquil mood return to him, soon snatched from him by a glance into a comfortless future. Weaker and weaker grew the hope in him of ever finding a complete relief, and he saw many of his darling plans thus thwarted. In this mood he wrote in the letter just referred to, "I am living somewhat more pleasantly again. You can scarcely believe how drearily, how sadly, I have passed my life these last two years. Everywhere my weak hearing haunts me like a spectre. I fled from men; had to appear a misanthrope; and am, in fact, so little so. This change has been brought about by a dear, enchanting maiden whom I love, and who loves me. For the first time these two years, I have again some happy moments; and it is the first time that I could feel marriage could make me happy. That cannot be at present. I must tumble about still farther in the world. Were it not for my hearing, I should long since have travelled over half the world; and that I must do. For me there is no greater satisfaction than to pursue and show my art. Do not believe that I should be happy with you in Bonn. What should make me happier? Even your solicitude would sadden me: every moment I should read the sympathy upon your faces, and should only feel myself the more unhappy. Those beautiful scenes of my fatherland, what was vouchsafed to me in them? Nothing but the hope of a better condition. It would be mine but for this calamity. Oh, I would embrace the world were I but free from this! My youth, I feel it, but begins from now. Was I not always a dried-up man? My corporeal strength, for some time since, grows more than ever, and so, too, my spiritual energies. Every day I attain nearer to the goal, which I feel, but cannot describe. Only in this can thy Beethoven live. Not a word about rest! I know of none but sleep, and it vexes me enough that I must give more to that than formerly. Give me but half delivery from my trouble; and then, as the completed, ripe man, I will come to you, and renew the old feeling of friendship. You must see me happy, as it is allotted me to be here below, and not unhappy. No: that I could not endure. I will clutch hold of the wheel of Fate: surely it shall never bow me down entirely. Oh, it is so beautiful to live one's life a thousand times! I feel I am not made for a still life."

Almost equally as by his own condition was he troubled about the welfare of his early friend, Stephen von Breuning, living in Vienna. "The life here," he wrote, "involves too many fatigues for his health. Besides, he leads such an isolated life that I really

do not see how he could improve. You know how it is here. I will not say that society would impair his relaxation. One cannot persuade him to go anywhere. I had music at my rooms a short time since; but our friend Stephen staid away." In that Beethoven found all the more proof of his friend's melancholy; since Stephen von Breuning was an amateur, who had made himself an excellent violinist, and had sometimes played in the electoral chapel at Bonn. He seldom enjoyed uninterrupted contentment; owing doubtless, in a great degree, to his active labors, which he kept up incessantly until his death, in June, 1827.

In singular contrast with his suffering condition was the humor which prevailed in some of Beethoven's letters in the first part of his life in Vienna. These letters were addressed to the Kapellmeister Hofmeister, in Leipzig, who at that time (1800), under the firm, "Hofmeister & Kühnel, Bureau de Musique," had commenced a correspondence with Beethoven. This correspondence adds an interesting contribution to the characteristics of Beethoven, who at that time, fired with restless activity, stood in the full bloom of his creative genius.

In a letter to Hofmeister, dated Dec. 15, 1800, Beethoven excused his delay in answering: "I am," wrote he, "extremely lazy as a correspondent: it takes a long time before I can bring myself to writing dry letters instead of notes. But now I have at length compelled myself to give you satisfaction. *Pro prime*, you must know, it pains me very much that you, my dear brother in musical art, did not inform me earlier, so that I might have offered you my quartettes, as well as many other things, which I have now disposed of; and if my brother is as conscientious as many other honorable engravers (in German, *Stecher*, or prickers), who prick us poor composers to death, he would know how to find his account in publishing them. I will briefly state what the Herr Bruder may obtain of me. 1. A Septette *per il Violino, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabasso, Clarinetto, Corno, Fagotto* — *tutti obbligati*; for I can write nothing that is not *obbligato*, inasmuch as I came into the world with an *obbligato* accompaniment. 2. Grand Symphony for full orchestra. 3. A Concerto for the piano, which to be sure I do not give out as one of my best, since I keep the best for myself until I make a journey. Yet it can do you no discredit to engrave this concerto. 4. A Grand Solo Sonata. This is all that I can produce at present. A little later you can have a quintette for string instruments, and perhaps some quartettes and other things, which I have not by me now. In your answer, you can yourself fix the price; and since you are neither Jew nor Italian, nor I either, we shall readily agree."

Four weeks later, Jan. 15, 1801, Beethoven wrote to Hofmeister, "Right heartily I thank you for the good opinion which you

have conceived of me and of my works, and I often wish I could deserve it. I rejoice in your undertakings; and I wish, if art can be the gainer, that this gain might rather accrue to the genuine, true artists, than to mere traders in the art. Your design of publishing Sebastian Bach's works is something that really does my heart good, which beats entirely for the high, great art of this great father of harmony. I hope, as soon as we shall hear the golden peace announced, to contribute to the undertaking much from here myself, if you take subscribers."

Beethoven's character shows an amiable side in this letter, through its disinterestedness. "As regards your own private business," he writes, "I make you, since you desire it, the following offers: For the septette, twenty ducats; the symphony, the same; the concerto, ten ducats; grand solo, sonata, allegro, adagio, minuetto, rondo, twenty ducats: this sonata has washed itself (*is comme il faut*), my dear brother. You will wonder, perhaps, that I make no difference here between the sonata, septette, and symphony. Because I find that a septette or a symphony has not so much sale as a sonata: therefore I do this, although a symphony should unquestionably be worth more. I set the concerto down at only ten ducats, because, as I have already written, I do not consider it as one of my best. I do not think that this will seem exorbitant to you, taking the whole together. At least, I have tried to put the prices as moderate as possible to you. The whole sum would be seventy ducats for all my works. I understand no other currency but the Vienna ducats: how many thalers of your money that will make I know not, since I am a wretched *negociant* and accountant. If the sour business were only settled! I call it so, because I wish it might be different in the world. There ought to be a magazine of art, where the artist would only have to hand in his works of art, to take what he needs. But as it is, one has to be half merchant, and how ill at home one feels in it! Good God! that is what I call sour."

In a letter to Hofmeister, 22d April, 1801, Beethoven excused his long silence on the ground of his sickness and his excess of business. He writes, "It was scarcely possible even to think what I had to send to you. It is perhaps the only genius-like thing about me, that my things are not always in the best order; yet no one but myself can help the matter. Thus, for instance, in the score of the concerto, the piano part, according to my custom, was not written; and I have but just now written it out, so that you have it in my own, not indeed very legible handwriting."

In this same letter he wrote, "The arrangement of the Mozart sonata as a quartette will do you honor, and will certainly remunerate. I could wish that I were able to contribute more myself on such occasions here; but I am an irregular man, and with the

best will I forget every thing. But I have here and there spoken of it, and find the best inclination towards it. It would be a nice thing, if the *Herr Bruder*, besides publishing the septette, would also arrange the same for flute, for example, as quintette. That would help the flute amateurs, who have already assailed me on the subject; and they would swarm around it, and feed on it like insects. F—— has presented us with a production, which does not correspond with the ideas the newspapers gave us of him. He seems to have made Casperle* his ideal, but without reaching him. Fine prospects these, under which we poor children of men here have to grow up!"

In a later letter, June, 1801, Beethoven, not without feeling, vindicated himself against a groundless accusation, which had cast an ambiguous light upon his thoroughly upright character. "I am a little astonished," he writes to Hofmeister, "at the message you have sent me through your business agent here. I might almost feel offended that you hold me capable of such a shabby trick. It would be another thing, if I had only sold my works to money-making traders, and had then made secretly another good speculation. But, between artist and artist, it is rather severe to impute such a thing to me. The whole thing seems to me either entirely an invention, to try me, or else a mere suspicion. At all events, I hereby inform you, that, before you had the septette of me, I sent it to Herr Salomon, in London, to play at his concert, purely out of friendship, cautioning him at the same time not to let it go into other hands, because I intended to have it printed in Germany: you can ask Salomon himself, if you think it necessary. But to give you one more proof of my integrity, I hereby assure you that I have sold the septette, the concerto, the symphony, and the sonata, to no one in the world but you, and that you can formally regard them as your own exclusive property, for which I pledge my honor. You can make use of this assurance in any way you will. Moreover, I believe Salomon was as little capable of the shabby trick of getting the septette printed, as I was of selling it to him. I am so conscientious, that I have refused to several publishers the piano arrangement of the septette, for which you had asked me. I have also written to Salomon. But since I esteem your charge a mere report, which you caught up a little too credulously, I cannot close this letter otherwise than with some coldness towards so credulous a friend."

A humorous letter was received by the friend, with whom Beethoven was soon reconciled, on the 8th November, 1802. "Does the Devil ride you altogether?" wrote Beethoven. "To propose to me to make such a sonata! In the time of the revolutionary

* Jack-Pudding.

fever that might have been something! But now, when every thing seeks to shove itself upon the track again, when Bonaparte has concluded the Concordat with the Pope, — such a sonata now! If it were a *Missa pro Sancta Maria*, a *tre voce*, or a vesper, &c., why, then I would take at once my pencil in hand, and, with great pound notes, write away at a *Credo in unum*. But, good God! such a sonata in these newly commencing Christian times! Ho! ho! There, let me off: there can nothing come of it! Now for my answer in the quickest *tempo*! The lady can have a sonata of me; also in an æsthetic regard in general I will follow her plan. For the price of five ducats, she can keep the same for herself, for her own enjoyment, and neither she nor I shall publish the sonata. After the expiration of a year, it becomes mine again; that is, I can and shall publish it, and the lady can, if she thinks she can find any honor in it, be asked to let me dedicate the work to her. How gladly would I give many things away! But only consider, friend, every thing about me here is established, and knows precisely what it lives upon. But, good God! where will one establish such a *parvum talentum cum ego* at the imperial court?"

The humor which prevails in this letter of Beethoven gave way again not seldom to a high degree of irritability, which had its chief ground in his oft-returning physical sufferings. It was about this time (1802), that he had completed, at Heiligenstadt, a village a mile and a half out of Vienna, his third symphony, known under the title of "*Sinfonia Eroica*." He often in his compositions thought of a definite object, although he used to laugh and scold about musical painting, especially the minuter sort. Even acknowledged masterpieces, such as Haydn's "*Creation*," and his "*Seasons*," were not spared in his censure; while at the same time he did not deny the great talent of Haydn, and gave him the deserved praise in his choruses. In the third symphony, he had in mind Bonaparte, while he was yet First Consul. He had an excellent idea of him then, and compared him with the greatest Roman consuls. The symphony lay written out in score upon his table. At the top of the title-page stood the word "*Bonaparte*," and, at the bottom, "*Luigi van Beethoven*," but not a word more. Whether the intervening space was to have been filled out, and how, was quite unknown to Beethoven's friends. One of them brought him the news that Bonaparte had allowed himself to be proclaimed emperor. Then Beethoven became furious, and exclaimed, "Is *he*, too, nothing but an ordinary man? Now he, too, will trample all human rights under his feet, and be the slave of his ambition: he will seek now to place himself higher than all others, and will become a tyrant." With these words, Beethoven seized the title-leaf of his symphony, which lay upon the table, tore it asunder, and threw it on the floor. The first page was re-written

and received the title, "*Sinfonia Eroica*." Some time afterwards, the Prince Lichnowsky, in Vienna, bought this symphony of the composer, for his own use for some years. It was performed several times in his palace. It was there that Beethoven, who himself directed, once in the second part of the first allegro, where there occur so many half notes, brought the whole orchestra so out of time, that they were obliged to commence the symphony anew.

On the same evening, Beethoven played a piano quintette, composed by him, with accompaniment of wind instruments. The celebrated oboist, Ram, from Munich, took part in it, and accompanied Beethoven's playing. In the last allegro, at a pause before the theme commenced again, he took it into his head suddenly to improvise. He took the rondo for a theme, and entertained himself and the listeners for a considerable time. But not so those who accompanied the piano-playing. They were in great perplexity. It was a ludicrous sight, when they, expecting every moment that he would begin again, put their instruments to their mouths, and then quietly took them away again. At length Beethoven was satisfied. He fell into the rondo again. The whole company were in raptures.

When the Russian imperial kapell-meister, Steibelt, who died at St. Petersburg in 1823, came after a somewhat lengthy stay in Paris to Vienna, Beethoven's friends were anxious lest that then highly-celebrated composer might damage the reputation he had acquired. Steibelt did not visit him. They met for the first time one evening at the house of Count Fries, where Beethoven produced a new trio in B flat major, for piano, clarinet, and violoncello. Steibelt listened to it with a sort of condescension, and paid the composer a few compliments. Thereupon he played a quintette of his own composition, improvised, and produced particularly a great effect by his *tremulandos*, which at that time were something quite new. Beethoven could no longer be induced to play. With equal success, Steibelt, a week later, performed a quintette in a concert at Count Fries's. He had studied out a brilliant fantasia, and had chosen for a theme Beethoven's trio. That excited his admirers and himself. He *had* now to go to the piano, and to improvise. As he passed along, he took with him the violoncello part of Steibelt's quartette, placed it bottom upwards on the desk, and with one finger drummed out a theme for himself from the first bars. Wounded and excited, he improvised so, that Steibelt, before he had ended, left the hall, and would never meet him afterwards; indeed, he made it a condition, before going anywhere, that Beethoven should not be invited.

Nothing crossed Beethoven more, than to have something go wrong in the performance of his works. Then he gave himself up

to an irritability that knew no bounds. In a grand concert in the theatre at Vienna, where, besides his "Pastoral Symphony," a fantasia of his for piano, orchestra, and chorus, was performed, the clarinetist in the variations of the concluding theme made, by mistake, a repetition of eight bars. Beethoven sprang up in a rage, and covered the members of the orchestra with loud invectives. Finally he cried out, "From the beginning!" The theme began again. They all fell in rightly, and the result was brilliant. But, when the concert was over, the artists remembered the honorable titles which Beethoven had given them, and swore that they would never play again, if he was in the orchestra. But this lasted only until he again came forward with a new composition, when the curiosity of the musicians got the better of their anger.

How easily offended Beethoven was, was shown by his relations to a man to whom he owed a great part of his musical education. Mozart, Handel, and Bach were his favorites. If any thing lay upon his desk, it was sure to be compositions of one of these masters. On the contrary, he had always something to object to Haydn's music. It was for the most part a private grudge against that artist, dating from an earlier period. Beethoven's first attempt in composition was the three trios before mentioned. They were to have been produced in a soirée at Prince Lichnowsky's, and several artists and dilettanti had been invited, among them Haydn, on whose judgment all depended. The trios were played, and produced a remarkable sensation. Haydn said some flattering things to the composer, but advised him not to publish the third trio in C minor. Beethoven had regarded this trio as his best. Haydn's words, therefore, made a very unpleasant impression on him. He thought that Haydn was envious, and jealous of his reputation, and that he was not candid with him. In this he was mistaken. Haydn had dissuaded him from the publication of this trio merely because he thought it was not so easy, and would not be so quickly understood, as the others.

In spite of all the representations of his friends, Beethoven was so unalterable in his dislike to Haydn, that he one day said he had learned nothing from him. From Albrechtsberger, as we have before said, he had received instruction in counterpoint, and from Salieri in dramatic composition. Both agreed that he was often wilful and ill-humored. They maintained that he had had to learn many things through his own bitter experience, which he had formerly held of small account as matters of instruction. The introduction to dramatic composition, which Salieri gave him, after the taste of the Italian school, could not of course satisfy him.

The fame which Beethoven had already acquired did not betray him into vanity or an exaggerated self-esteem. The experience of many years had taught him, that with the multitude the mere

name is sufficient for them to find every thing in a work beautiful and excellent, or mediocre and poor. It chanced one evening, at Count Browne's, in Baden, near Vienna, that Beethoven's pupil, Ferdinand Ries, who had been recommended to the count as a pianist, and who usually performed his master's compositions to him in the evening, played a march that just then occurred to him. The circle at the count's consisted of outright enthusiastic admirers of Beethoven. An old countess, whose devout adherence had become annoying to the composer, went into raptures at that march. She supposed it something new by Beethoven, and Ries waggishly confessed it. Unfortunately, the next day Beethoven himself came to Baden. He had scarcely stepped into the count's saloon, when the old lady began to speak of the exceedingly ingenious and splendid march. Ries was in no little of a quandary. He knew that Beethoven could not endure the old countess. So he drew him rapidly aside, and whispered to him that he had merely amused himself with her silliness. Beethoven took it well; but the embarrassment of the pupil increased when he was obliged to repeat the march, which this time turned out much worse, since Beethoven stood beside him. The latter was overwhelmed with praises, to which he listened in confusion and with inward rage. "You see, dear Ries," said he to his young friend afterwards, "these are the great connoisseurs, who judge every sort of music so correctly and so sharply. Only give them the name of their favorite: that's all they need."

It was not always that Beethoven's excitable nature had such self-control. Soon afterwards he played with Ries a sonata for four hands, composed by him. During the performance, the young Count P. talked so loud with a young lady in the doorway of the anteroom, that Beethoven, after several fruitless efforts to obtain silence, suddenly, in the midst of their playing, pulled away his pupil's hands from the piano, sprang up quickly, and in a loud voice said, "I do not play for such swine!" All attempts to bring him back to the piano were in vain. He would not even permit Ries to go on with the sonata. The consequence was, that the music was resolved into a general chagrin.

In the opposite mood, Beethoven took a slight reproof of his own musical performance for just what it was, a harmless joke, conscious, as teacher, of having committed a like fault with his scholar. "One evening," Ries related, "I had to play at Count Browne's a sonata of Beethoven. It was the Sonata in A minor. As Beethoven was present, and I had never practised that sonata with him, I begged that I might play any other, but not that one. They turned to Beethoven, who finally said, 'Come, you surely will not play it so badly that I cannot listen to it.' So I had to submit. Beethoven, as usual, turned the leaves. At a leap with

the left hand, where one note should be made quite prominent, I came full on the neighbor note. Beethoven tapped me with one finger on the head, which the Princess Lichnowsky, who sat opposite me leaning upon the piano, remarked and smiled. After the playing was over, Beethoven said, 'Right bravely done! You have no need first to learn the sonata with me. The finger was merely to show you my attention.' Afterwards Beethoven had to play. He chose the D minor Sonata, which had then just appeared. The princess may have expected that Beethoven might make some mistake. She placed herself behind his stool, and I turned the leaves. At the 53d and 54th bars, Beethoven missed the beginning; and, instead of going down with two and two notes, he struck every quarter with the full hand, three or four notes at once, descending. It sounded as if the key-board were being dusted. The Princess Lichnowsky gave him some not very soft blows on the head, with the remark, that, "If the pupil gets a finger for *one* false note, then the master, who commits greater blunders, must be punished with full hands." They all laughed, especially Beethoven. He began anew, and played with wonderful beauty. The adagio, especially, he rendered in an inimitable manner.

Ries ascribed the carefulness and patience which Beethoven showed in his instruction to his love for his father, with whom Beethoven had stood in the friendliest relations formerly at Bonn. He had to repeat many things ten miles over, and oftener. If it happened that he missed aught in a passage, or that he struck certain notes wrong, which Beethoven wanted to have made quite prominent, he seldom said a word. But he was stirred up if his pupil missed the expression in a crescendo, for instance, and thereby perverted the character of the whole piece. The first, he would say, was mere accident, but the other betrayed want of knowledge, of feeling, or attention.

His hardness of hearing, before mentioned, gave him a high degree of sensitiveness. This affliction, although suspended for some time, always returned again. Those about him had to be very careful not to make him sensible of this infirmity by talking loud to him. If he did not understand any thing, he commonly put it off upon absent-mindedness, from which he was not free. How much his hearing had diminished, was shown in 1802, during a walk in the country. His companion, Ries, called his attention to a shepherd, who played quite prettily in the woods upon a flute carved out of elder-wood. For half an hour, Beethoven could hear nothing. But notwithstanding Ries assured him that he, too, heard nothing more (which was not the case), Beethoven sank into a melancholy mood. He grew monosyllabic, and stared straight before him with a gloomy look. On the way

home, he kept on muttering to himself, emitting inarticulate sounds, without singing any definite notes. There had occurred to him, he said, a theme for the last allegro of one of his sonatas. When he had entered his chamber with his companion, he ran with his hat on his head to the piano, and busied himself for almost an hour with the finale of his Sonata in F minor. When he rose from the piano, he was surprised to see his young friend still there, who had seated himself the mean while in a corner of the room. Beethoven said to him shortly, "I can give you no lesson to-day: I must still work."

The comfortless condition in which Beethoven found himself placed by his deafness is described by one of his earliest friends, Stephen von Breuning, in a letter dated 13th of November, 1806, to Dr. Wegeler, in Coblenz. "You cannot believe," he writes, "what an indescribable, I might say terrible impression, the decay of his hearing has produced on Beethoven. Imagine what the feeling of unhappiness must be, with his earnest character; to which add reserve, mistrust, frequently towards his best friends, in many things irresolution. For the most part, with but few exceptions, where his original feeling expresses itself quite freely, intercourse with him is an actual exertion, since one never can abandon himself. From May to the beginning of this month we have lived in the same house, and during the first days I took him into my room. He was scarcely with me, when he fell into a severe illness, almost dangerous, which passed at length into an obstinate intermittent fever. Care and nursing have debilitated me considerably. He is now well again. He lives upon the ramparts, I in a house newly built by Prince Esterhazy before the Alster Cazerne; and, as I manage my own housekeeping, Beethoven eats every day with me."

Some years before, in July, 1804, Beethoven had had a falling-out with this friend of his youth, which threatened a complete rupture of their relations. The immediate occasion of this violent altercation between them was, that Stephen von Breuning had delayed or omitted the usual notice to quit from Beethoven's former lodgings in the theatre-building upon the Wieden. Breuning, a hot-head like Beethoven, was the more provoked at his conduct, since it had not been all among themselves. Beethoven wrote to his pupil, Ries, in the beginning of July, 1804, "Since Breuning has not scrupled to represent my character to you, by his behavior, in such a light that I appear a wretched, pitiable, small man, I must select you to bear my answer to him orally, but only to the first point of his letter, which I answer simply to vindicate my character with you. Tell him, then, that I never thought of reproaching him for delay of the notice, and that, had it really been Breuning's fault, every harmonious relation in the

world was far too dear to me, to suffer me for a few hundreds, or even more, to inflict mortifications upon one of my friends. You know yourself, that I have charged you jokingly with the fault of the quit-notice having arrived too late through you. I am sure you will remember this: on my part, the whole matter was forgotten. And then my brother began at the table, and said that he believed that it was Breuning's fault. I denied it on the spot, and said, 'It was *your* fault.' That, I think, was clear enough, that I did not impute the fault to Breuning. But he sprang up like a mad man, and said he would call up the master of the house. This to me unusual conduct, before all the men with whom I associate, quite discomposed me. I, too, sprung up, upset my chair, went off and did not return. This behavior moved Breuning to place me in such a beautiful light with you and the keeper of the house, and to send me a letter, which I answered only by silence. To Breuning I have no more to say. His mode of thinking and of action in regard to mine shows that a friendly relation never should have been formed between us, and certainly cannot continue."

A similar mood prevails in a later letter of Beethoven's to Ries, written July 24, 1804, at Baden, near Vienna. This letter contributes essentially to an understanding of his friend's and of his own character. Here Beethoven frankly confesses his own weaknesses, but does not acquit his friend entirely of all faults. In relation to the affair just mentioned he wrote to Ries, "Believe me, my flying into a passion was only an outbreak of many past unpleasant occurrences. I have the faculty of concealing and repressing my sensibility in a great many matters; but, if I happen to get excited at the time when I am more susceptible to anger, I explode more vehemently than anybody else. Breuning has certainly very excellent peculiarities; but he thinks himself free from all faults, and for the most part has those in the strongest degree which he believes he finds in other men. He has a spirit of littleness, which I have despised from childhood. My judgment almost prophesied the turn things have taken with Breuning, since our ways of thinking, acting, and feeling were too different. But I had believed that even these difficulties might be overcome. Experience has convinced me of the contrary. And now no friendship more! I have had but two friends in the world with whom I never had a misunderstanding; but what men! One is dead, the other lives yet. Although for six long years we neither of us have known any thing of the other, yet I know that I hold in his heart the first place, as he does in mine. The ground of friendship is the greatest similarity in the souls and hearts of men. I wish nothing but that you read my letter, and his to me. No, no longer will he maintain the place he did have in my heart."

He who can attribute to his friend such a low way of thinking, and who can allow himself so low a way of acting towards him, is not worthy of my friendship."

Scarcely a few months had passed after this letter, when Beethoven accidentally met Breuning. A full reconciliation took place instantly. Every hostile intention, however strongly he had expressed himself about it in the above letter, was entirely forgotten. Beethoven dedicated to him one of his sonatas, and dined with him daily in his before-mentioned lodgings in front of the Alster-Caserne.

Beethoven's irritability was frequently increased by an easily-excited suspiciousness, which had its foundation in his hardness of hearing. His most tried friends might be calumniated before him through any unknown person; for he was extremely credulous. To the suspected party he made no accusation. He asked no explanation of him, but he showed the deepest contempt for him upon the spot. Frequently one knew not how he stood with him, until the affair, for the most part accidental, cleared itself up. But then he sought to make good the wrong he had done as quickly as possible.

To his friends, so long as he had no suspicions against them, he was unalterably true. They could reckon in all trials upon his sympathy and aid. This amiable side of his character showed itself towards his friend and pupil, Ries, through a magnanimous intercession.

Soon after the march of the French army into Vienna, in the year 1805, Ries, who was born on the left bank of the Rhine, was summoned back by the French laws as a conscript. Whereupon Beethoven wrote a petition to the Princess von Lichtenstein, which, however, to his great indignation, was not delivered. This petition read, "Pardon me, most gracious princess, should you be disagreeably surprised, perchance, through the bearer of this. Poor Ries, my pupil, must in this unhappy war take the musket on his shoulder, and must, as a foreigner, in a few days go far from here. He has nothing, actually nothing, and must take a long journey. Under these circumstances, the opportunity of giving a concert is entirely cut off for him. He must take refuge in the beneficence of others. I commend him to you. I know you will pardon me this step. Only in the extremest need can a noble man resort to such means. In this confidence, I send the poor fellow to you, hoping that you may in some way ease his circumstances."

Even from this friend, for whom Beethoven interfered so actively, he was some years after separated by a misunderstanding fortunately soon healed. It was in the year 1809, that Beethoven received from Napoleon's brother Jerome, then King of West-

phalia, a call as kapell-meister at Cassel. His situation had become so unfavorable through the pressure of the war, that a place which would yield a definite income must have been desirable to him. In the contract, there was offered him a salary of six hundred ducats, beside free equipage. Nothing but his signature was wanting. By this call, the Archduke Rudolph and the Princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky were led to secure to the renowned composer a life annuity, on the sole condition that he remained in the imperial states.

Unexpectedly Ries received a visit from the Kapell-meister Reichardt, who told him that Beethoven had definitely declined the place of kapell-meister in Cassel. The question was, therefore, whether he, as Beethoven's pupil, would not perhaps go to Cassel for a smaller salary. Ries went straight to Beethoven to get more exact information about the matter, and to ask his advice. For three weeks long he was repulsed: even his letters were not answered. At length he met Beethoven upon a redoubt. He went up to him, and made him acquainted with his business. "Do you think," said Beethoven, in a cutting tone, "that you can fill a place which has been offered to me?" He remained cold and repulsive. The next morning, Ries went to Beethoven's dwelling, hoping to come to an understanding with him. His servant said he was not at home. But Ries heard him singing and playing in an adjoining room. He resolved, as the servant would not announce him, to go right in, but was pushed back before the door. Exceedingly provoked, Ries knocked the servant down. There Beethoven found him, as, disturbed by the noise, he rushed out of the room. Overwhelmed with reproaches by Ries, he could not find words for amazement. He stood motionless and staring. When the matter was explained, Beethoven said quietly, "I did not know that: I had been told that you sought to get the place behind my back." Ries assured him that he had not yet given any answer. And now Beethoven sought to repair the wrong. He took every pains to procure the place in question for his pupil, but without success, because it was too late.

It would have been advantageous for Ries, if the plan proposed by Beethoven of a common journey had been executed. Ries on that journey was to perform Beethoven's piano-forte concertos, as well as other compositions. Beethoven himself would direct and only improvise. In that way his performance was the most extraordinary that could be heard, particularly when he was in a good humor, or found himself in an excited mood. Few artists have reached the height at which he stood in this branch of the art. The wealth of his ideas, his variety of treatment, his mastery of difficulties which presented themselves or which he introduced, were inexhaustible. It was remarkable how his inspiration made

him utterly insensible to outward impressions. "One day," related Ries in his later years, "after the lesson was finished, we were talking about themes for figures. I was at the piano, and Beethoven sat near me. While I played the first figure theme out of Graun's "Tod Jesu," Beethoven began with the left hand to play it over after me; then he brought in the right also; and now he worked it up, without the slightest interruption, for about half an hour. It was incomprehensible to me, how he was able to hold out so long in that extremely inconvenient position." With an expression all his own, he played the rondo of his first concerto in C major, in which he brought in several doubled notes, to make it more brilliant. In general, he played his own compositions with a good deal of moodiness, but yet adhered for the most part to strict time, and took only occasionally, but seldom, a more rapid *tempo*. Sometimes in his *crescendo* he held back with a *ritardando*, and thus produced a very beautiful and striking effect. In playing, he gave now with the right, and now with the left hand, some beautiful and quite inimitable expression. But very rarely did he add notes or ornaments.

Without over-valuing himself, Beethoven was so little free from artist pride, that he easily lent a willing ear to a friend's suggestion, that the celebrated Clementi, who had been but a short time in Vienna, ought to pay him the first visit. So they only learned to know each other by sight, without coming into closer contact. It frequently happened that Clementi, with his pupil Klengel, and Beethoven with Ries, sat at one and the same table at dinner at "The Swan." They all knew one another; but neither spoke with the other, or so much as greeted him. The two pupils had to imitate their masters, since each was probably threatened with the loss of lessons. Ries, at all events, would have suffered that loss, since Beethoven never knew a middle course.

A deeper and more painful impression than this constraint, to which he had been obliged to submit himself, was left in Ries's memory by an incident in which the often-mentioned sensitiveness in Beethoven's character was manifested in a high degree. One day, when he played to his scholar his Sonata in C major, the latter was so delighted with the great andante in F major, then included in it, but which Beethoven afterwards separated from that sonata, and published as an independent piece, that he urged his teacher until he repeated it. On his way home, which led him past the house of Prince Lichnowsky, Ries went in to tell him of the new and splendid composition of Beethoven. He was earnestly entreated to play over all he recollected of the piece. As more and more of it recurred to him, the prince compelled him to repeat it once more; and the result was, that he also learned a part of it. In order to surprise Beethoven, the prince went to him the next

morning, and said he had composed something, which he thought was not so bad. In spite of Beethoven's distinct avowal that he did not wish to hear it, the prince sat down to the piano, and played, to Beethoven's astonishment, a large part of the *andante*; whereupon the composer was so angry, that he declared he would never play again if his pupil Ries were present. Many times he desired him to leave the room. One day when a little company, to which Beethoven and Ries belonged, breakfasted with Prince Lichnowsky at eight o'clock in the morning, after a concert in the Augarten, it was proposed to go over to Beethoven's house, to hear his as yet unperformed opera, "*Leonora*." Arrived there, Beethoven, in the most decided way, demanded that his scholar, Ries, should withdraw. Ries, with tears in his eyes, since the most pressing entreaties of all present were of no avail, complied. Prince Lichnowsky went after him, and begged him to wait in the anteroom, which the young man's sense of honor would not permit. As he afterwards learned, the prince had been provoked at Beethoven's conduct, had reproached him most severely, and reminded him that nothing but enthusiasm for his works had given occasion for the whole affair, and consequently to his wrath. But the representation had no effect, but to prevent Beethoven playing any more in company at all.

He was seized with a very melancholy mood at the thought of the cold reception of one of his master-works, the opera "*Fidelio*." He charged it to the cabals of the not small number of his enemies. But the time chosen for its production was exceedingly unfavorable, since the French troops had just then occupied (1805) the imperial city. All the friends of music, and the more wealthy portion of the population, had fled from Vienna. The theatre was filled mainly with French officers. What Beethoven's friend, Stephen von Breuning, said of the opera itself and its production, in a letter from Vienna, June 2, 1806, to his brother-in-law, Dr. Wegeler, in Coblenz, deserves a place here.

"I promised you," he writes, "so far as I remember, to tell you something of Beethoven's opera; and I will keep my promise. The music is the most beautiful and perfect one can hear. The subject is interesting. It represents the deliverance of a prisoner through the fidelity and courage of his wife. But, in spite of all that, nothing has caused Beethoven so much vexation as this work, whose worth the future only will appreciate. In the first place, the opera was given seven days after the entrance of the French troops, — a most unfavorable moment. Naturally the theatres were empty; and Beethoven, who at once remarked some imperfections in the handling of the text, withdrew the pieces after the third performance. When things had got back to their old order, he and I took it up again. I recast the entire libretto for him, so that

the action became more lively and more rapid. Beethoven shortened many pieces, and it was then brought out three times with the greatest applause. But now his enemies were active in the theatre; and since he had offended several persons, particularly in the second representation, they prevailed so far that the opera has not since been given. Already they had placed many difficulties in his way; and this one circumstance may serve as a proof of the rest: that at the second representation he did not succeed in getting the opera announced with the title changed to "*Fidelio*," as it is called in the French original, and as it has been printed since the alterations were made. Contrary to every promise, the first title, "*Leonora*," stood upon the show-bills. The cabal is the more unpleasant for Beethoven, since through the non-performance of the opera, out of whose receipts he was to be paid a per centage, he will recover himself the more slowly. The treatment he has suffered has destroyed a great part of his taste and love for the work. I, perhaps, have given him more joy than anybody, since, without his knowing it, both in November and in the performance at the end of March, I had a little poem printed and distributed through the theatre."

Beethoven's friends thought his opera would gain by curtailments. The progress of the action was too slow and dragging. Before the renewed performance in the year 1807, a meeting was held to take counsel on that matter. The circle was composed, besides the Prince and Princess Lichnowsky, who was a distinguished pianist, of the poet Von Collin and Stephen von Breuning (both of whom had already spoken about shortening the opera), the tenor Röck, the basso Meyer, and lastly Beethoven himself, who at the outset defended every bar. With his excitable nature, his rage knew no bounds, when a general opinion was expressed that whole pieces must come out. The aria of Pizarro had its peculiar difficulties for the singer, which Beethoven felt himself finally, and promised to compose a new aria. Prince Lichnowsky at length carried him so far that he consented to have several single pieces left out, but only by way of experiment, in the next performance, since they had failed once to produce effect: they could afterwards be re-inserted or used elsewhere. Beethoven yielded after long persuasion; but the crossed-out pieces, among which were a duet in 9-8 time for two sopranos, and a terzet in 3-4 time, were never sung again upon the stage.

Greatly occupied and in often changing humor, Beethoven had for a long time discontinued his correspondence with his early friend, Dr. Wegeler, in Coblenz. It was the 2d of May, 1810, when he again gave him some account of his situation. In the opening of his letter, written in no cheerful mood, he excused himself for his long silence. "My good old friend," wrote Beethoven,

"I can almost think my lines will cause you some astonishment. And yet, although you have had no proofs in writing, I still hold you always in the liveliest remembrance. For a couple of years past, all still and quiet life has ceased with me. And yet I have formed no conclusion therefor, perhaps rather the contrary. Who can escape the influence of the outward storms? Yet I were happy, perhaps one of the happiest of men, had not the demon taken up his abode in my ears. Had I not read somewhere that a man ought not voluntarily to depart from this life so long as he can yet do one good deed, I long since should have been no more, and that through myself. O how beautiful is life! For me, however, it is forever poisoned!"

The motive of the request contained in this letter, to send him his certificate of baptism, is obscure. "Whatever expenses there may be," he wrote, "as Stephen von Breuning has an account with you, you can be made good at once, since I will pay him all here immediately. Should you yourself think it worth the pains to investigate the matter, and should you be pleased to make the journey to Bonn, charge all to me. One thing is to be considered, namely, that there was still a brother of earlier birth before me, who likewise was called Ludwig, but with the addition of Maria, but who is dead. To determine my precise age, this also must be found; since I know well enough that an error in regard to it has arisen through others, they making me out older than I was. Alas! I have lived a good while without knowing how old I am. I had a stranger's register, but it is lost. Do not be offended if I commend this matter to you very warmly, namely, to find out the Ludwig Maria, and the present Ludwig, who came after him. The sooner you send me the baptismal certificate, the greater my obligation."

In striking contrast with this letter, in which Beethoven's discontent and weariness of life had risen to a purpose of self-murder, from which only his moral sentiment restrained him, was one written about three months later (Aug. 11, 1810). With enthusiasm Beethoven described in this letter the impression of a visit, with which Bettina, the sister of the poet Clemens Brentano, and afterwards wife of the writer Achim von Arnim, had not long before surprised him.

"No spring was ever fairer than this year's," wrote Beethoven. "That say I, dearest Bettina; and I feel it, too, since I have made your acquaintance. You must have seen that in company I am like a frog on the sand: he waltzes round, and cannot get away, until some benevolent Galatea tosses him again into the great sea. Yes, I was really high and dry, dearest Bettina. I was surprised by you in a moment when despondency was wholly master of me. But verily it vanished at the sight of you. I would have it that you were of another world, and not of this absurd one, to which

one cannot, with the best will, open his ears. I am a wretched man, and mourn over others! This you will pardon me with your good heart, which looks out of your eyes, and your understanding, which lies in your ears. At least, your ears know how to flatter when they listen. My ears, alas! are a partition wall, through which I cannot easily have any friendly communication with men. Otherwise, perhaps, I should have confided more to you. As it was, I could only understand the great wise look of your eyes; and that has assured me I shall never more forget it. Dear Bettina! Dearest girl! Art! Who understands it? with whom can one speak about this great goddess? How dear to me are the few days when we chatted together, or rather corresponded! I have kept all the little cards on which your clever, your dear, dearest answers stand. And so I have to thank my bad eyes, that the best part of those flying conversations were written down. Since you have been away, I have had painful hours, shadow hours, in which one can do nothing. I ran round, indeed, at three o'clock in the alley at Schönbrunn, and on the ramparts after you were gone. But no angel met me there who would have exorcised me like *thee*, angel. Pardon, dearest Bettina, this departure from the key. Such intervals I must have, to air my heart. And you have written to Göthe about me, — is it not true? Oh that I might stick my head into a bag, where I could hear and see nothing of all that is going on in the world, because, dearest angel, I shall not meet thee in it. But then I shall receive a letter from you? Hope nourishes me: she nourishes all the world, and I have her for a neighbor all my life. Else what would have become of me! I send here, written with my own hand, '*Kennst du das Land,*' &c., as a memorial of the hour when I first learned to know you. I send also the other song, which I have composed since I took leave of thee, dear, dearest heart: —

Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben,
Was bedrängt dich so sehr?
Welch ein fremdes, neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr.

“Yes dear Bettina, you must answer me that. Write me what the matter is (*was es geben soll*) with me, since my heart has become such a rebel.”

The impression which the talented Bettina had made upon Beethoven, and especially upon his heart, lasted a long time. On the 11th February, 1811, he wrote, “I have now two letters from you, dear Bettina. Your first letter I have carried about with me the whole summer, and it has often made me happy. If I do not write to you so often, and you see nothing of me, yet I write you a thousand times a thousand letters in my thoughts. How you are situated there amongst the world’s rabble in Berlin. I could not

conceive if I had not read it from you. A great deal of twaddle about art, without deeds. The best description of that is found in Schiller's epigram, 'The Rivers,' where the Spree speaks."

In congratulating his friend on her approaching marriage, Beethoven adds a reflection on his own condition. "You marry, dear Bettina, or it is already done. I have not seen you once before. Then to you and to your husband flow all the happiness with which wedlock blesses the wedded! What shall I tell you of myself? 'Lament my fate!' I exclaim with Schiller's Joan. If I can only rescue a few more years of life, I will thank the Highest, the All-in-himself-including, therefor, as for all weal or woe. If you write of me to Göthe, seek out all the words which can express to him my inmost reverence and admiration. I am just thinking of writing to him myself, on account of the "Egmont," to which I have set music, and indeed purely out of love for his poems, which make me happy. Who can think enough of a great poet, the precious jewel of his nation? But no more now, dear, good Bettina. I came home this morning about four o'clock from a bacchanalian party, where I was forced to laugh a great deal, only to weep as much almost to-day. Intoxicating joy often drives me violently back upon myself. I kiss thee on thy forehead, dear Bettina, and impress therewith, as with a seal, all my thoughts for thee."

In a later letter to Bettina, Beethoven placed artistic worth higher than rank, titles, and other outward distinctions. He had been led to these reflections by his meeting with Göthe in Teplitz. He wrote from there to Bettina in August, 1812, "Kings and princes can indeed make professors and privy councillors, and hang about them titles and orders; but they cannot make great men, — minds which stand out above the common rabble. That they must let alone; and they must hold us in respect when two such come together as I and Göthe. Then even Majesty must mark what can pass for great with one of us. Yesterday, on the way home, we met the whole imperial family. We saw them coming from a distance; and Göthe made himself free from my side, to place himself on the side of the walk. Say what I would, I could not bring him a step further! I pressed my hat upon my head, buttoned my overcoat, and went with arms down through the thickest of the crowd. Princes and courtiers opened to right and left. Duke Rudolph took off his hat: the lady empress greeted me first. The dignitaries knew me. I saw, to my true amusement, the procession defile past Göthe. He stood, hat in hand, profoundly bowing, at the side. Then I took him to task. I gave him no pardon; and I reproached him with all his sins, especially those against you, dearest Bettina! We had just been speaking of you. God! could I have had as much time with you

as he, believe me I would have produced more, much more, that is great. A musician is also a poet: he can feel himself suddenly transported by a pair of eyes into a fairer world, where grander spirits play with him, and move to noble plans. What thoughts came into my head when I first learned to know thee, on the observatory here during the splendid May-shower! It was a right, fruitful one for me too. The most beautiful themes slipped from your looks into my heart, which were one day to ravish the world, when Beethoven should no more direct. God grant me yet a couple of years, for I must see thee again, dear Bettina! So demands the voice which always carries the point in me. Spirits, too, can love one another: I shall always woo yours. Your approbation is the dearest thing in the world to me. I have told Göthe my opinion, — how applause operates on one of us, and that one wants to be heard with the understanding by one's equals. Emotion is only fit for ladies, — pardon me. With a man, music must strike fire out of his soul. Ah, dearest child! how long it is already that we have been of one opinion about every thing! Nothing is good but to have a beautiful, good soul, whom one recognizes in all things, and before whom one need not hide oneself. One must be something if one would *appear* something: the world must recognize a person; it is not always unjust. That, to be sure, is of no concern to me, since I have a higher aim. The Duke of Weimar and Göthe wished that I would perform some of my music. I refused both. I do not play to their perverse whims. I do not make absurd stuff at the common expense, with princely ones, who never discharge *that* sort of debts. Thy last letter, dear Bettina, lay a whole night on my heart, and there quickened me. Musicians take *all* liberties."

Such blissful moments were his compensation for many a bitter experience. Nothing so stirred up his sense of justice as to find himself deceived in the character of a man with whom he had long stood in friendly relations. The lawsuit, in which he became involved with a brother artist, the court mechanic, Maelzel, in Vienna, ended in a sort of compromise, whereby Beethoven let the case drop, but was obliged to pay half the costs. Beethoven's master-work,* "The Battle of Vittoria," which was to be performed during the Vienna Congress, in the year 1814, was the occasion of this controversy, about which Beethoven expressed himself at length in a deposition prepared for his counsel, Dr. von Aldersburg.

"I had written for Maelzel," he says, "at my own suggestion, and without reward, a battle symphony for his Panharmonica. After he had had this a while, he brought me the score, from which he had already begun to engrave, and wished it arranged for full orchestra. I had before then conceived the idea of a battle-music, which,

however, was not applicable to his Panharmonica. We agreed to give this and other works of mine in a concert for the benefit of the soldiers. In the mean time, I was in the most terrible pecuniary embarrassment. Forsaken by the whole world here in Vienna, in expectation of a change, &c., Maelzel offered me fifty ducats. I took them, and told him that I would return them to him here, or give him the work to take to London in case I did not make the journey with him; in which latter case, I would introduce him to an English publisher, who would pay him the fifty ducats. The concerts were approaching; and now for the first time Herr Maelzel's plan and character developed themselves. Without my consent, he had printed on the handbills that it was *his* property. Provoked at this, I made him tear down the bills again. Then he put on, 'Out of friendship, on occasion of his journey to London.' This I permitted, since I reserved to myself the liberty of choosing under what conditions I would give him the work. I remember there was a vehement contest during the printing of the bills. But I had not much time, and was still writing on my work. In the fire of inspiration, wholly absorbed in it, I scarcely thought of Maelzel more. Meanwhile, just after the first performance in the hall of the University, I was told on all sides, and by reliable men, that Maelzel had everywhere reported that he had lent me four hundred ducats in gold. Immediately after the first concert, I gave back to Maelzel his fifty ducats, told him, that, since I had found out his character, I would not travel with him, being justly indignant that he, without asking me, had stated in the bills that all the arrangements for the concert had been thwarted; and even that his bad patriotic character had manifested itself in several public expressions. I declared that I would not give him the work to take with him to London, except on conditions which I would make known to him. He now maintained that it was a *gift of friendship*, and had this expression put into the newspaper after the second concert, without asking me at all. As Maelzel is a coarse man, wholly without education, without culture, one can imagine how he behaved towards me during this time, and how he more and more provoked me. Who would make such a man a friendly present on compulsion? An opportunity occurred for me to send the work to the Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV. of England. So it was not possible for me to give him this work unconditionally. Maelzel now made proposals. He was told on what day he should appear, to receive an answer: but he came not; he travelled abroad, and had the work performed in Munich. How came he by it? Stealing was not possible. Herr Maelzel had some of the separate parts for some days at his house; and from these he got some low musical hack to put together a whole, which he is now peddling about the world. Herr Maelzel had

promised me machines to help my hearing. To stimulate him, I arranged 'The Battle Symphony' for his Panharmonica. His machines finally came to hand, but were not of sufficient use to me. For this little trouble, Herr Maelzel thought, after I had composed 'The Triumphal Symphony' for grand orchestra, that I should compose the 'Battle' in addition, and make him the exclusive owner of the work. Admitting that I felt under some obligations to him for the hearing-machines, yet this is cancelled by the fact that he earned at least five hundred florins in Convention coin with the 'Battle' stolen from me, or put together in a mutilated form. So he has made himself good. He even had the effrontery here to say that he had the 'Battle;' nay, he showed it to several men in writing. But I did not believe it, and was so far right; since the whole was not by me, but put together by another. Besides, the honor, which he ascribed to himself alone, might in itself pass for compensation. The Councillor of War did not mention me; and yet all the music of which the two concerts consisted was by me."

Beethoven's uneasiness about such a dishonest proceeding led him, in a letter composed about the same time, July 25, 1814, to acquaint the musicians in London with the matter, and to warn the English public of a fraud in the highest degree injurious to him and his artistic reputation. He wrote, "Herr Maelzel, who is at present in London, has on his journey thither brought out in Munich my triumphal symphonies, and Wellington's 'Battle at Vittoria,' and will, in all probability, give musical concerts with the same, as he had a mind to do in Frankfort. This leads me publicly to declare that I have never, and in no way, ceded or made over the said works to Herr Maelzel; that no one possesses a copy of them; and that I have sent the only one with which I ever parted to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent of England. The performance of these works, therefore, by Herr Maelzel is either a fraud upon the public, since, by the above explanation, he does not possess these works, or, if he does possess them, an injury to me, since he has got hold of them in an unlawful way. But, even in the latter case, the public will be deceived: for what Herr Maelzel brings out under the title, 'Wellington's Battle at Vittoria, and Triumphal Symphony' must plainly be a spurious or a mutilated work; since, of these two works of mine, he never received any thing from me except a single part for a couple of days. This suspicion becomes certainty when I add the assurance of the musicians here, whose names I am authorized, if need be, to make public, that Herr Maelzel, on his departure from Vienna, informed them that he possessed these works, and that he had shown them parts (voices) of them, which, as I have already shown, could only be mutilated, and not genuine. Whether Herr Maelzel is capable of such a wrong to me is answered by the fact, that he announced

himself alone in the public prints, without the mention of my name, as the undertaker of my concerts, which took place here in Vienna for the benefit of those wounded in the war, when only my works were performed. Therefore I exhort the musicians of London not to suffer such a wrong to me, their brother artist, as the performance there by Herr Maelzel of the 'Battle of Vittoria' and 'The Triumphal Symphony,' and to prevent the London public from being deceived by him in the way now charged."

In September, 1814, at the time of the Vienna Congress, these works, which had caused the composer so much vexation, were performed with great acceptance. Beethoven saw himself honored by many a distinction. The Empress of Russia made him a present of two hundred ducats. A musical society in England sent him a costly piano-forte, made by one of the first artists there. The magistrates at Vienna conferred on him the honorary right of citizenship, and the Society of Friends of Music in the Austrian empire made him an honorary member. Similar honors were extended to him by the Philharmonic Society at Laibach, as well as by the musical academies in Amsterdam and Stockholm.

So much the more was he surprised by the apparently indifferent reception of the "Battle of Vittoria," on the part of the Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV. of England. As we have already mentioned, Beethoven had sent the score of his work, with an inscription, to this prince, through the Austrian ambassador. For a long time he heard nothing of it, except that the "Battle of Vittoria" had been performed with great acceptance several evenings in succession in the Drury Lane Theatre. Then he sent, enclosed to his friend and pupil Ries, a letter in his own hand to King George IV., with directions to deliver it in person. But this method had its great difficulties, inasmuch as only persons of the highest rank, and only the select of these, were presented to the king. The very look of the letter was enough to frighten one; although Beethoven, whose handwriting was for the most part illegible, may have tried to write more fairly and distinctly. Ries turned to the secretary of the Austrian legation, Herr von Bauer. But he replied he could not possibly in his position hand the letter to the king; but he would try to have it reach the monarch's hand through some private person. This attempt, however, remained fruitless. Through a page, who was very fond of Beethoven's compositions, the letter was indeed handed to the king; but no gift, nor word of thanks, resulted. Of this, Beethoven often bitterly complained; and this led him one day, in a letter to Ries, to make use of the humorous expression; "The king might at least have honored me with a butcher's knife or a turtle." Probably Beethoven had heard that the king was a gourmand: hence this allusion.

In striking contrast with this cold reception of one of his most eminent works, stands the memorable distinction shown him at an earlier period (179-) by a German prince. He never could forget his reception at the court of the King of Prussia, Frederick William II. In Berlin, Beethoven composed and played two sonatas with violoncello obligato, one of them for the first violinist of the king, Duport. On taking leave, he received a golden snuff-box filled with Louis-d'ors. With satisfaction he declared that it was no common box, but such an one as was given to ambassadors. Of the Kappell-meister Himmell, with whom he had much intercourse during his stay in Berlin, Beethoven said, "He possesses a very clever talent, and his piano-playing is elegant and pleasing; but he stands far below Prince Louis Ferdinand in this respect." To the latter, Beethoven thought to pay a great compliment, when he told him that he played not in a kingly or princely manner, but like a clever pianist. The friendly relation between Beethoven and Himmell, however, was of short duration. Himmell was weak enough to enter into a competition with Beethoven in improvising upon the piano. Beethoven, after listening to him for some time, offended him by saying, "You prelude a great while: when are you going to begin?" Himmell's vanity could never quite get over this wound; and there was ever after a coldness between him and Beethoven, in spite of an apparent reconciliation.

Regard for outward conventions, even where their demands seemed unconditional, was a thing impossible for Beethoven. Whatever belonged to etiquette, he had never known and would not know. His conduct often caused no little embarrassment in the immediate circle of the Archduke Rudolph. When he was instructed about the formalities which he had to observe, he promised to do better; but it always ended with a promise. One day, when they tutored him again, as he called it, he rushed in a state of extreme indignation to the archduke, and declared unequivocally, that he cherished the deepest reverence for him and his person, but that strict observance of the prescriptions which they gave him daily was, once for all, no business of his. The archduke smiled good-naturedly, and gave orders that thenceforth they should let him go his own way undisturbed: there was no help for it.

One of Beethoven's manifold peculiarities was his frequent change of lodgings. In the beginning of spring, he went regularly into the country, and did not return to the city until late in autumn. When he composed his opera "*Leonora*," he had for a whole year free lodgings in the theatre upon the Wieden. But this habitation did not content him long. He hired rooms at the same time in the Red House, so called, on the Alster-Caserne, where his friend Stephen von Breuning also lived. When summer came,

he engaged a country residence in Döbling. After his return to the city, a quarrel with Breuning, before mentioned, led him to hire lodgings in the fourth story of the house of Baron Pasquillati, on the Mölker ramparts, commanding a very beautiful prospect. Thus he had four dwelling-places at a time. From the last he moved out several times, but always came back again; so that the Baron Pasquillati used good-humoredly to say, when Beethoven moved out, "The rooms shall not be let: Beethoven is coming back."

The natural consequence of this frequent change of residence was, that not a little time was consumed in the transportation of his chattels back and forth, before any order was restored among them, especially among his papers. To his own manuscript works, Beethoven attached little value. They lay for the most part, after they were once engraved, in an adjoining room, or on the floor in the middle of the room, with other music. Scarcely put in order, his papers, if he looked for any thing, flew into confusion again. Beethoven's dwelling betrayed no especial expensiveness; he had no fondness for it, even in his dress, although it was always neat, and he wore particularly fine linen. Of luxury and splendor of any sort, he was no friend; and in his demeanor, from youth up, he was awkward and ungainly. As his friend Ries said, Beethoven seldom took any thing into his hand that did not fall or break. Many a time did he upset his inkstand into his piano, which stood near the writing-desk. Ries adds, "How Beethoven contrived to shave himself, it is hard to conceive, unless one considered the frequent cuts upon his cheeks." He was utterly unsuited for the care of economical matters. In an already-mentioned letter of an earlier period, 1801, to the Kapell-meister Hofmeister in Leipsig, Beethoven himself confessed that he was any thing but an accountant. For that reason, his life and his own housekeeping were more expensive for him than for anybody else, notwithstanding that he denied himself almost every convenience. But he seldom complained of it, and did not willingly accept aid from friends who knew his situation.

He was particularly straitened through the depreciation of paper-money. This he confessed in a letter to his friend Ries, which, at the same time, affords valid proof of how Beethoven's kind-heartedness, in spite of his embarrassments, was quite unable to withhold a helping hand from others. In that letter (Nov. 22, 1815), he confessed, "I have lost six hundred florins yearly on my salary. At the time of the bank-notes it was nothing. Then came the redemption bonds; and by them I lost these six hundred florins. We are now at the point where the bonds are worse than ever the bank-notes were. I pay one thousand florins house-rent. Imagine the distress which this paper-money occasions. My poor

unhappy brother Carl has just died. He had a bad wife. I can say he had for some years consumption of the lungs; and I can safely reckon what I gave him to make life easier to him at ten thousand florins, Vienna currency. That, now, for an Englishman indeed is not much; but for a poor German, much more an Austrian, it is a great deal. The poor fellow had altered a good deal in his last years. From my heart I lament him; and I rejoice to be able to say to myself, that I have in nothing fallen short of my duty in regard to his support."

While the death of his brother, as Beethoven confessed in a letter to Ries, Feb, 18, 1816, "worked deeply on his mind and on his works," he experienced a new and not less sensible loss. His countryman, the before-mentioned famous violinist Salomon, born like himself in Bonn, died in London, where he had lived many years, on the 25th of November, 1815. As a member of the Philharmonic Society, he had been of great service in diffusing there a taste for Haydn's music, and also in regard to Beethoven, whose compositions, especially his symphonies, he had brought out in several public concerts. In a letter of the 28th of February, 1816, to Ries, who was then in London, Beethoven said, "Salomon's death pains me much, since he was a noble man, whom I remember from my childhood. You have become his executor, and I at the same time guardian of the child of my poor dead brother. You will hardly have had as much annoyance as I have from this death. But there remains to me the sweet consolation of having rescued a poor innocent child from the hands of an unworthy mother."

The straitened condition in which he then was, and which he has described in a foregoing letter, was ill calculated to put Beethoven in a cheerful humor, to say nothing of the oft-returning attacks of sickness which robbed him of it. He often found himself in pecuniary trouble. "Of the ten ducats," he wrote on the 8th of March, 1816, to Ries in London, "not a farthing has arrived as yet; and I begin already to believe that the English, too, are only generous abroad. So I found it with the Prince Regent, from whom I have never even received the cost of copying for my *Battle of Vittoria*," — nay, not even a word of written or of oral thanks. My income amounts to thirty-four thousand in paper. I pay eleven hundred for house-rent; my servant with his wife costs me nine hundred florins: you can reckon what remains. Besides, I have my little nephew wholly to provide for. Until now, he is at the Institute: that costs me as much as eleven hundred florins, and a bad arrangement at that; so that I shall have to commence regular housekeeping, and take him home with me. How much one has to earn, merely to be able to live here! And yet there is no end of it, for — for — for — you know already. Then, too, my

dear pupil Ries must set himself to work and dedicate something clever to me; to which the master must respond, and offset like with like." Beethoven closed his letter with the words, "All that is beautiful to your wife; alas! I have none. I have found but one, and her I never shall possess; but I am no woman-hater, for all that."

That Beethoven never was without a tender passion, and for the most part deeply smitten by it, appears from the unanimous testimony of his friends. The first object of his youthful inclinations was a young lady of Cologne, Jeanette D'Honrath, who often passed some weeks in the Von Breuning family in Bonn. She was a handsome, lively blonde, of agreeable culture, who took a lively interest in music, and sang quite gracefully. Her favored lover, and afterwards husband, was an Austrian officer in Cologne, by the name of Carl Grath, who died as field-marshal-lieutenant and commandant of Temeswar on the 15th of October, 1827. After this, by a sort of Werther's love, Beethoven was for some time enchained to a Fraulien von W——, also distinguished by her beauty and her culture. In Vienna also he had formed several love relations, and sometimes made conquests which would have been difficult, if not impossible, to many an Adonis. Even in his later years, he liked very well to look upon beautiful young faces. When he met a charming maiden in the street, he turned round, surveyed her sharply through his glass, and smiled when he saw that any one observed it. But his loves were only of short duration. He openly confessed once to his friend Ries, who joked him on the conquest of a beautiful lady, that she had enchained him the most deeply and the longest, — seven full months.

"One evening," says Ries at a later period, — "I went to Beethoven at Baden, near Vienna, where he often stopped, in order to continue my lessons. There I found a handsome young lady, sitting by him on the sofa. As it seemed to me that I came *mal-a-propos*, I was on the point of instantly retiring; but Beethoven held me back and said, "Play a little while." He and the lady remained sitting behind me. I had already played a long while, when Beethoven suddenly exclaimed, 'Ries, play something that has love in it!' Then again soon, 'Something melancholy!' Then, 'Something passionate!' and so on. From what I heard, I could conclude that he had perhaps offended the lady in some way, and now wanted to make it right by humors. Finally he sprang up and cried, 'Those are mere things of mine!' I had, to be sure, always played movements out of his own works, strung together merely by some short transitions, which, however, seemed to have caused him satisfaction. The lady went away; and Beethoven, to my great astonishment, did not know who she was. I then heard that she had come in just before me, in order to make Beethoven's

acquaintance. We soon followed after her, to ascertain her residence, and thereby afterwards her rank. We saw her still in the distance, since it was bright moonlight; but suddenly she vanished. We kept on walking and conversing upon various matters for about an hour and a half in the beautiful vale adjoining. As we went away, Beethoven said, 'I must contrive to find out who she is, and you must help me.' Long afterwards I met her in Vienna; and I now discovered that she was the loved one of a foreign prince. I imparted my information to Beethoven, but have never, either from him or from any one else, heard any thing more about her."

With these rapid changes of his feelings and outward impressions, Beethoven's absent-mindedness and forgetfulness were naturally connected. For some variations in a major on a Russian air, he had received from Count Browne in Vienna a present of a fine saddle-horse. He rode it a few times, but soon forgot all about his fodder. Beethoven's servant, soon observing this, used his master's forgetfulness for his own profit. He let out the horse, but for a long time handed in no accounts for fodder, so as not to awaken his master's attention. At last, Beethoven received all at once a large bill, which suddenly recalled to his memory his horse and his own negligence. In many other cases, Beethoven's distraction showed itself. When the charms of nature, which he loved from his youth up, enticed him into the open air, he forgot, to the great distress of his hired housekeeper, to return at meal-time. He ate in any chance eating-house, while many a friend, whom he had invited to dine with him, vainly awaited his return. It often happened, when he sat down upon the grass, that he got up suddenly, and hastened on, without remarking that he had left his hat lying on the ground. Not seldom did it occur, that, after staying out a long time in the most frightful weather, he came home shivering and bareheaded, with the rain dripping from his gray hair.

The realm of tones snatched Beethoven in his last years almost entirely from the actual world, from which his nearly total loss of hearing separated him. He shrank back into solitude, declining almost every invitation, lest he should be, through his deafness, burdensome to others. With this tender sparing of others, there was united in Beethoven a citizen-of-the-world sense of freedom which would brook no restraint. Without regard to consequences, when he appeared in public places, he expressed his opinion freely and plainly, not seldom very sarcastically, about the government, about the police, about the manners of the great, &c. Everybody understood this in Vienna, and indulged him, whether on the score of eccentricity or out of reverence for his genius. Hence Beethoven frequently maintained, that "Nowhere can one speak more freely than in Vienna." His ideal of a constitution was the Eng-

lish. By that he tried every political manifestation. But he knew very well how much he and his works were prized in England.

He had an unmistakable proof of that in 1817, when the Philharmonic Society in London invited him to come there and to compose some grand symphonies. Beethoven was compelled by his sickness and by other circumstances to give up this journey. But the lively interest he took in the idea for a long time appears in the correspondence which he had about it with his friend and pupil, Ries, who had for some years lived in London. From the fact, too, that it sheds some light upon Beethoven's otherwise not very favorable situation, this correspondence is not without interest.

Beethoven wrote to Ries from Vienna on the 9th of July, 1817, "The commissions sent me in your last letter are very flattering. From this you will see how highly I esteem them. Were it not for my unlucky infirmity, which makes me require much more nursing and expense, especially upon a journey and in a foreign land, I should accept *unconditionally* the proposal of the Philharmonic Society. But place yourself in my position. Consider how many more hinderances I have to contend with than any other artist, and then judge whether my requirements are unreasonable. Here they are; and I beg you to communicate them personally to the gentlemen directors of the Philharmonic Society: 1. I will be in London in the first half of the month of January, 1818, by the latest. 2. The two grand symphonies, entirely new, shall then be ready, and shall remain the property of the Society alone. 3. The Society gives me 300 guineas for them, and 100 guineas for travelling expenses, which, however, will come much higher in my case, since it will be indispensable that I take a companion with me. 4. Since I begin immediately to work upon the composition of these grand symphonies, the Society (on the receipt of my draft) will send me here the sum of 150 guineas, so that I may provide a carriage and other preparations for the journey without delay. 5. The conditions with regard to not appearing in any other orchestra, to not directing, and to giving the preference to the society, other things being equal, are accepted by me, and would, by my love of honor, have been understood as a matter of course. I must hope for the countenance of the Society in initiating and furthering one or more (according to circumstances) benefit concerts for me. The especial friendship of some of the directors of your estimable Réunion, as well as the kind interest of all artists in my works, is to me a pledge of that, and spurs me on so much the more to realize their expectations. 7. Moreover, I wish to have the acceptance or ratification of the above drawn up in the English language, signed by three directors in the name of the Society." In a postscript to this letter, he adds, "I have purposely used another's hand in this letter, in order that you may be

better able to read it all, and lay it before the Society. Of your friendly sentiment towards me I am convinced, and hope that the Philharmonic Society will accept my proposal. You may be assured that I will use all my power to execute the honorable commission of so select a Society in the most worthy manner." In the same postscript, Beethoven inquired how strong the orchestra would be? how many violins, &c.? with one or with two proportions of brass? Is the hall large or resonant? &c.

Beethoven unfortunately was obliged to postpone the intended journey. "In spite of my wishes," he wrote to Ries on the 5th of March, 1818, "it was not possible for me to come this year to London. I beg you to say to the Philharmonic Society, that my feeble health prevented me. I hope, however, to be this spring perhaps entirely cured, and then to avail myself early in the autumn of the commission from the Society, and fulfil all the conditions of the same."

The following passage in this letter affords a deep insight into Beethoven's situation, which, according to his own statements, must have been very oppressive. "I wish," he says to Ries, "that your fortunes may improve daily. Alas! I cannot say that of myself. I cannot see another starve: I must give. So you can imagine what and how I suffer. Write to me very soon, I beg you. If it is in any way possible, I will get away from here early, to escape my utter ruin, and so reach London at the latest in the winter. I know that you will stand by an unfortunate friend. Had I been in the possession of my strength, and had I not been here, as always, bound by circumstances, I surely should have done far more for you."

Over a year had passed, when Beethoven, in a letter to Ries (April 3, 1819), saw himself obliged once more to announce, that for the present he could not possibly come to London, since he was entangled in so many circumstances. "But God will certainly," he added, "aid me to come to London next winter, when I will bring with me the new symphonies. I expect very soon the text for a new oratorio, which I write here for the Musical Society, and which perhaps will also serve us in London. Do what you can for me, for I need it. Orders from the Philharmonic Society would have been very welcome. The accounts which Neate has sent me from London about the almost total failure of the three overtures distressed me. Here each of them in its way, not only pleased, but those in E flat and C major made a really great impression. The fate of these compositions with the Philharmonic Society is incomprehensible to me. You will already have received the arranged quintette and the sonata. Have both these works, especially the quintette, engraved at once. With the sonata, there is less need of haste; yet I should like to have it appear

within at least two, or at the most, three months. Your earlier letter, of which you speak, I did not receive: hence I did not hesitate to sell these two works here also; that is to say, merely for Germany. Meanwhile, it will take three months before the sonata appears here. But do make haste with the quintette. As soon as you remit me the money here, I will send you, for the publisher, a certificate as proprietor of these works for England, Scotland, Ireland, France, &c."

About a fortnight later, on the 18th of April, 1819, Ries received from his old friend and teacher a very discontented letter: "It is incomprehensible to me," wrote Beethoven, "how so many errors could occur in the copy of the sonata. The incorrect copying may have arisen from the fact that I no longer have a copyist of my own. Circumstances have brought all this about; and God must better it, until there comes a different state of things. This has lasted now a whole year. It is frightful how this thing has gone on, and what has become of my material; and yet no man can say what will come of it, until the promised year is passed. Should the sonata not suit London, I could send another, or you could leave out the largo, and begin at once with the fugue in the last piece. I leave it to your discretion. The sonata has been written in depressing circumstances; for it is hard to write almost for bread's sake. To this, then, have I come! To go to London were certainly the sole salvation for me, to free me from this wretched, irksome situation, in which I never can be well, and never do the work I could in better circumstances." In a later letter (25th May, 1819), Beethoven confessed, "I was confined by cares, as never before in my life, and that by excessive kindness towards other men."

Beethoven excused his long silence in a letter of the 6th of April, 1822, with the confession that he had been sick again for more than a whole year. "Still," he wrote, "I cherish the thought of coming yet to London, if only my health permit, perhaps next spring. You would find in me, dear Ries, the true appreciator of my dear scholar, now great master; and who knows what new good thing for art may yet spring up in union with you. I am, as always, given up entirely to my Muse, and find in that alone the happiness of my life."

In this same letter, Beethoven mentioned a grand mass (*Missa Solemnis*) which he had not long before written. To his inquiry to Ries, whether something might not be made of it in London, he had received no answer. Accordingly he turned (in a letter of the 26th of July, 1822) to the music-dealer Peters, in Leipzig, the head of the Bureau de Musique there. "I hereby inform you," he wrote, "that I will give you the mass, together with the piano-forte arrangement, for the sum of 1,000 florins in Convention coin."

By the end of July, you will receive this work, well written off in score: perhaps a few days earlier or later, since I am always very busy, and have been sick now for five months. But, since one has to go through a work very attentively when it is going to a distance, it becomes a slow operation with me. The competition for my works is at present very strong; for which I thank the Almighty, for I have also lost much. Besides, I am foster-father to my brother's helpless child. As this boy of fifteen shows so much talent for the sciences, it not only costs a great deal for the instruction and support of my nephew, but his future must be thought of, since we are neither Indians nor Iroquois, who leave all to the dear God; and it is a sad life, that of a *pauper*. In relation to one expression in your letter, I assure you on my honor that it has always been my principle never to offer myself to any publisher; not out of pride, but because I like to see how far the domain of my little talent reaches."

On the 3d of August, 1822, Beethoven wrote to Peters in Leipzig, "I have already told you of my not yet being wholly restored to health. I require baths, as also mineral water, and medicine besides. Hence things are somewhat deranged with me, the more so, that I must still write. Corrections, too, consume time. In regard to the songs and the other marches and little things, I am not yet decided on the selection; but all may be ready to send by the 15th of this month. I wait for your directions, and will make no use of your remittance. So soon as I know that the price for the mass and for the other works is here, all can be delivered by the 15th of this month. But, after the 15th, I must go to a mineral bath which is in this neighborhood. Hence it is important for me to avoid all business for a while.

About his physical condition, Beethoven wrote some three months later, on the 22d of November, 1822, "My health is not, indeed, fully restored by my baths; but, on the whole, I have gained. I had one special evil here, which was hard to overcome: another person had sought me out a dwelling-place which did not suit me; and this put back my business not a little, since one never can get on well so."

A letter of Beethoven to Peters in Leipzig (20th December, 1822) contains the confession: "It is impossible for me in all cases to make a percentage arrangement. I find it very hard to reckon in that way oftener than is absolutely necessary. Besides, my situation is not so brilliant as you suppose. I am not in a condition to give an immediate hearing to all orders. There are too many of them; and there are many things which cannot be refused. Not always does the thing required accord with the author's wish. Were not my income wholly *without* income, I would write nothing but grand symphonies, church music, at the least quintettes."

With the expressions in this letter, another of the same date, to his friend Ries in London, harmonizes. "With satisfaction," he writes, "I accept the commission to write a new symphony for the Philharmonic Society. If the compensation from the English cannot be compared with other nations, I would write even gratis for the first artists of Europe, if I were not always the poor Beethoven. If I were only in London, what great things would I not write for the Philharmonic Society! For Beethoven, thank God! I can write, if nothing else in the world. If God only gives me back my health again, which has improved, to say the least, then I can execute orders from all parts of Europe, nay, even from North America, and I may yet come to a green branch."

In a letter of the 20th of March, 1823, Beethoven pleaded his situation in excuse for his delay in sending some military marches to Peters, the *chef* of the *Bureau de Musique* in Leipzig. "You would not think it strange," he wrote, "that you receive the three marches only to-day, if you were here, and knew my situation. A description of it would be too prolix, both for you and me. But I find here something to remark on what I have sent. In the grand march, there might be several regimental bands united, in order to man all the parts; and where a regimental band is not strong enough, a band-master can easily manage it by leaving out some parts. In Leipzig even, you may find some one who can show you how this march may be set with fewer parts: although it will pain me if it should not appear in print entirely as it is. You must pardon the many corrections in the copy. My old copyist's sight is failing, and the younger one must first be broken in. But all is at least free from errors. It is impossible for me to serve you at once with a violin and a piano quartette. In case you write me betimes, however, whether you wish both works, I will do all I can. Only I must add, that I cannot take for a violin quartette less than 50 ducats, and for a piano quartette 70 ducats, as otherwise I should suffer loss. Indeed, 50 ducats have been offered me more than once for violin quartettes. But I do not like to be exorbitant; and hence with you I adhere to these 50 ducats, which is actually now the common price. You know how quartettes have risen now to the highest point, so that one is even shamed with a great work. Meanwhile my situation demands that I should have every advantage more or less for an inducement. It is quite another matter with the work itself. There I never think, thank God! of the advantage, but only *how* I write."

Beethoven often complained that he was obliged, for the sake of gain, to have recourse to giving lessons. On the 25th of April, 1823, he wrote to Ries in London, "The visit of the Archduke Rudolph here in Vienna lasted nearly four weeks. Then I had every day to give two and a half or three hours' lessons, and lost

much time by it. After such lessons, on the next day one is hardly in a state to think, much less to write. But my continually sad condition requires that I shall write for the moment that which brings me so much money which is needed for the moment. What a gloomy revelation you have here! Even now I am not well of many troubles I have suffered; indeed I have bad eyes. But do not be concerned: you shall have the symphonies very soon. Nothing but this miserable condition causes the delay."

Beethoven had dedicated some piano-forte variations to the wife of his friend Ries, and had sent them to London. "They have perhaps already arrived," he wrote on the 16th of July 1823. "The dedication to your wife I could not make myself, since I did not know her name. Do you, then, make it in the name of your own and your wife's friend. Surprise her with it. The fair sex loves that. Between ourselves, what is surprising as well as beautiful is the best. As to the *Allegri di bravura*, I must first see yours. Candidly, I am no friend of such things, since they demand too much mechanism, at least those which I know. I will send you some choruses if I succeed in composing any new ones. It is just my darling passion. Whatever you can get for the variations, take. I am content in any case; only I must stipulate, that for the dedication to your wife there shall be absolutely no other pay taken but a kiss, which I have to receive in London. You frequently write *guineas*, and I receive only *sterling*; but I hear there is a distinction. Be not angry about it with a *pauvre musicien autrichien*; really my condition is still oppressive. I am writing now a new violin quartette. Might one, perhaps, offer this to the London musical or unmusical Jews, — *en vrai Juif?*"

Beethoven's melancholy condition troubled him the more, since it everywhere set limits to the disinterestedness and liberality which were fundamental traits in his character. In a letter to Ries, Sept. 5, 1823, he confessed, "Were I not so poor that I have to live by my pen, I would take nothing from the Philharmonic Society. I must really wait until the price for the symphony has been remitted. But to give a proof of my love and confidence for this Society, I have already sent them off a new overture. I leave it to the Society to do as it pleases with the overture. My brother Johann, who supports an equipage, has also wished to draw from me; and so, without asking me, he has offered the said overture to a publisher, Boosey, in London. Just say that my brother was mistaken about the overture. He bought it of me to speculate upon, as I perceive. *O frater!* Of your symphony, dedicated to me, I received nothing. If I did not consider the dedication as a sort of challenge, upon which I should have had to give you satisfaction, I should already have dedicated some work to you. But I thought, all the time, that I must first see your work, and how

gladly I would testify my thanks to you by something of the sort. I am deeply your debtor for so much devotion and obligingness which you have shown to me. If my health should be improved by the mineral bath, then I will kiss your wife in 1824 in London."

The portrait, which is sketched of Beethoven by an Englishman, who visited him about this time, is interesting in many ways. "The 28th of September, 1823," wrote that traveller, "will always be remembered by me as a *Dies faustus*. In fact, I do not know that I ever lived a happier day. Early in the morning, we went to Baden, a village near Vienna, where Beethoven was residing. As Herr H., one of his most intimate friends, accompanied me, I could not feel embarrassed at appearing before Beethoven. At first he looked steadily at me, and then he shook my hand as heartily as if I were an old acquaintance; for he remembered clearly my first visit in the year 1816, although that had been a very brief one, — a proof of his excellent memory. I found, to my deep regret, a great change in his exterior; and it occurred to me at the moment that he seemed to be very unhappy. His complaints to H. afterwards confirmed my apprehension. I feared that he would not understand a word of what I said. But I was mistaken, for he comprehended all that I said to him aloud and slowly. From his answers, it appeared that nothing of what H. said was lost, although neither he nor I used the hearing-trumpet. Yet I must mention, that, when he played the piano, he, as a general rule, began so that twenty or thirty strings had to pay the penalty. Nothing can be more full of life and genius, and, to use an expression which characterizes his symphonies so well, more energetic, than his conversation, when one has once put him in a good humor. But an untimely question, a bad piece of advice, for instance, in relation to the cure of his deafness, is enough to alienate him forever. He wished, for a composition upon which he was just then engaged, to know the utmost possible compass of the trombone, and asked Herr H. about it; whose reply, however, did not satisfy him. Thereupon he told me that he had made it a rule to inform himself through the different artists themselves about the construction, character, and compass of the leading instruments. He presented to me his nephew, a handsome young man of about eighteen years, the only relative with whom he lived upon a friendly footing. He added, 'You can, if you will, give him a puzzle in Greek,' by which he meant to inform me of the young man's intimate acquaintance with that language. The history of this relation places Beethoven's goodness of heart in the clearest light. The most affectionate father could not have made greater sacrifices for him than he did.

After we had been more than an hour with him, we took our leave, to meet again at one o'clock at table in the romantic Helenenthal. We visited the baths and other notabilities, went about noon

again to Beethoven's house, where he was already awaiting us, and then set out on our way to the valley. Beethoven is a good walker, and takes delight in walks of several miles, especially through a wild and romantic country : indeed, they told me that he passed whole nights on such excursions, and often staid away from home for several days. On our way to the valley, he frequently stopped suddenly, and showed me the beautiful points, or remarked the want of new buildings. Another time, he seemed entirely buried in himself, and merely hummed to himself in an unintelligible manner. I heard, however, that this was his way of composing, and that he never wrote down a note until he had made himself a definite plan of the whole piece. As the day was singularly beautiful, we ate in the open air ; and what seemed particularly to please Beethoven was, that we were the only guests in the hotel, and had the whole day alone to ourselves. The meal prepared for us was so luxurious that Beethoven could not help making remarks about it. 'Wherefore so many different dishes?' he exclaimed. 'Man stands but little above other animals if his chief enjoyments are limited to the table.' Such reflections he made several times more during the repast. Of meats, he is only fond of fishes ; and among them the trout is his favorite. He hates all constraint ; and I do not believe there is a person in Vienna who speaks of every thing, even of political subjects, with so little reserve as Beethoven. He hears poorly ; but he speaks extraordinarily well, and his remarks are as characteristic and original as his compositions. During the whole course of our table-talk, nothing was more interesting than what he said of Handel. I sat next to him ; and I heard him most distinctly say in German, 'Handel is the greatest composer who has ever lived.' I cannot describe with what expression, I might say, with what inspiration, he spoke of the 'Messiah' of that immortal genius. Every one of us felt deeply moved when he said, 'I would uncover my head, and kneel upon his grave.' Repeatedly I sought to turn the conversation upon Mozart, but in vain. I only heard him say, 'In a monarchy we know who is first ;' which might, or might not, refer to this subject. I heard afterwards, that Beethoven is sometimes inexhaustible in his praise of Mozart. It is remarkable that he cannot hear his own earlier works praised ; and I learned that it was the surest way to vex him, if one complimented him upon his septuor and the trios. He is most fond of his last creations, among the rest his Second Mass, which he considers his best work. He is now writing a new opera, called 'Melusina,' of which the text is by the poet Grillparzer. Beethoven is a great admirer of the ancients. Homer, especially the Odyssey, and Plutarch, he prefers to all others. Of his own country's poets, he has studied particularly Schiller and Göthe. He has the most favorable opinion of the British nation. 'I like,' said he, 'the noble sim-

plicity of the English manners, and added other praise besides. It seemed to me as if he still cherished a hope of visiting England with his nephew. I must not forget, that I have heard a trio by him, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, while it was still in manuscript. It impressed me as very beautiful, and I hear it will soon appear in London. I could tell much more of this extraordinary man, who, after what I have seen and experienced, has filled me with the deepest reverence. The friendly way in which he treated me, and bade me farewell, has made an impression on me which will last for life."

Of not less interest than the preceding is the account by an English lady of a visit to Beethoven in October, 1825. Then also he was living in the little town of Baden, near Vienna. "I had been told," writes the lady, "that I must be prepared for a rough and forbidding reception. When we arrived, Beethoven had just come home in a shower, and was about to change his coat. From what I had heard of his *brusque* character, I was apprehensive that he might not receive us heartily, as with hasty steps he came out from a side-chamber. He accosted us in a very polite, friendly, and agreeable manner. He is very short-built and haggard, but attentive enough to his personal appearance. He remarked that Herr H. was very fond of Handel, said that he loved him also, and went on for a long time praising that great composer. I conversed with him by writing, since I found it impossible to make myself heard; and, though this was an awkward mode of communication, it did not require much, since Beethoven always talked on freely and without prompting, and neither replied to questions, nor seemed to expect long answers. I ventured to express to him my admiration for his compositions, and praised, among other things, his "Ade-laide." He remarked very modestly, that this poem of Matthison was very beautiful. He spoke French well. He would have learned also, he said, to speak English; but his deafness had prevented him from going further into that language than to learn to read it. He preferred the English writers to the French. '*Ils sont plus vrais*,' said he. Thomson is his favorite author; but particularly great is his admiration for Shakspeare. When we rose to take our leave, Beethoven begged us to stay longer. '*Je veux vous donner un souvenir de moi*,' said he. Whereupon he went into a side-chamber, and wrote a short canon for the piano-forte, which he handed to me in a very friendly manner. Then he requested me to spell my name to him, so that he might superscribe his impromptu correctly. Then he took me by the arm, and led me into the chamber where he had written, so that I might see the whole of his quarters, which were altogether those of an author, but perfectly neat. Although they betrayed no sign of abundance or of wealth, yet they showed no want of useful furniture or nice arrangement. I led him cautiously

back into a chamber on the other side, in which stood his Broadwood grand piano; but he seemed to me to grow melancholy at the sight of the instrument. Also he remarked that it was not in a fit condition, for the tuner in the country was extraordinarily bad. He struck a few keys, to convince me of it. In spite of that, I laid the manuscript which he had given me upon the desk; and he played it simply through after he had preluded with three or four chords. Thereupon he stopped; and I would not for any price have urged him more, since I found that he himself had no pleasure in playing. We then took leave of one another; and Beethoven told me, that, if he ever came to England, he would certainly visit us."

One of his brother artists, Carl Maria von Weber, describes the reception which he found a few years earlier (1823) with Beethoven, in these words: "We went several times to see him. He was in bad humor, and fled all human society. But finally we succeeded in finding the favorable moment. We were conducted in; and we saw him sitting at his writing-desk, from which, however, he did not rise to welcome us. Beethoven had known me for some years, so that I could enter into a conversation with him. Suddenly he sprang up, stood upright before me, and, laying his hands on my shoulders, shook me with a sort of rough heartiness, saying, 'You have always been a clever fellow.' Whereupon he embraced me in an extremely kind and affectionate manner. Of all the marks of distinction which I received in Vienna, of all the fame and praise which I reaped there, nothing has so touched my heart as this brotherly kiss of Beethoven."

With the physical sufferings which he was never altogether spared, and which came home to him in increased measure in the last years of his life, was coupled the humiliation of seeing all Vienna intoxicated by the voluptuous melodies of Rossini, apparently almost forgetting him and his works. Then a few real friends of art addressed a memorial to Beethoven, full of the most admiring recognition of his talent, and containing an urgent request that he would soon bring out his last two great works, the "Ninth Symphony" and the "Missa Solennis." The concert in which these works were produced took place. But their creator heard them not. Only by turning round was his attention called to the storm of applause from the audience, which seemed as if it never would end. Yet, at the repetition, the house was empty: it was scarcely to be expected otherwise of a public enthusiastic about Rossini's melodies.

Beethoven had resolved to offer his "Missa Solennis" in manuscript to the European courts for the price of fifty ducats. But only the Emperor of Russia and the kings of France, Prussia, and Saxony, accepted Beethoven's offer. Besides these, Prince Antonio von Radzivil in Vienna, and Herr Schelble, director of the

Cæcilia Society in Frankfort-on-the-Main, subscribed. The Prussian ambassador at Vienna had the question privately put to Beethoven, whether perhaps an order would not be more welcome to him than the fifty ducats. But Beethoven decided, without a moment's hesitation, for the latter. The King of France sent him a large golden medal, with his bust on one side, and the inscription, "*Donné par le Roi à M. Beethoven,*" upon the other. Beethoven also wrote to Cherubini upon this occasion, but received no answer. Still his works, especially the later ones, commanded a very respectable price from publishers. For every one of his late sonatas and quartettes, he got from forty to eighty ducats; but for many other works much too little. There were not wanting cases in which he was cheated out of his well-earned reward. Thus, among others, a Russian prince, Nicolaus von Gallitzan, in 1824, had ordered three quartettes for stringed instruments for a stipulated price of one hundred and twenty-five ducats; yet, after receiving the quartettes, he never sent the money, although repeatedly reminded.

But Beethoven had to suffer a still deeper wound, in the latter portion of his life, through the extremely culpable behavior of his nephew, for whose education, as we have before said, he had shrunk from no sacrifice, often depriving himself to do for him whatever lay within his power. It was on the 2d of December, 1826, that Beethoven returned to Vienna with his ungrateful protégé in an open carriage, because his brother Johann, at whose country-seat he had spent some time, would not let him use the covered one. The inclement season and the bad weather had the most injurious consequences for Beethoven's health. He was taken with a lung-fever, which soon passed into dropsy. In vain did he send for his old physicians, Braunhofer and Staudenheim. Only some days afterwards did Dr. Wavrch hear by accident of Beethoven's illness, and that he was in want of a physician. He went to him immediately. Nearly two months later was Beethoven's former physician and friend, Dr. Malfatti, moved to visit him, and join Dr. Wavrch in his treatment. Meanwhile the disease had made such rapid progress that Beethoven had at short intervals to undergo four operations.

In this melancholy condition, he became anxious about the means of providing for the most necessary wants, since his entire stock of money only amounted to one hundred florins, Convention coin. It occurred to him to turn to the Philharmonic Society in London, and ask their assistance. Accordingly he wrote to Moscheles in London, whose reply described the sad impression which his melancholy situation had produced. This letter was accompanied by the sum of one hundred pounds, sent him by the Philharmonic Society. They begged him to accept this sum for the time being, and to apply to them further should he be in need.

Beethoven viewed the approach of death with resignation. What ever he left behind him, he bequeathed to his nephew, little as he had deserved it. Upon his yet remaining original scores, he wrote, with his own hand, that he left them to one of his friends, who had especially assisted him in the last period of his life by word and deed. In the midst of various plans for newly-projected works, among others an oratorio, "The Triumph of the Cross," he yielded, after many sufferings, to the final fate, surrounded by his brother Johann and a few of his most intimate friends. During a fearful thunder-storm, accompanied with hail, upon the 26th of March, 1827, a quarter before six o'clock in the evening, he rendered up his spirit.

An eye-witness informs us of his last days, "When I came to him on the morning of the 24th of March, I found his whole face disturbed, and himself so weak that he could scarcely with the greatest effort utter two or three words. Soon after came his physician, Dr. Wavruch. He looked at him a few moments, and then said to me, 'Beethoven is rapidly hastening towards dissolution!' Since we had concluded the business of his will, as well as could be, the day before, one longing wish alone remained to us, — to make his peace with Heaven, and at the same time to show to the world that he had closed his life as a true Christian. Dr. Wavruch begged him in writing, in the name of all his friends, to receive the holy sacrament; to which he answered perfectly composed and calmly, 'I will.' The priest came about four o'clock, and the service was performed with the greatest edification. He now seemed to be convinced himself of his near end; for scarcely had the clergyman gone, when he said to me and the surrounding friends, '*Plaudite amici, comœdia finita est!* Have I not always said that it would so come?' Towards evening he lost his consciousness, and began to wander. This continued until the evening of the 25th, when visible symptoms of death showed themselves. Yet he did **not** die until a quarter before six in the evening of the 26th."

Beethoven's early friend, so often mentioned, Stephen von Breuning, together with the music-director, A. Schindler, took charge of the funeral. It took place on the 29th of March. An almost immeasurable multitude of men, of the most different conditions, followed the hearse in long procession from the house to the neighboring church, where the consecration of the corpse took place. Beethoven's earthly remains were then borne to the burial-ground before the Währing Line. There the actor Anschuetz pronounced a funeral discourse composed by Grillparzer. A silver medal was stamped to Beethoven's memory; and soon his bust adorned the hall where the tones of his master-works resounded.

Of Beethoven's outward appearance, one of his friends sketches

▲ visible portrait in these words: "He was five feet four inches (Vienna measure) in height, of compact and sturdy frame, as well as powerful muscles. His head was uncommonly large, covered with long, snarly, almost entirely gray hair, which not seldom hung in disorder about his head. His forehead was high and broad; his small brown eye, in smiling, drew back almost into his head. But suddenly it dilated to uncommon size, and either rolled and flashed about, the pupil almost always turned upwards, or it did not move at all, and looked fixedly before him, if any idea got possession of him. At such times his whole outward appearance underwent a sudden change, and wore a visibly inspired and imposing aspect, so that his little form seemed to lift itself upward like a giant."

In this insignificant bodily husk dwelt a beautiful soul. From the indications already given of Beethoven's character, it is plain that he was a thoroughly noble man, endowed with the most loving heart. All that appeared to him false, low, immoral, or unjust, he hated in his deepest soul. But, on the other hand, worldly prudence, and knowledge of men, were wholly strange things to him. It has already been mentioned several times, how easily he flew into a passion, and thereby did crying injustice to his best and truest friends, merely because he either saw things in a false light, or he had been excited and made mistrustful by ill-meaning persons. Fortunately, however, he soon recognized his own injustice, and was the first to hold out the hand of reconciliation.

Thus he wrote one day, on sending his portrait, to his friend Stephen von Breuning, with whom he had fallen out, "Behind this picture, my good, dear Stephen, be forever hidden what for a long time has passed between us. I know I have rent thy heart. My own pained feelings, which you must surely have remarked, had punished me enough for it. It was no wickedness on my part, else I were no more worthy of thy friendship. Passion on thy part and on mine. But mistrust towards thee was awakened in me: men placed themselves between us, who were not worthy of thee and me. My portrait was already long ago intended for thee: you know that I had always intended it for some one. To whom could I so well give it with the warmest heart as to thee, faithful, good, noble Stephen? Forgive me if I have caused thee pain: I suffered not less myself. When for so long a time I saw thee no more about me, then I began to feel right vividly how dear thou art and ever wilt be to my heart. Now perhaps thou wilt fly back into my arms, as formerly."

The usual consequences of deafness — mistrust, ill humor, and reserve — manifested themselves in a high degree in Beethoven. He hated all formality. Hence he only went unwillingly to the Archduke Rudolph's, his illustrious pupil, careful as that prince

was to exempt him from these formalities. So, too, he once abandoned beautiful lodgings at the villa of Baron von Pronay, for no other reason than because the baron, when he met him, made him too profound bows. For similar reasons he often, as we have before said, changed his lodgings; so that he had to pay for two, three, and at one time even four dwelling-places at once. From this it is easily understood how he, although he had a decent income, never laid up any thing, but rather, by the confession of his own letters, found himself not seldom in pecuniary embarrassment. Yet he never suffered real personal privations.

As a musician, there were united in Beethoven the most thorough musical knowledge with the happy talent for inventing charming melodies. In his earlier works, especially in his piano variations, sonatas, trios and quartettes, he followed essentially the direction which Haydn, who moreover was his teacher, and Mozart, had given to instrumental music. He sympathized with Haydn's humor and with Mozart's tender feeling. Even in many of his later works, in several symphonies and sonatas, above all in his wonderful B flat major Trio, that tendency predominated in him. But whereas Haydn turned afterwards especially to church music, and Mozart established his fame forever as a dramatic composer, Beethoven struck into an entirely opposite path. His withdrawal from the world and its appearances, from the pictures, forms, and laws of the drama and the church, led him into the domain of instrumental music, and here, again, to the confidential, private, self-satisfying piano-forte. His piano compositions became the circle in which his musical creative power moved almost exclusively. By a more appropriate treatment, by a deeper entering into the character and capabilities of his favorite instrument, Beethoven soon left his great predecessors behind him. His tone-figures, his chords, were richer and fuller: the melody came out clearer and more distinct through the arrangement of the subordinate voices. Every connoisseur in the art must have soon convinced himself how his genius buried itself in these tones, and elevated this his chosen instrument to be his most peculiar organ.

With years, and the steady ripening of his talent, Beethoven's musical ideas and outpourings of feeling became ever grander, mightier, and more transporting. Deeper than formerly had a theme to be felt, to be able to enchain him long. His works rose gradually to a spiritual and plastic unity of feeling which his great predecessors in similar compositions had not reached. His absorption in an idea, his revelling in a feeling, often led him to an insatiable pitch. He could not make an end; and always, after every rich gush of feeling, he sent another deeper still. It was wonderful, at the same time, how the overflowing stream of his feeling never overstepped the prescribed lines of a form circumspectly chosen, but only ex-

panded it in a legitimate way. He was always meditating upon new combinations, which to one not fully initiated in the art appeared often strange, or even *bizarre*.

Rich and deep as his piano compositions and quartettes, — nay, grander and mightier were Beethoven's orchestral works, in which his genius could move more boldly and freely. If any thing remained unattainable to him, it was the innocent clearness, comparable to the blue heavens, of Haydn's instrumentation. It better corresponded with Beethoven's nature, as a gifted writer expressed it, to lead us into a cloud or storm, or into the rosy atmosphere of an Indian night. He had grown so to live in the voices of his instrumental world, that he felt himself more related to them than to human beings, from intercourse with whom he was separated by his weakness of hearing. What intercourse with men did not afford him, these voices murmured and whispered to his soul: he infused his own feeling, his own consciousness, into his instrument.

The greatness of his musical talent revealed itself already in his earliest works, — in his "First Mass;" in the oratorio, "Christ at the Mount of Olives;" then in his opera, "Leonora," afterwards remodelled under the title of "Fidelio," which may be called the most perfect dramatic creation since Mozart, and stands beside his masterworks. Beethoven's music to Göthe's "Egmont," his overture to "Coriolanus," translated the works of the poets better for him than he could have done it in the form of vocal music. The depth and inwardness of his feeling expressed itself in the most various states of mind. Touchingly resounded the melting, never-ending farewell of a loving pair in his sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour." In his C minor Symphony, Beethoven knew how to represent, in an inimitable manner, how a strong soul, after severe, painful conflict with gloomy doubts, inspired by looking up to heaven, lifts itself in strength and clearness to an unshakable conviction. His "Sonata quasi una Fantasia," he wrote when he had been deceived in a tender passion, and had to tear himself violently away. Among Beethoven's numerous compositions, his "Battle of Vittoria," of which so much has been said, and his "Pastoral Symphony," have maintained no insubordinate place. Attractive also were the images from a heroic life in his "Sinfonia Eroica."

The greatest part of his works show always a uniform succession of ideas, now resting upon outward circumstances, and now upon determinate views of human life in general or of his own life. Never, or at the most very rarely, in his works, did a thought once heard return again. Even his accompaniment was always new. Each one of his compositions had its own peculiar circle, in which it coincided with no other; in each a new, self-contained world

revealed itself; each brought forth special, unmistakable *visions* scenes of life, or images of nature. Such a variety were hardly possible, without that genuine poetic tendency to individual shaping of his creations which reigned in Beethoven's nature. But to this tendency he could resign himself more uninterruptedly than most composers.

Withdrawn from the actual world, he lived only in the realm of tones. Into the voiceless solitude his love-craving and with-love-overflowing heart accompanied him. Deep, unsatisfied yearning seemed to be the ground-tone, especially in many of his later works. As in his outward life he longed in vain for the bliss of domestic life; so in his art he turned with longing love towards men. He gave the deepest expression to these feelings in his masterly composition of the song of Schiller, "To Joy." Some striking remarks upon the character of his music in general are contained in a little pamphlet which appeared in Dresden in 1854, under the title, "Beethoven's Symphonien nach ihren idealen Gehalt."*

Eighteen years after Beethoven's death had passed, when his native city, Bonn, honored him by the erection of a colossal monument in bronze, for which the sculptor Haehnelt, in Dresden, modelled the design. The monument is twenty-five feet in height; the statue itself being ten feet, and the pedestal fifteen feet. Beethoven is represented in the inspired moment of artistic activity. While the upward look betrays the lightning of a creative thought, the right hand lifts itself, as if involuntarily, to write down the thought at once upon the note-book held in the left hand. In the whole bearing of the figure, and in the energetic expression of the features, you see at the first glance a man who wills to achieve something great, extraordinary, and who is conscious also of the power to do it. The four reliefs, which adorn the pedestal, are happily conceived. On the front side, we have Imagination in flying robe, hastening away upon the back of a sphynx. On the opposite side is Instrumental Music, or rather Symphony as its representative, a floating female figure, surrounded by four genii, which indicate the four parts of the symphony: the first holds the sword, the second the serpent and the torch reversed, the third the thyrus and the castanets, the fourth the triangle. On the two sides, we see two sitting female figures, one of which, playing the organ, represents Church Music; the other, with two masks, Dramatic Music.

The unveiling of the monument took place, amid many solemnities, on the 12th of August, 1845. Two days before, Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" in D, and his last symphony with chorus, were

* Beethoven's Symphonies with reference to their ideal contents.

performed under the direction of Kapell-meister Spohr, in a splendid hall, then newly built. On the 12th of August, at nine o'clock in the morning, a numerous procession walked to the cathedral, where Prof. Breidenstein conducted the performance of Beethoven's Mass in C. After the mass, the procession moved to the public square, where an immeasurable multitude were already assembled, including many strangers from all parts of Germany. At twelve o'clock, the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells announced the arrival of the King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., and several members of the royal family. The unveiling of the monument followed a festival discourse pronounced by Prof. Breidenstein, and was succeeded by a chorus of men's voices with an accompaniment of wind instruments. The festivities were closed by a second grand concert in the Fest-hall, in which, under the alternate direction of Spohr and Liszt, several of Beethoven's works were performed: his overture to "Coriolanus," a concerto in E flat major, a quartette-canon from "Fidelio," a string quartette in E flat, a grand scene with chorus from the oratorio, "Christ at the Mount of Olives," his C minor Symphony, and finally the second finale from "Fidelio."

A letter of Beethoven to Matthisson, whose poem, "Adelaide," he composed, may be regarded as a relic. This letter, written in the earliest period of his life in Vienna, affords, by its pervading tone of modesty, an interesting contribution to the characteristics of Beethoven. "You have here," he writes (Vienna, Aug. 4, 1800), "a composition of mine which has already been for some years published, and of which you perhaps, to my shame, as yet know nothing. I can perhaps excuse myself, and tell you why I dedicated a thing, which came so warm out of my heart, to you, and yet did not inform you of it, by stating, that, in the first place, I did not know where you resided; and again, on the ground of shyness, since I feared I had been too forward in dedicating to you any thing, of which I knew not whether it had your approbation. Even now I send you the "Adelaide" with misgiving. You yourself know what a change a few years produce in an artist who is constantly progressing. The farther one has advanced in art, the less do his earlier works satisfy him. My greatest wish is satisfied, if the musical composition of your heavenly "Adelaide" does not entirely displease you; and if you shall be moved thereby to produce soon another similar poem, and do not find my request presumptuous, that you will send it to me at once. I will then summon up all my powers, to come near to your beautiful poetry. Consider the dedication as a sign of my gratitude and high estimation for the blissful satisfaction which your poetry has always given me and will still give me."

SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGED INDEX

OF THE

WORKS OF L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

(The works marked with parentheses are the composer's own arrangements.)

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

A.

For Orchestra.

1. Symphony in C major.....	Op. 21
2. — in D major.....	36
3. — (Heroic) in Eb major.....	55
4. — in Bb major.....	60
5. — in C minor.....	67
6. — (Pastoral) in F major.....	68
7. — in A major.....	92
8. — in F major.....	93
9. — (with finale chorus) D minor.....	125
The creatures of Prometheus. Ballet.....	43
Allegretto in Eb major.....	
Overture and Entr' acte to Göthe's Egmont.....	84
Triumphal march from the opera King Stephen in G major. Sec. D. 2.	
Triumphal march from the tragedy of Tarpeja in C major.	
Wellington's victory, or the Battle of Victoria.....	91
Overture to Prometheus in C major.....	43
— to Coriolanus in C minor.....	62
— to Leonore No. 1 in C major.....	138
— to — No. 2 in C major.....	72
— to — No. 3 in C major.....	72
— to Fidelio (Leonore No. 4) in E major.....	72
— to Egmont in F minor.....	84
— to the ruins of Athens in G.....	113
— to the Fête-day (Namensfeirr) in C Major.....	115
— to King Stephen in Eb major.....	117
— to the consecration of the House in C major.....	124

B.

For Violin with Orchestra, Septette, Sextette, Quintette, Quartette, Trios.

Romanza for Violin with Orchestra in G major.....	40
— for Violin with Orchestra in F major.....	50
Concerto for Violin with Orchestra in D major.....	61
Septette for Violin, Viol, Horn, Clarinet, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Contra-bass, Eb major.....	20
Sextette for 2 Violins, Viol, Violoncello, and 2 horns in Eb major.....	61 ^b

1. Quintette for 2 Violins, 2 Viols, and Violoncello in Eb major.	—	4
2. Quintette for 2 Violins, 2 Viols, and Violoncello in C major.	—	29
(Quintette for 2 Violins, 2 Viols, and Violoncello in C minor from Trio Op. 1 No. 3).	—	104
Fugue for 2 Violins, 2 Viols, and Violoncello in D major.	—	137

1. Quartette for 2 Violins, Viol, and Violoncello in F major.	Op. 18.	{	No. 1
2. _____ in G major.			— 2
3. _____ in D major.			— 3
4. _____ in C minor.			— 4
5. _____ in A major.			— 5
5. _____ in Bb major.	Op. 59.	{	— 5
7. _____ in F major.			— 1
8. _____ in E minor.			— 2
9. _____ in C major.			— 3
10. _____ in Eb major.			Op. 74
11. _____ in F minor.			— 95
12. _____ in Eb major.			— 127
13. _____ in B major.			— 130
14. _____ in C sharp minor.			— 131
15. _____ in A minor.			— 132
16. _____ in F major.			— 135
Great Fugue in Bb major.....			— 133
Andante Favori in F major (No. 35.)			
(Quartette for 2 Violins, Viol, and Violoncello from Sonata for Piano-forte Op. 14, No. 1.			

1. Trio for Violin, Viol, and Violoncello in Eb major.	Op. 9.	{	Op. 1
2. _____ in G major.			No. 2
3. _____ in D major.			— 3
4. _____ in C minor.			— 3
Serenade for Violin, Viol, &c., in D major.			Op. 8

C.

Wind Instruments.

Rondino for 2 Ob., 2 Clarinets, 2 Bassoons, and 2 Horns in Eb major. (Octette for 2 Ob., 2 Clarinets, 2 Horns, and 2 Bassoons, Eb major from Quintette Op. 4.)	Op. 103
Sextette for 2 Clarinets, 2 Horns. and 2 Bassoons in Eb major.	— 71
Serenade for Flute, Violin, and Viol. D major.	— 25
Trio 2 Ob., and English horn in C major	— 87
3 Duos for Clarinet and Bassoon C major, F major, Bb major.	

D.

For Piano-forte, with and without Accompaniment.

1.

Piano-forte, with Orchestra, Quintette, Quartette, Trios, Duos.

Concerto No. 1 in C major with Orchestra.	Op. 15
— 2 in Bb major	— 19
— 3 in C minor	— 37
— 4 in G major	— 58
— 5 in Eb major	— 73
(— for Piano-forte with Orchestra in D major, from Concerto for Violin Op. 61.)	
— for Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello in C major with Or- chestra.	— 56
Fantasia with chorús and orchestra in C minor.	— 80

Ando in Bb major with Orchestra.

Grand Quintette for Piano, Ob., Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon in Eb major...... — 16

Three original Quartettes for Piano, Violin, Viol., and Violoncello in Eb major, D major, C major......

Trio for Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello, No. 1 in Eb major.	} Op. 1.	{ No. 1	
_____ No. 2 in G major.			— 2
_____ No. 3 in C minor.			— 3
_____ No. 4 in D major.	} Op. 70.	{ — 1	
_____ No. 5 in Eb major.			— 2
_____ No. 6 in Bb major.			— 97
_____ No. 7 in Bb major, 1 Position.			
_____ No. 8 in Eb major.			

Adagio, Variations, and Rondo in G major (Ich bin der Schnelder Kakadu.) Op. 121^a

14 Variations in Eb major — 44

(Grand Sonata in Eb major from Quintette Op 4.) — 63

(Trio from Second Symphony. Op. 36.) — 11

— for Piano-forte, Clarinet (or Violin), and Violoncello in Bb major. — 38

(— from Septette, Op. 20. in Eb major)......

Sonata for Piano-forte and Violin, No. 1 D major.	} Op. 12.	{ No. 1	
_____ No. 2 A major.			— 2
_____ No. 3 Eb major.			— 3
_____ No. 4 A minor.	} Op. 23.	{ — 24	
_____ No. 5 F major.			
_____ No. 6 A major.			
_____ No. 7 C minor.	} Op. 30.	{ No. 1	
_____ No. 8 G major.			— 2
_____ No. 9 A major.			— 3
_____ No. 10 G major.			

Rondo in G major.

12 Variations (Se vuol Ballare) in F major, No. 1^b.

12 Variations in G major (Thema from Judas Maccabæus) with Violin (or Violoncello). No. 5.

7 Variations in Eb major (Bei männern.) No. 10^a.

Sonata for Piano-forte and Violoncello (or Violin),

_____ No. 1 in F major.	} Op. 5.	{ No. 1	
_____ No. 2 in G minor.			— 2
_____ No. 3 in A major.			— 69.
_____ No. 4 in C major.	} — 102.	{ No. 1	
_____ No. 5 in D major.			— 66.

12 Variations { (Ein Mädchen od W.)
in F major. } (La Vie est un voyage.)

(Sonata in Eb major, with Violoncello) [from Trio Op. 3] Op. 64)

Sonata, in F major, with Horn. — 17

6 Varied Themes, with Flute or Violin — 105

10 — 107

Nocturne in D major, with Bassoon (from Serenade Op. 8)..... — 42

Serenade in D major, with Flute or Violin, from Serenade Op. 25 — 41

2.

For Piano-forte. Four Hands.

Sonata in D major (easy) Op. 6

Three Marches. C major, Eb major, D major — 45

Triumphal March from the Opera King Stephen, in G major

Variations (Theme from Countess of Waldstein). C major

6 — (I think of thee) in D major No. 27

Grand fugue in Bb major (from Op. 133)..... Op. 134

3.

For Pianoforte Alone.

Sonata No.	1. in Eb major.	(with Op. No. 1.)	{	No. 1
—	2. in F minor.			No. 2
—	3. in D major.			No. 3
—	4. in F minor.			No. 1
—	5. in A major.	Op. 2.	{	No. 2
—	6. in C major.			No. 3
—	7. in Eb major.			
—	8. in C minor.			No. 1
—	9. in F major.	— 10.	{	No. 2
—	10. in D major.			No. 3
—	11. in C minor (pathetic).			Op. 13
—	12. in E major.			No. 1
—	13. in G major.	— 14.	{	No. 2
—	14. in Bb major.			
—	15. in Ab major.			
—	16. in Eb major (quasi Fantasia).			No. 1
—	17. in C sharp minor (quasi Fantasia).	— 27.		No. 2
—	18. in D major.	— 28.		
—	19. in G major.	— 30.	{	No. 1
—	20. in D minor.			No. 2
—	21. in Eb major.			No. 3
—	22. in G minor.			No. 1
—	23. in G major.	— 49.	{	No. 2
—	24. in C major.			
—	25. in F major.			
—	26. in F minor (appassionata).			
—	27. in F sharp major.	— 57.		
—	28. in G major (Sonatine).	— 78.		
—	29. in Eb major (Adieu, Absence, and Return).	— 79.		
—	30. in E minor.	— 81a.		
—	31. in A major.	— 90.		
—	32. in Bb major (for Hammer-Clavier).	— 101.		
—	33. in E major.	— 106.		
—	34. in Ab major.	— 109.		
—	35. in C minor.	— 110.		
—	36. in C major (easy).	— 111.		
—	37. in G major.	(Two easy Sonatines.)	{	No. 1
—	38. in F major.			No. 2
6 Variations (Original Theme) F major.		Op.		34
15 — (with Fugue) Eb major.		—		35
6 — D major.		—		76
33 Changes in C major.		—		120
9 Variations C minor (March by Dressler)				
9 — A major (Quant' e piu Bello).				
6 — G major (Nel cor più non mi sento).				
12 — C major (Minuet à la Vigano).				
12 — A major (Russian Dance).				
8 — C major (Une fièvre brûlante).				
10 — Bb major (La stessa, la stessissima).				
7 — F major (Kind, willst du ruhig schlafen).				
8 — F major (Tandeln u. scherzen).				
13 — A major (Es war einmal ein alter mann).				
6 — G major (very easy).				
6 — F major (Swiss air).				
24 — D major (Vienni, Amore).				
7 — C major (God save the king).				
5 — D major (Rule, Britannia).				

32 — O minor	
8 — Bb major (Ich hab' ein kleines Hüttchen nur).....	
7 Bagatelles	Op. 33
6 —	— 128
12 New Bagatelles	— 119
Dernière Pensée Musicale Bb major.	
Fantasia G minor.....	Op. 77
Minuet Eb major.	
6 Minuets.	
12 Minuets.	
Military March D major.	
Polonaise C major	Op. 89
Prelude F minor.....	No. 29
2 Preludes	Op. 39
2 Rondos C major, G major.....	— 51
Rondo a Capriccio, G major.....	— 129
Rondo A major.	
6 Contra Dances.	
6 Rustic Dances (Ländler).	
7 — — — — —	
12 German Dances.	

VOCAL MUSIC.

1.

Masses, Oratorios, Operas, Cantatas, and other Vocal Pieces, with Orchestral Accompaniment or with Several Instruments.

Christ on the Mount of Olives. Oratorio.....	Op. 85
Mass (3 Hymns) in C major.....	— 86
— (Missa Solennis) in D major.....	— 123
Leonore. Opera in two Acts	— 72
Fidelio (Leonore). Opera in two Acts.....	— 72
Bundeslied (from Göthe).....	— 122
The Glorious Moment. Cantata (by Weissenbach).)	
Praise of Harmony. Cantata (by Rochlitz).....	Op. 136, 117
Egmont (Overture, Songs, and Entr' Acts.) See A.	
Elegiac Song	Op. 118
Fantasia, with chorus. See D. 1.....	— 80
The sea at rest and prosperous voyage (Meeresstille) (by Göthe)	— 112
Song of Sacrifice (Opferlied) (by Matthison).....	— 121 ^b
The Ruins of Athens (by Kotzebue).....	Op. 113, 114
(Overture Op. 113. March and Chorus [No. 6] Op. 114.)	
Scene and Aria (Ah, Perfido!).....	Op. 65
Ninth Symphony, with Finale Chorus. See A.	
Terzetto (Tremate, empi. tremate).....	— 116

2.

Songs and Airs with and without Piano-forte Accompaniment.

Adelaide (by Matthison).....	Op. 46
Remembrance (Andenken) (by Matthison).	Op. 142
To the distant loved one (An die ferne Geliebte, Cycle of Songs, by A. Jeitteles).....	Op. 98
To Hope (An die Hoffnung, Die du so gern, by Tiedge).....	— 32
To Hope ————— (Ob ein Gott sei, by Tiedge).	— 94
4 Ariettas and one Duet (Italian and German)	— 82
Canon. New Year.	
Canon. The pain is short.	
Canon. To Fr. Kuhlau.	
The Joy of Friendship. (Lebensglück: Vita felice.).....	— 83

The Parting. (Der Abshied.)	
The Free Man.	
The Kiss. Arietta (by Weisse).....	— 129
The Man of his Word (by Kleinschmid).....	— 90
Sensations at Lydia's faithlessness.	
Think of me. (Gedenke mein.)	
Poems (Six German, from Reissig's Flowers of Solitude).	
Song of the Monks, from Schiller's William Tell.	
3 Songs.	
6 — by Göthe.....	Op. 75
3 — — —	— 83
8 — — —	— 52
I love thee.	
2 Songs.	
6 Songs (by Gellert).....	Op. 48
25 Scotch Songs (German and English, with accompaniment of Piano, Violin, and Violoncello).....	— 108
Song from afar (leid aus d. ferne).	
Merkenstein (by Rupprecht).....	— 100
O das ich dir vom stillen Auge.	
Song of Sacrifice. Opferlied.	
Finale Song. (The portals of Honor.) (Good news.)	
Longing. (Sehnsucht, by Göthe.) Four melodies.	
Sighs of an Unbeloved, by Burger; and the Loud complaint, by Herder.	
Mourning Song at Burial. (Miserere)	
Sounds of mourning at Beethoven's Grave.	
Drinking Song.	
The Quail's Note (Wachtelschlag.)	

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